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ENDING
JULY 18, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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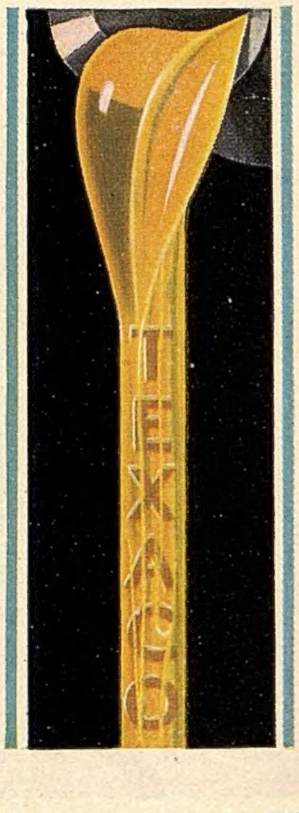

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JULY 18, 1931

Liberty

VOL. 8 No. 29

A Weekly for Everybody

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

RELIGION SHOULD NOT MEDDLE WITH POLITICS

The recent Italian controversy, in which the claim has been made that religious organizations have been meddling in politics, has created a world-wide sensation. It has brought into the limelight that oft-repeated statement that Church and State cannot be harmoniously combined. Each must work out its own program along separate lines.

Religion should be highly idealistic. It should be controlled by a spiritual humanitarianism. It should teach the brotherhood of mankind, extend a welcoming hand to the weak and heavy laden.

Governmental activities cannot be guided by such sentimental principles. At times legislative edicts must be hard, cold, and unfeeling.

Governmental mandates cannot specifically consider the individual. They have to look to the interest of people as a whole, to consider the entire citizenship. They cannot be swayed by sentiment. The emotions and reactions of a religion should not be permitted to influence them.

Whenever you join Church and State there is always trouble. They should be separated; like oil and water, they cannot be mixed. They cannot be associated and expect harmonious adjustments.

At the present time we are suffering to an unspeakable extent because of enactments that have been placed on our statute books, not through the hard, cold reasoning processes that should control governments, but by the sentimental influence of religious extremists.

Religion is something that comes to us through faith. It is not a cold, reasoning process. It is intuitive. The cold analysis of science might reject it; but that does not impair one's confidence in the certainty of his convictions. And it is no discredit to religion, nor does it mar the outstanding benefit that millions of people receive from their religious beliefs.

Religion should not have to deal with the stern materialism associated with political activities.

Prohibition was taken up first as a religious reform. And then the health factor began to make itself felt as a force allied against the drinking habit.

Then came the war with the need for vigorous, vital men to defend the country. And the prohibition amendment went through without protest. Its value was generally recognized, and its mandates were reasonably obeyed.

But all governmental edicts should stand or fall in accordance with the benefits resulting therefrom. And when a law becomes involved in a religious controversy, prejudice and bigotry step in.

The emotional extremes aroused by the prohibition amendment are unworthy of a progressive people. There would be no difficulty in judging whether prohibition is good, bad, or indifferent if the opinions of unthinking idealistic enthusiasts were ignored. If a law proves beneficial there is no question of its value.

The Wickersham Commission, appointed by President Hoover to enter this controversy, apparently "straddled the fence." The value of their prolonged investigation is doubtful; and the conclusion of the public was that they were afraid to come out and tell the truth.

One prominent church official, whose honesty of purpose apparently extended beyond reasonable limits, made a report to his organization, after an extensive study, thoroughly condemning prohibition. He was discharged in disgrace. And this doubtless had its effect on other investigators.

The subject of prohibition is used merely because of the attention it is attracting. Laws of any kind that are controlled by the idealism of fanatical or religious enthusiasts should be viewed with suspicion.

Religious people should be encouraged to work for the political principles that they advocate, but they should act as individuals or within the fold of a political organization. They should never be allowed to use the Church to commend political principles. Such activities on the part of religious organizations convey the false impression that all their members commend their activities.

When a church enters politics it is out of its sphere. It should be far above and beyond such worldly influences. Throughout all history it has been proved that Church and State cannot profitably collaborate.

IN THIS ISSUE

Heir Unapparent—*A story* .... LLEWELLYN HUGHES 7
Paramour Against Queen .... KONRAD BERCOVICI 15
The amazing battle within the royal Roumanian household
The Rising Constellation—*Movie reviews* .... FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 20
In His Hand—a Rose—*A story* .... CHARLES J. MCGUIRK 22
The Biggest Jag in the World .... AL G. BARNES AND DAVE ROBESON 31
What happened when Tusko went on a rampage
A Masseuse Looks at the Stars—*Part III* .... SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD 36
Which?—*A short short story* ...... HAMILTON WILLIAMSON 41
Perils that Lurk in the Deep .... FRANK CRILLEY 44
Thrilling adventures on the floor of the ocean
To the Ladies! ...... PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 48
The Peril at End House—*Part VI* ..... AGATHA CHRISTIE 53
To Win, Take It Easy .... GLENNA COLLETT 61
A great golfer tells her secret of success
$500 a Week for Limericks 63
Show Girl in Society—*Part VIII* .... J. P. MCEVOY 64

Editorial (p. 4); Twenty Questions (30); Vox Pop (42-43); Bright Sayings of Children (47); Cross Word Puzzles (50-51); For the Love o' Lil (52) Cover by Leslie Thrasher

QUICK RELIEF FOR SUNBURN TOO! Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools instantly; takes out soreness and inflammation; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan.

SHE SPENT HER VACATION IN A PORCH-CHAIR BECAUSE SHE NEGLECTED "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

● All summer she had counted on making her vacation one continual set of tennis. But now, when the men begged her to play, she had to refuse and watch them from the porch-chair.

In other words, she had a well-developed case of "Athlete's Foot." Between four toes the skin was cracked, red, raw and had begun to peel—just because she didn't know this infection might cause real trouble when neglected.

Only two short weeks ago there was just a tiny wet spot beneath one toe. At night it itched a little, the skin looked unpleasantly moist and dead. Not serious *then,* she passed these symptoms* without a second thought.

Don't YOU take chances with this infection

If you want to enjoy your favorite sports, your week-end jaunts this summer, douse Absorbine Jr. on your feet at the slightest symptom* of "Athlete's Foot," which is caused by a tiny parasite called *tinea trichophyton.*

It may attack you any time, any place, for the startling reason that it lurks *simply everywhere*—on the edges of swimming pools, on beach walks, bathhouses, locker- and dressing-rooms—even on the tile floor of your spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr.; it kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

Strange to say this germ, *tinea trichophyton,* thrives on soap and water. You can't wash it away, once it is imbedded. But at the first sign of this stubborn infection, rub Absorbine Jr. well between your toes.

Laboratory tests have shown that it kills *tinea trichophyton* quickly when it can reach the parasite causing "Athlete's Foot." Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Look at your feet tonight

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign* douse on Absorbine Jr. *Then keep dousing it on,* because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time.

You can get Absorbine Jr. at drug stores, $1.25 a bottle. Take it on every outing—use it freely.

For a free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal

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***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

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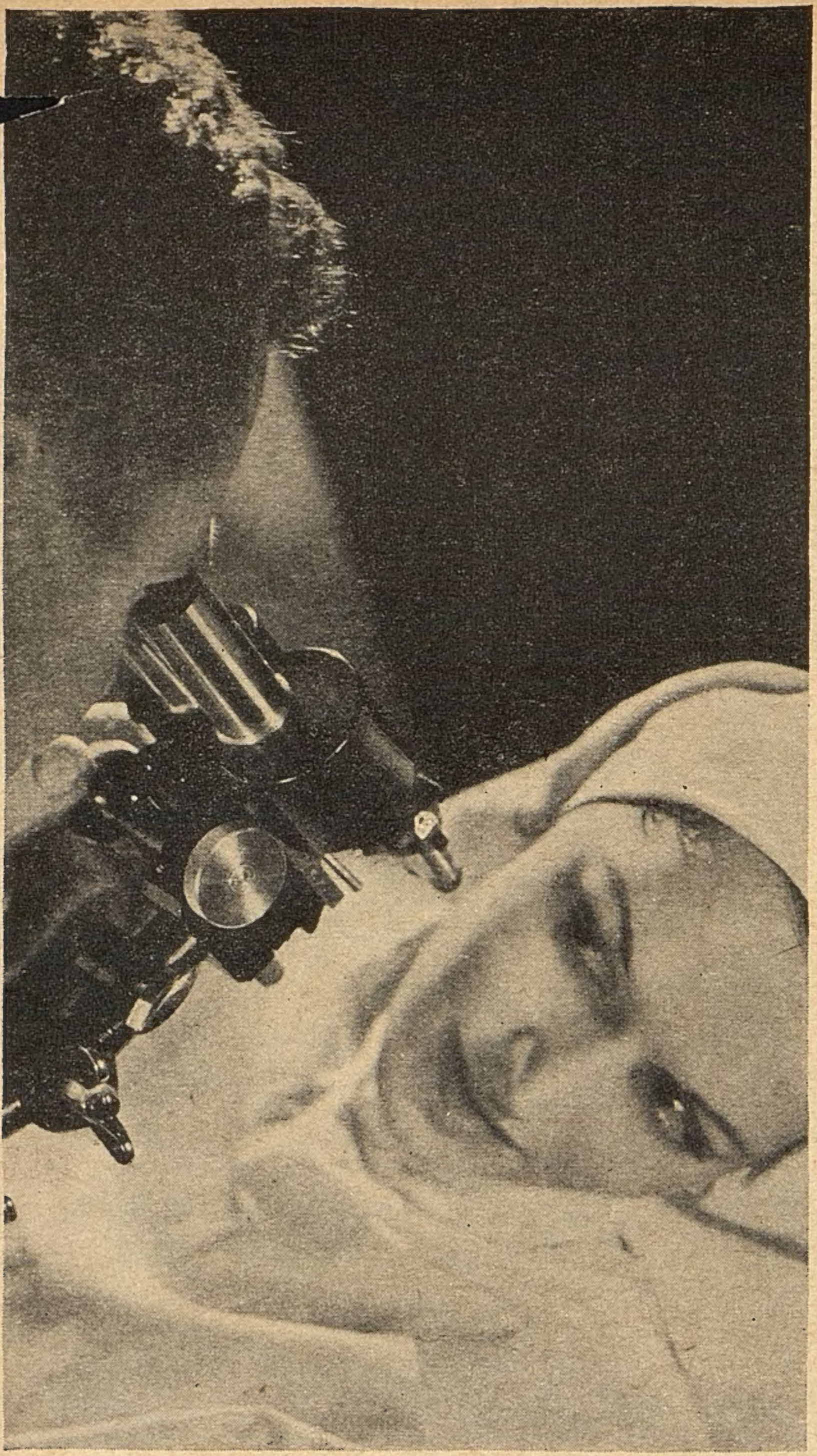


DOCTORS USE ONLY LIQUID SOLVENTS FOR SURGICAL CLEANLINESS

WHAT IS THE CRITICAL AGE OF A WOMAN'S SKIN?

New York Doctor shows how to correct the 4 defects that age your skin prematurely

STUDY THE CUT-OUT photographs on this page. They show clearly the 4 imperfections that rob you of youth. When these imperfections appear your skin is at a critical age.

Read carefully the comments under each picture. They tell in *doctor's own words* how new beauty method corrects critical-age imperfections, renewing radiant freshness. Proved by 789 skin diagnoses made at New York beauty clinic.

How pore-deep method acts

Here is the new pore-deep method doctor used to correct critical-age imperfections:

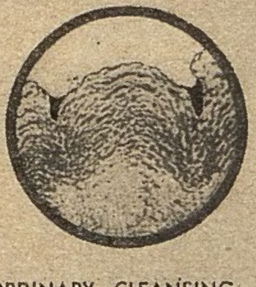
1. Apply Ambrosia . . . pore-deep liquid cleanser. Washes away all dirt. Acts as antiseptic tonic. Skin feels refreshed.
2. Use Ambrosia Cream as softener. Clean pores absorb this colloidal cream that is essentially the same as the natural oil of a healthy skin. With oil replenished, dry skin becomes smooth as baby's cheek.
3. For large pores, blemishes, oiliness, and to clear muddy complexions finish with Ambrosia Tightener.

Case records show these results: (a) pores noticeably finer (b) blackheads checked and prevented (c) skin color improved (d) skin healthier, firmer.

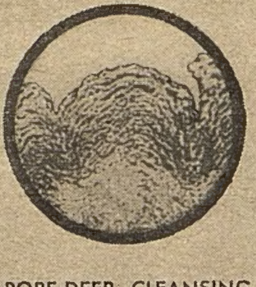
Begin today to see radiant renewed youth in your skin. Secure Ambrosia products from any drug or department store. Use as directed.

BLEMISHES. Ambrosia is an antiseptic and prevents formation of blemishes and surface infections. Is healing and tonic, helping to prevent blackheads. ★

LARGE PORES. Ambrosia cleanses thoroughly and deeply. Ambrosia Tightener is astringent in action and constricts enlarged pores and tones skin. ★

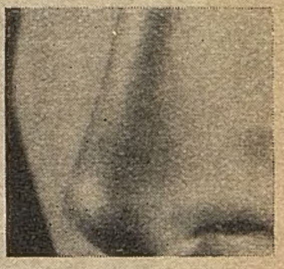


ORDINARY CLEANSING. Note dirt untouched by greasy cleansing. Causes blackheads, blemishes, open pores, old skin.



PORE-DEEP CLEANSING. All dirt removed. Pores small, skin smooth. Result: clear, fine-textured, young looking complexion.

DRY SKIN. Ambrosia Cream is a valuable softening agent, agreeable and beneficial for all dry and sensitive skins. Helps overcome lack of natural oil. ★



OILY SKIN. Ambrosia Tightener is especially useful about nose and chin to lessen oiliness. Improves muddy complexions. Refreshes and stimulates. ★

FACTS ABOUT AMBROSIA PRODUCTS

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AMBROSIA CREAM. Combines for the first time the 2 most softening agents for dry skin, making a blend essentially the same as natural skin oil. Penetrates, quickly making dry skin smooth as baby's cheek.

AMBROSIA TIGHTENER. Doctor's tests show this aromatic astringent closes large pores, makes oily skins normal, clears muddy complexions.

AMBRŌSIA . . . $1.00 . . . . $1.75 . . . $3.00
AMBRŌSIA CREAM . . . . $1.00 . . . $2.00
AMBRŌSIA TIGHTENER . . . $1.00 . . . $1.50

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★Quoted verbatim from report of New York skin specialist who studied use of Ambrosia products on all skin-types . . . a total of 789 skin diagnoses.

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Now you can have for 10¢ a 100-page beauty book that sold thousands of copies in bookstores at $1.00. Written by Dorothy Cocks, famed beauty editor. Read and approved by leading New York skin specialist. Tells doctor's directions for care of each skin-type. Answers such questions as: What exposure disease do farmers have that women must now guard against? How do psychologists say beauty treatments increase personality? What per cent of women's skins need doctor's care? Address Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. L-7, 114 5th Ave., N. Y.; 69 York St., Toronto, Canada.

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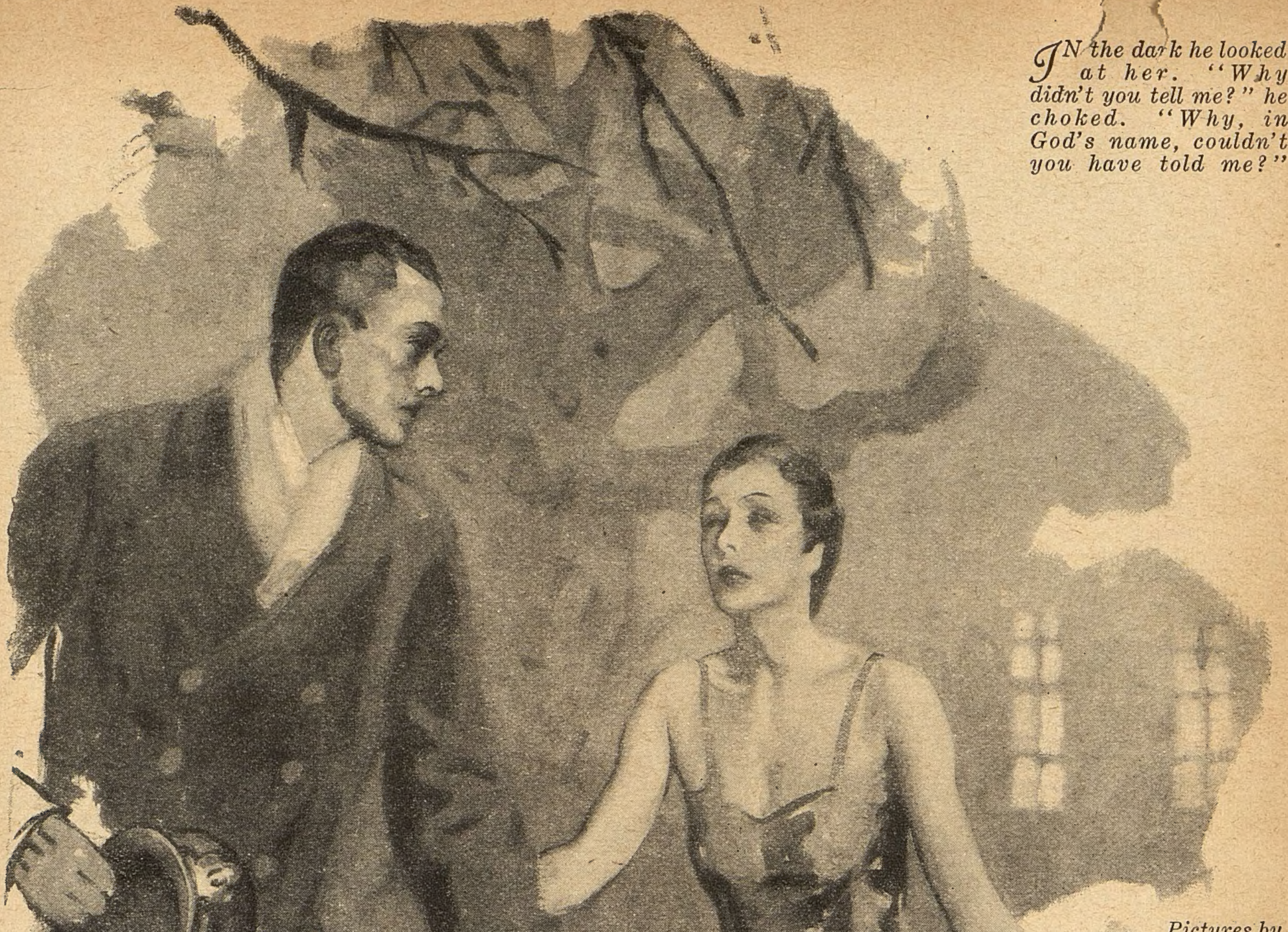


IN the dark he looked at her. "Why didn't you tell me?" he choked. "Why, in God's name, couldn't you have told me?"

Pictures by
HERBERT
MORTON
STOOPS

HEIR UNAPPARENT

The Story of a Hero and the Girl He Left Behind Him

By

Llewellyn Hughes

(Reading time: 35 minutes 2 seconds.)

JEFF TARLETON'S efforts to join the British navy were not particularly successful. It seemed that before a young man could command one of His Majesty's battleships he sometimes spent a few years at a naval college and so forth and so on. The sailing of an eighteen-foot yawl from San Diego to Alaska and back, while commendable and all that sort of thing, was, really, not quite . . .

There was at this time a romantic adjunct of the British navy, its dark-blue uniform modestly adorned with small embroidered wings. This was the Royal Naval Air Service. Commissions here were easier to obtain.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HEIR UNAPPARENT
Continued from page seven

“ How old are you? ”

“ Twenty-one.”

The R. N. A. S. officer looked at his dungarees. “ Deck hand? ”

Jeff nodded. “ Guess so. At least, I worked my way over here. Arrived two days ago—tramp steamer all the way from San Pedro.” He grinned. “ Evening clothes, court dress, uniforms, fur-lined overcoats coming by freight.”

“ What's your height? ”

“ Six feet one.”

“ Weight? ”

“ One eighty-seven.”

The R. N. A. S. man made a laborious calculation. “ Thirteen stone five,” he discovered. “ Rather heavy for an airman.”

“ I'll promise not to fall.”

In four months he was gazetted sublieutenant, and at Roehampton, during the course of his training, he met for the first time his cousin, Lieutenant Ivor Tarleton, R. N., second in command of His Majesty's destroyer Avion. Lord Tarleton had had two sons, but one of them lay at the bottom of the North Sea, victim, with his crew, of a German submarine.

Tarleton, R. N., was a tall, pale, aristocratic-looking young man, seemingly so bored with life that it was questionable if a dropped bomb would have caused him much concern.

“ Damned nice of you to come over,” he drawled, offering a hand.

The meeting had come about by the most casual of inquiries—the similarity of the family name. Tarleton, R. N., manifested little surprise when his inquiries found verification.

“ Must drift over and see the pater sometime,” he invited. “ Next time I bump into the old boy I'll mention your arrival. Jolly decent of you,” he congratulated again.

The two provoked comparison: one immaculate in uniform, aloof, restrained, gray-eyed, and pale of face, characteristic, somehow, of the English climate to which he was inured; the other tanned by the California sun, dressed in an ill-fitting flying suit, sturdier of build, stronger, exceptionally good-looking.

Tarleton, R. N., in company with other naval officers, had been detailed to a new course of training: airplane observation of enemy destroyers and U-boats from the air and direct communication with their own ships. They were not required to be pilots to start with. Subordinates like Jeff Tarleton would do that menial job for them.

JEFF, looking like an arctic explorer, was about to take off on a practice flight. At the duplicate controls sat an impatient instructor. Tarleton, R. N., paid this intention the formality of a studied indifference. He thought it would be rather jolly to introduce one or two other members of the family—those people over there. Would Sublieutenant Tarleton kindly follow him?

The group consisted of Vice Admiral Trevor Tarleton, R. N., his wife, Lady Tarleton, and a Miss Courtney; the latter, about twenty, so beautiful that Jeff couldn't keep his eyes off her.

“ This,” Tarleton, R. N., offhandedly informed them, “ is the son of Jeffrey Tarleton.”

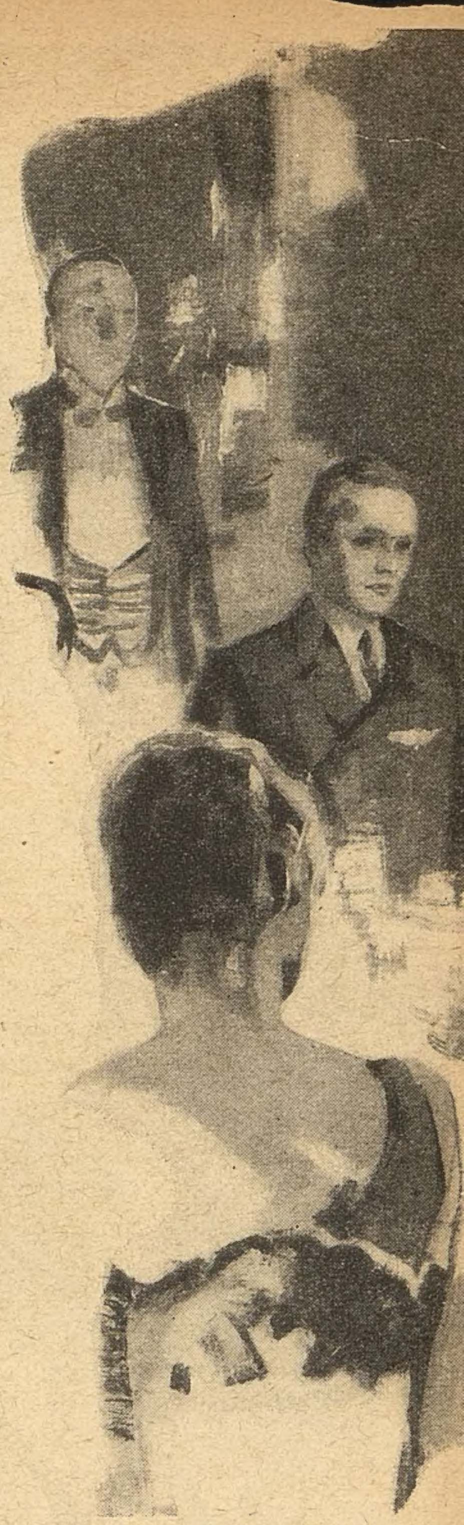
“ What? ” The vice admiral's mouth opened like that of a red snapper. “ Good God! ” he ejaculated.

Tarleton, R. N., turned to the girl. “ My father's brother, you know,” he explained. “ Several years ago Uncle Jeffrey deserted us to—to live in America. Sublieutenant Tarleton was born in California, and is therefore, I presume, an American.”

Miss Courtney's eyes were a diffused brown. Sheltering them her lashes seemed powdery.

“ How awfully kind of you to come over and help us,” she smiled. She spoke in a low, throaty voice. “ I had no idea there was an American branch of the family.”

Jeff's reply had a slight tinge of bitterness in it. “ It's not generally known, Miss Courtney,” he said. “ My mother wasn't quite acceptable over here. She happened to have been a vaudeville actress.”



The remark didn't in the least ruffle Tarleton, R. N. “ And, as I have heard, a very beautiful one.”

“ Very.” Here, recovering from his surprise, the squall reddening the vice admiral's countenance blew over. Unhandsome, dolphin-eyed, large-nosed, he stood with legs well braced, impregnable as a warship. “ I saw her but once,” he continued. “ Very beautiful. I sincerely hope that she—ah—ah—”

“ Quite well, thank you.” Jeff's tone was more conciliatory; one couldn't, very well, stare a vice admiral of the British navy into submission!

“ Splendid, splendid. And —ah—your—ah—father? ”

“ Couldn't be better.”

THIS wasn't exactly true. For the last two years Jeffrey Tarleton, Sr., had been unable to get around much, the result of an injury to his leg. Before his marriage he had captained one of His Majesty's cruisers, and the advent of war sharply reminded him of it. Isolated in a far-off land, estranged from his family, handicapped by his injury, he had gradually fretted himself into ill health.

Long before Jeff had ever thought of coming over he had observed his father reading every word that had to do with the British navy: how this or that Tarleton was serving aboard this or that war vessel; how this brother had been decorated, that one killed, this nephew commissioned, that one lost at sea; the precipitate of everything that had determined Jeff to keep the California Tarletons in the picture.

The vice admiral cleared his throat. “ I hope,” he said, “ that we may have the pleasure of seeing something of you while—ah—you remain in England. Sorry you—ah—didn't look us up sooner.”

Tarleton, R. N., corrected him. “ He hasn't looked us up at all,” he blandly pointed out. “ I merely happened to see his name in the Gazette, and after making a few inquiries—”

“ Well, any time at all,” the vice admiral invited largely. He motioned to his wife. “ We'll be glad to see him at Tarleton Court, or—ah—our place in town.”

With a “ Later, I hope? ” Tarleton, R. N., moved away, his uncle following him. Jeff saluted; the vice admiral, with two fingers, perfunctorily returning it. Lady Tarleton, considerably younger than her husband, produced a card. Her tame eyes wanted cordiality as she presented it.

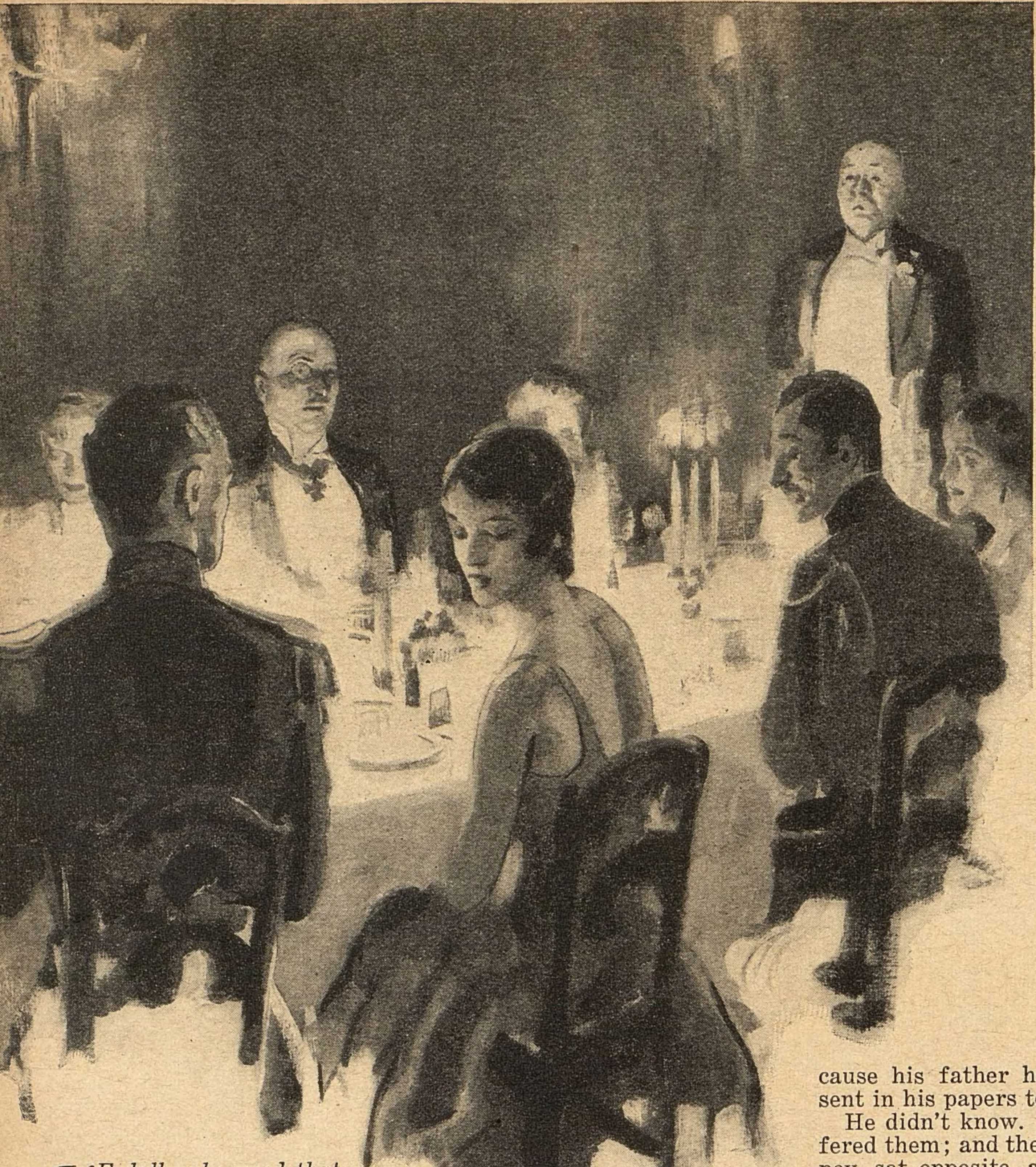
“ Shall we say luncheon at one o'clock tomorrow? ”

“ I don't think I shall be able to get away.”

“ If you can, we'll look forward to seeing you. Come, Alys.” Alys paid her scant attention. She kept looking at Jeff.

“ They're not really as bad as they sound,” she half whispered.

Her removed personality—he had never before seen a girl like her—the low quality of her voice, her eyes, the olive texture of her throat, all fascinated him. Whatever connection she had with the Tarletons materially undermined the rooted animosity he had brought over with him.



HE dully observed that Alys Courtney remained very still, a pronounced pallor in her cheeks.

This was a weakness, a slackening of his resolve. In fighting beside his English cousins his object had been to prove that the Tarleton bravery, distinction, and—yes—hauteur were not special prerogatives, but could be equaled and duplicated in an American generation.

"Was your father the second or third son?"

"Third."

"No wonder the vice admiral was surprised. He has just recently married again in the hope of—" Mischievously her dark eyes conveyed her meaning. "No children," she clarified.

"I see."

"DEREK," she went on, "Ivor's older brother, was lost at sea. Two brothers of the present Lord Tarleton—you'll like him—were killed. After Ivor and your two uncles, the vice admiral to whom you have just been talking and Lord Tarleton himself, you must, I think, be in line for the title."

"That must be a great source of annoyance to him," he said.

She laughed, showing small, white, even teeth. "As a matter of fact, you're just what the title needs," she said. "Only don't tell them I said so."

Something about her rendered Jeff completely inarticulate. He could only gaze at her.

All at once she colored, her eyes quickly avoiding him; and without looking up again she walked away.

"Good-by," she said quietly.

TWO months later he was dining at Tarleton Court. In that short space of time more had happened to form his character and affect the fibers of his heart and soul than previously in all his twenty-one years.

He had already met Lord Tarleton and the principal members of the family, visited Tarleton Court; but this was the first occasion that he had been formally invited to dinner.

Formality, he had observed, governed everything they did. It was good form to recognize him, good form eventually to ask him to a formal dinner; a polite condescension that rankled. Nothing, he felt, could ever again make his father welcome; and it was utterly beyond Jeff to understand why. Merely because he had married an American actress? Jeff felt hot and rebellious at the thought. Or was it because his father had left his ship—abruptly sent in his papers to the Admiralty?

He didn't know. He only knew why he suffered them; and the cause for that, Alys Courtney, sat opposite, across the table. This evening, dressed in blue, she was startlingly beautiful. Her arms, her lovely shoulders, were bare. She wore no jewels, no ornament of any kind. She didn't need to. Her lips were rubies, and the light from the chandelier jeweled her dark-brown eyes. Jeff loved her madly and thanked his God it was returned.

Tonight something about her puzzled him, some subtle change paling her cheeks, her animation. A glance, and he was rewarded with an enigmatic smile. Only the message in her eyes remained clear: "I love you—love you—love you." Not impulsively conveyed, but slowly, lingeringly, as she had given the words actual utterance last Sunday night, the first day of his leave from Rosythe. His own eyes answered her: "I'm simply mad about you! Don't forget—as soon as we can after dinner. I left the car outside the lodge gate, as we arranged."

Most of the people he didn't know. He had, in fact, arrived late, embarrassed to find all of them at table. Lord Tarleton, pointing to the empty chair, had chided him with elevated brows.

Jeff bowed to Lady Courtney, Alys' mother; a widow, voluptuous, analytical, sophisticatedly gowned.

Lord Tarleton was speaking. "Vice Admiral and Lady Tarleton I think you know," he mentioned. "Also your uncle, Captain Drake Tarleton." At the other end of the table this naval officer—they were all sailors, the Tarletons—sat wooden as a cigar-store Indian, flanked by an angular lady in green and a very stout lady in a cream-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HEIR UNAPPARENT
Continued from page nine

colored arrangement abundant with lace and sequins. Captain Drake Tarleton was a bachelor.

Turning to his guests, Lord Tarleton's gaze traveled down the long board. With his white, bushy eyebrows, a Tarleton nose the size and shape of a potato, he was at all times whimsical and kindly.

“This young gentleman,” he proceeded, “is my disgraceful brother Jeffrey's one and only offspring. Jeff Tarleton, Second—as they have it across the pond. He has most magnanimously come over to us to offer his services.”

“Bravo!”

That concluded, Jeff, left to his own devices, was able to look about him. The dining room was huge and lofty. A flowery Madonna painted by Sandro Botticelli presided over a fifteenth-century Renaissance of smaller works, in relief from invisible lighting. Rampant leopards formed heraldic designs on oak and paneling. Coats of arms stained the windows. Everything suggested wealth, culture, and tradition. Under and around it a babble of pallid chatter drifted up to the fretwork ceiling.

LLEWELLYN HUGHES

who served in the artillery with the Canadians in the World War and then came back to live in New York and write fiction. He spent some time in Hollywood when a story of his, printed in Liberty, was made into a movie. He was born in Wales.

Most of the men were in uniform; but, so far as Jeff could hear, there was little or no reference to the war. Here, he thought, were a score of people burdened by three years of bloodshed—the United States of America had just lately been drawn into it—representing Parliament, the navy, the army, content with a fitful reserve relative to the hunting field, the Doncaster St. Leger, bridge, the effect of the Renaissance on French poetry, the proposed reappearance on the stage of Lily Elsie, the apparent negligibility of Cecil Rhodes' intended effect in the Oxford scholarships, George Robey the comic. . . .

Lady Courtney gave him the benefit of her analytical eyes: a cool, rebuking stare. And Jeff, for reasons of his own, slowly colored.

The white-haired lady on his right touched his elbow. It seemed that Lord Tarleton was speaking to him.

“You're a damned sight more handsome,” he was bellowing, “than any of your English relatives—at least, any I've seen.” He chuckled noisily. “Suffusion of American blood. Worked wonders, by God!” He turned maliciously to his brother, the vice admiral. “What say, Trevor, old boy?”

The latter coughed. “I've—ah—no opinion in the matter,” he said.

Lord Tarleton rubbed his nose in glee. “No,” he giggled, “you wouldn't!” He turned to Jeff again. “What's the matter with that father of yours?” he suddenly wanted to know. “No word from him in all these years. Not a line. The deuce of a fellow! Don't know what to make of him.”

JEFF faced him without flinching. “The fault doesn't lie with my father,” he said clearly.

“What? Yes, yes,” fumbled his lordship. “Not a line from him in all these years. The deuce of a fellow! Patton!” he called to a servant. “Serve the wine.”

“Yes, your lordship.”

“Were you living in America when the war started?” The question, pitched in a very English voice, came from a young girl on his left. Jeff looked at her.

“Yes,” he said. “I was born there.”

“No, really?” As if his statement had pressed some secret button, she immediately displayed a prodigious interest. “Do tell me what part!” she enthused.

“California.”

“California!” She clapped her hands. “Oh, I'd adore going to California. I've read heaps and heaps about it. Is it by the sea? Do say it is—otherwise I'll feel terribly foolish.”

Jeff was quietly amused. “Yes,” he admitted, “it's by the sea, all right. In fact, the whole state borders on the Pacific.”

“Does it, *really?*”

Quite a pretty girl, he noticed, with golden hair and eyes blue as cornflowers. Too bad!

Again, as though magnetized, his attention strayed across the table. The feeling persisted that Alys Courtney purposely avoided looking at him. An imperceptible disquiet, nervousness, pervaded her. Listening to the tall guardsman on her right, she was lost in a detached contemplation of a white rose petal which she caressed between her thumb and finger.

Jeff, his eyes adoring her, wanted the war to end so that he could get out of uniform, settle down to hard work, make a lot of money, and then . . . Mere anticipation of it made him gloriously happy. “What do you do in California? You simply must tell me.”

The girl on his left again! Jeff came out of his reverie. “I live on a ranch,” he said abstractedly, “with my father and mother.” Suddenly he felt quite chatty. “For diversion I swim in the surf, sail a boat, and occasionally play polo when I can borrow ponies, a mallet, and things. A grand game, but a little too expensive for me.”

The cornflower eyes opened very wide. “But I thought all Americans were frightfully rich.”

“WE'RE the contradiction to the rule,” he instructed her, his attention once more drawn to Alys Courtney.

“Isn't she beautiful?” whispered the girl on his left.

“Yes.”

“It was such a dreadful pity when her father was killed. He was a colonel, you know. Poor Alys—she's simply had to give up everything. Nothing but her father's pension. Of course,” she prattled on innocently, “we all feel that she and Ivor will eventually—I mean they've known each other since they were children—”

“Yes,” mused Jeff, then gave a start. He hadn't been listening. “What was that?” he asked her. “I'm sorry, but I didn't quite—”

A general hush halted them. Lord Tarleton was standing. He waited until he got absolute silence.

“I had hoped,” he said gravely, “that my son, Lieutenant Ivor Tarleton, could have been present with us this evening. Unfortunately, he was called back to duty—and that not two hours ago. Therefore,” he continued, imperturbably passing over the dramatic fact of his son's absence, “we shall have to proceed without him.”

His filmy old eyes rested on Alys Courtney. “I now formally and with considerable pleasure announce the engagement of my son to this beautiful young lady we have with us—Miss Alys Courtney!”

Spontaneously, as though it were a more or less understood thing, a mild storm of applause greeted the announcement. In it Jeff Tarleton played no part. He felt skewered to his chair. Under the table his hands were spasmodically pressed between his knees. He dully observed that Alys Courtney remained very still, a pronounced pallor in her cheeks. Her attention was still claimed by the white rose petal, which her fingers had now bruised to pulp.

“Needless to say,” continued his lordship, “I am delighted. I shall add only this: When men engage in war it is their imperative duty to marry. I therefore hope that the marriage will take place upon my son's return, and that the losses this house has lately borne will soon bring us the consolation of a grandson.”

His solemnity disappeared. With a brave eye he lifted his glass.

“Let us wish them long life and happiness,” he concluded.

With the rest of them, Jeff absently brought the wine up to his chilled lips. Another second of the stupefaction tearing his senses and faculties in twain and, for all his physical strength, his vaunted ability to stand by his guns, he would have crumpled to the floor. As it was, everybody must be observing him. An eternity passed before he slowly, painfully, dazedly got a grip on himself.

He drank deeply, the champagne running in his veins like quicksilver, bringing a shudder that swept through him from head to toe. In putting his glass down, he miscalculated the edge of the table. The glass fell and shattered on the floor, instantly focusing all eyes in his direction.

"Oh, dear!" said the girl on his left. "I do hope it isn't broken?"

"Good God, no!" chaffed his lordship. "Merely bent a little, that's all. Patton! Another glass of wine for Sublieutenant Tarleton."

The animation around the table was immediately lifted, everybody talking at once. Congratulations flew round like a battle of flowers. Jeff kept his eyes on his plate and conducting a monosyllabic conversation with the girl on his left miserably awaited the end of dinner and the moment when he could conveniently make his departure. Finally he could stand it no longer. About to push back his chair and unceremoniously leave the room, a servant handed him a telegram. Sent from Roehampton, it read:

REPORT IMMEDIATELY BACK TO ROSYTHE
TURNER RNVR

The message electrified him. Five words that brought incalculable relief! He rose, whispered a word to Lord Tarleton, strode out into the hall, got his cap, muffler, and British warm, went to the front door, opened it, and almost flung himself into the blessed deliverance of the black night.

He had gone about fifty feet down the gravel drive when he heard running footsteps behind him. Alys Courtney!

"Jeff!" she called wildly. "Jeff! I must see you for a moment!"

He waited until she came up to him. Her breathing was audibly accelerated. In the dark he looked at her.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he choked. "Why, in God's name, couldn't you have told me?"

For one horribly confusing second he thought everything was a dream: that he dreamed he had come to England, dreamed he had met her, dreamed her arms had clung to him, and—shocking him to consciousness—dreamed that someone had announced her engagement to another man.

"I—couldn't tell you," she said faintingly, her face dead white. "I couldn't—I didn't know—wasn't sure if I— He'd asked me so often. I couldn't decide. . . . It was mother who— Then, when I met you—"

Jeff was trying to get his breath. "But when?" he stammered. "How long have you—" He couldn't seem to frame his thoughts. Everything was inverted, his brain upside down.

"It was an understanding between us," she was saying, "for years. Only I didn't—after I met you—" She looked at him. "I thought you knew."

"*You thought I knew!*"

"Jeff—"

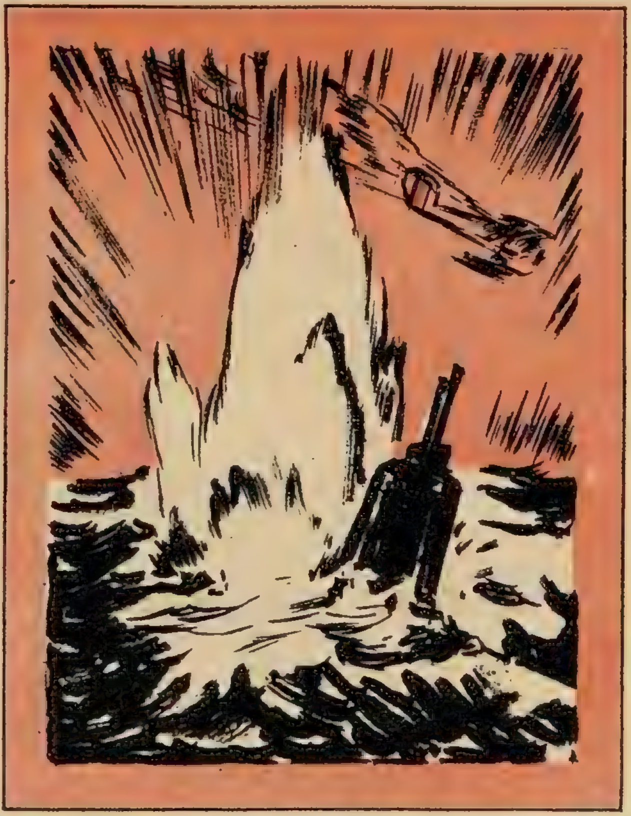
"Oh, God!" he groaned. "Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you tell me?"

SHE was acting and speaking mechanically. "Then—just before he went away this evening—before dinner, before you came—I don't know what came over me—mother torturing me all the day and night—saying how much it would mean to her—"

Tensing himself, his face became agonized. "Sunday night," he said thickly. "How could you ever—ever—"

Her voice was pitiful. "Jeff—please—please don't—"

"Great God!" He shivered. "How do you think I feel now?"



Shocked by his agony, she stretched out a helping hand. With a gesture he avoided it, went blindly down the drive. Alys Courtney ran after him.

"Jeff," she begged, clinging to his arm, "you mustn't go away like this! I've got to talk to you! Please—Jeff. I thought you knew! I thought somebody must have told you—"

He stopped, swung her away from him. "You thought I knew!" he shouted at her. "And yet—when I told you I loved you—that night when we were together—*you thought I knew?*"

"No!" she cried. "It was all my fault, Jeff. I couldn't help it—not from the moment I saw you. All my fault. Jeff! Listen to me. What I told you last Sunday night was true."

"BUT—my God!—all the time you knew you were going to marry him!"

"Not then, Jeff! Not then. Please, oh, please believe me. I only want you. I don't want anybody else. Only you, Jeff dear—only you!"

Once more he swung her away from him. "Well, how do you like this?" he said brokenly. "I don't ever want to see you again! You've all made fun of me ever since I came here. I didn't expect anything else from the Tarletons—but you—the one person in all the world that I—" His voice broke.

"Jeff! There'll never be anybody else—never as long as I live. I swear it! I don't love him. I never loved him. I love only you, Jeff dear. It was mother who—"

"I know!" he broke in. He felt bitter, cruel, vindictive. "Lady Alys Tarleton!" he emphasized. "Wealth, name, position, and all the trimmings. I know! And Tarleton! Christ! Somebody ought to tell the poor sap!"

"Tell him—tell him," she sobbed hysterically. "I'll tell him myself. I'll write to him. I won't marry him. I'll go away—anywhere—"

"Yes, tell him!" he cried savagely. "And if you mean anything to him—I'll be tickled to death. Tell him everything. Tell him I took his girl! Maybe that'll knock the stuffing out of him—and break us even. Tell him!" he shouted recklessly. "Only don't count on me. I'm through! Through for ever and ever and ever. Good-by!"

"Jeff! Don't—don't—"

"Good-by," he choked, running headlong down the drive.

Alys Courtney tried to follow him, but her knees buckled under her.

Swaying, she put out a hand for support, felt the cold, wet bark of a tree, slumped against it. Sobbing pathetically, she clung there to save herself from falling, scraping her hands, her arms, her bare shoulders, tearing her pretty frock.

. . . . .

Rosythe, Scotland, had been the base to which Sublieutenant Tarleton was first sent on active service. From there a flight of R. N. A. S. planes operated in connection with coastal defense, reporting enemy destroyers in the North Sea, and, if possible, spotting the German U-boats. On clear days, when a submarine was near the surface, it could be seen from the air: gray, ominous, sinister as a great shark! To bait it, the R. N. A. S. planes were loaded with depth bombs.

When Jeff arrived back there he found that five naval officers were attached to them for some secret operation. One of them was Lieutenant Ivor Tarleton, R. N.

His greeting of Jeff was characteristic.

"Hello there," he drawled, and passed on.

Jeff merely nodded. His animosity toward the whole family now concentrated on the son and heir. He won-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HEIR UNAPPARENT
Continued from page eleven

dered whether his urbanity, his air of superiority, would be so painstakingly preserved if—if he knew. Jeff was suddenly conscious of a biting jealousy. His love for Alys Courtney tortured him.

When he discovered that the observer detailed to his plane was his cousin, he went at once to see the flight commander.

"Not for me," he objected.

"Why not?"

"Switch him to Gregory-Smith—or Haslam. I don't want him."

Above all his simulated dislike of his cousin—it was simulated, he reluctantly decided—Jeff rebelled against the thought of being left too long in his company. He wouldn't be able to look him in the eye; and that gave the advantage to Tarleton, R. N.

The flight commander was studying him. "What's the trouble?" he asked pointedly.

"I don't want him," Jeff repeated, a little ashamed of himself. "Surely I've got a right to say who I'll take up with me? I'm running the ship. I just don't want him. Isn't that enough?"

"No," said the flight commander, "it jolly well isn't!"

Summarily dismissed, Jeff didn't get very far before he was recalled to the office. There, to his surprise, he found himself facing his uncle, Vice Admiral Trevor Tarleton, R. N.

For a while the old British sea dog stared at him in a cold and slightly phlegmatic silence. Then he said, "You seem to have inherited some of your father's shortcomings."

THE blood rushed to Jeff's head. "What do you mean by that remark?" he asked.

The vice admiral banged on the desk. "This is what I mean!" he suddenly roared, his face purpling. "We're at war now! Not peace! And you'll see to it that you obey orders. That's all!" Confused, smarting under the veiled innuendo, Jeff saluted, turned, and walked over to his quarters. There he climbed into his flying suit, strode willfully to his plane. Tarleton, R. N., was waiting for him.

"Hello there," he said blandly.

Narrowing his eyes, Jeff threatened him. "You've picked on the wrong man this time," he said. "If there's anything doing I'll give you the ride of your life."

"Much obliged," remarked Tarleton, R. N. "Not my picking, old chap. Awfully sorry to put you out and all that, but"—he glanced at the leader—"afraid the rest of 'em are jolly well waiting for us."

"Get in," Jeff ordered.

His orders were explicit. He was to stick to his leader. And this he did until, well over the North Sea, the leader chose to go through a bank of fog. Thereafter Jeff Tarleton saw nothing more of any of them. His altimeter showed him his height, and for a long time he flew blind. Ultimately he came out into the clear again, and in the far distance saw a strip of coastline. Tarleton, R. N., passed over his calculations, and Jeff banked, came back, heading north to avoid the fog.

But he was in it again shortly and came down to seven hundred, where he could at least see the water. He was bowling along, still more or less flying blind, when Tarleton, R. N., touched him on the shoulder and pointed backward to the right. There, below, a quarter of a mile away, a cruiser was settling on her side. Jeff glanced at the hurriedly written note passed to him:

"H. M. S. Ordway. Torpedoed."

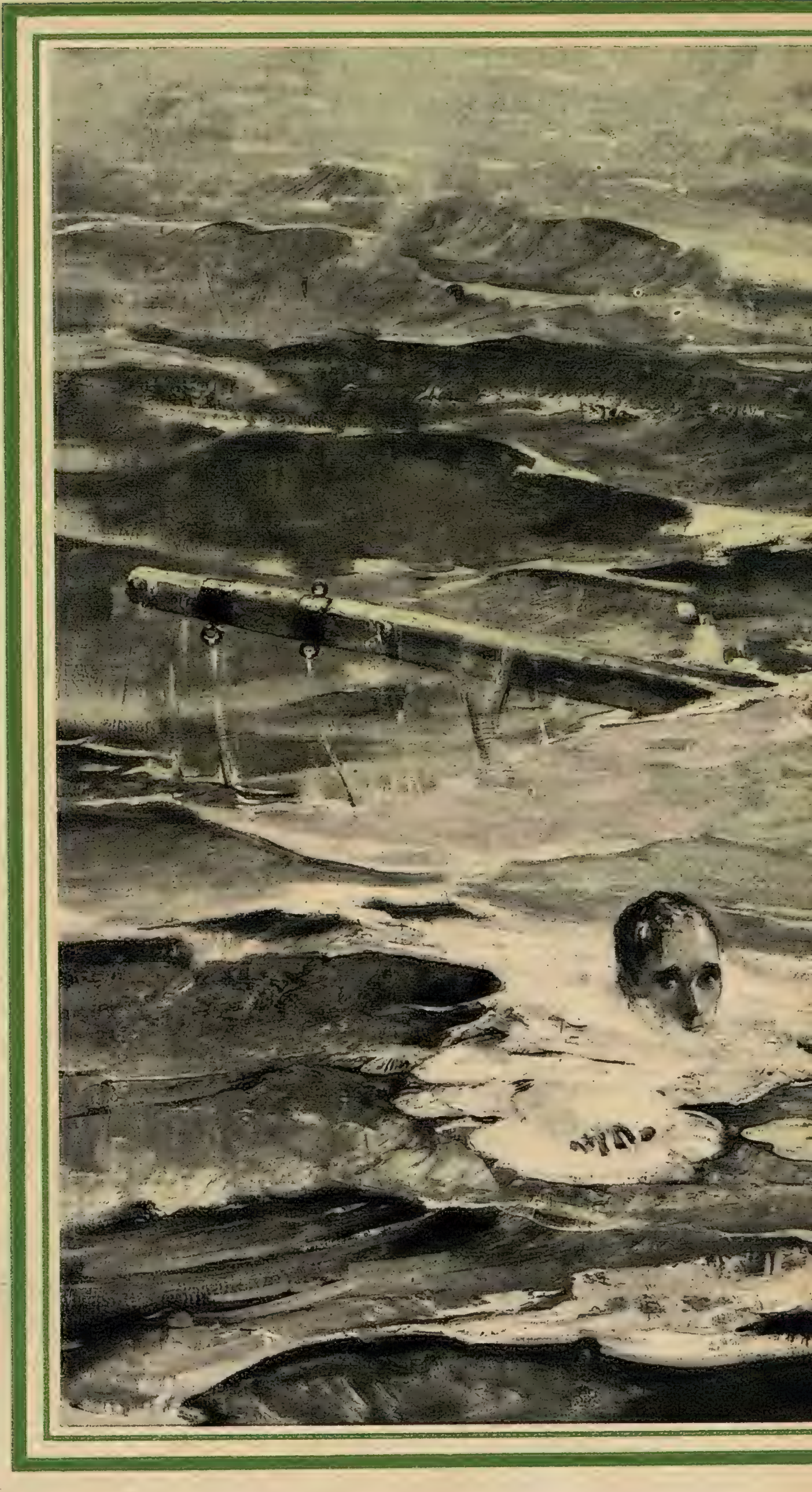
He swung around, came down, and zoomed right over the stricken vessel. He could see men in the water, boats, [illegible] of wreckage. Then, startling him by its sheer unaccountability, he felt the spew of bullets tearing through his wings, the fuselage. At first he thought he was being fired on by someone aboard the cruiser. But, turning his head, he saw the conning tower and partly submerged lines of an enemy U-boat. In that same second oil burst everywhere and he was in flames.

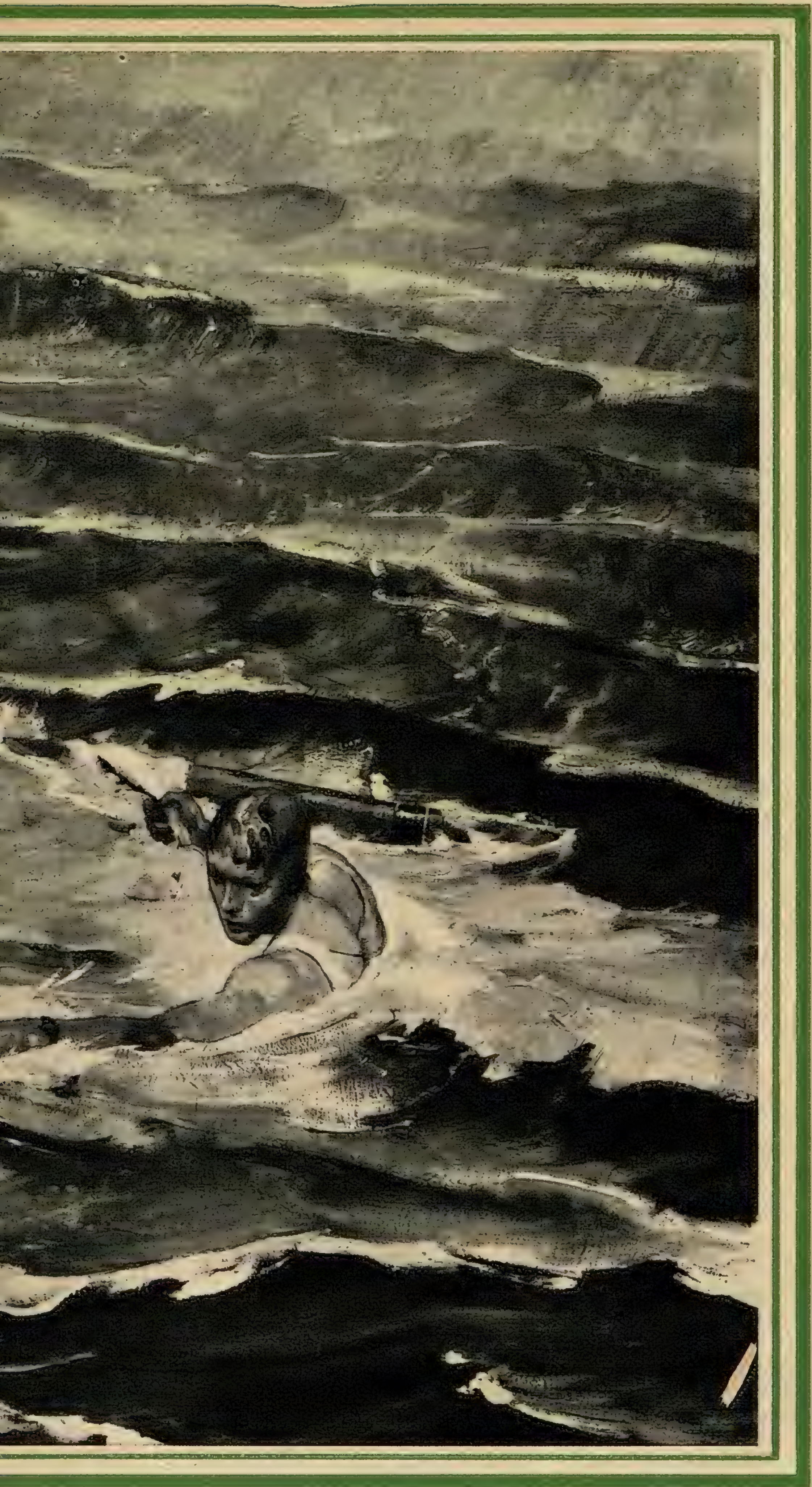
Jeff didn't hesitate. He threw her into a crazy bank, came round, flying dangerously low, and let go with his bombs, one at a time. *Wump! Wump!* Both short! Then a fearful explosion blew the sub and the North Sea up to the gray, soupy sky!

Flames enveloped him. With a last desperate manipulation of the stick, he dipped, straightened out.

"Jump!" he roared at Tarleton.

Whether his instruction was followed, Jeff didn't know.





Tarleton, R. N., had given his best. Jeff watched him slip away.

At a landing speed of forty, the plane, with an angry sizzle, hit the water, splintering its fabric asunder. Catapulted out of the cockpit, Jeff treaded frantically, struggling to get out of his flying suit. The water was icy, and he swallowed a quart of it before he could get his breath. A wave turned him over again, and he was about gone when he finally kicked the flying suit free. In a long, oily trough he ripped off his jacket.

A twenty-foot spar floated past him. Jeff clung to it. It was greasy. His hands kept sliding off. He tried to straddle the thing and almost succeeded. But it rolled under him and once more he was in the water.

His hands now were too frozen even to retain any kind of a grip; but with his left arm flung around the spar he managed to wrench off his shirt, and after a long fight that left him exhausted he knotted the two sleeves together around the spar, making a sort of loop on to which he could hold.

It was then he saw his cousin. Tarleton, R. N., had also divested himself of his heavier clothing; but his face was a chalk-white and he was a spent swimmer if ever Jeff Tarleton had seen one.

"Here!" he shouted. "Try and grab the end of this spar."

Tarleton, R. N., was just barely able to do so.

"Fling both your arms over it—if you can," Jeff hollered at him. "It's slimy with oil."

The two were about ten feet apart, on opposite sides of the spar.

Ivor Tarleton's gray eyes were immeasurably calm. Jeff couldn't meet them. The spar was behaving badly, the additional weight being a little too much for it. Luckily, the sea, while running, wasn't rough.

IT was a long time before Tarleton, R. N., could speak. Producing a smile, he said in a most *sang-froid* tone of voice:

"Jolly nice thing you did back there, old man. One U-boat the less, I believe."

"I promised you excitement. Hope you're enjoying yourself?"

"Rather."

"We've got about one chance in a hundred of being picked up in this fog."

"About that, old man."

For a while neither of them spoke. Then Jeff said:

"Can you hold on?"

"Oh, rather."

Another long silence.

"Cold?" Jeff asked, for want of something to say.

"Not a bit, old boy. Are you?"

"Yes," Jeff admitted.

"That," grinned Tarleton, R. N., "is the worst of these California climates. Too enervating, I hear."

Again they lapsed into silence. A creeping fog surrounded them. Jeff could see nothing to relieve the monotony of the gray, running water. No sign of the cruiser. Possibly it had sunk.

Twice Jeff saw Tarleton's arms slip. Twice they were weakly, pathetically readjusted. The man's face was strained and white. A proud, wistful smile hovered about his frozen lips. At last he spoke.

"Well, Jeff, old man," he said casually, "I congratulate you again on the U-boat. If, by any chance, you happen to get picked up, give my best—will you?—to the pater. And—to Alys."

A revulsion of feeling swept away the last shred of Jeff Tarleton's antagonism. He found himself admiring his cousin tremendously; proud of his relationship.

"Hey, there!" he encouraged. "We'll both get picked up in a moment or so."

Tarleton's next remark galvanized him: "Take care of her, will you—old man?"

"What d'you mean?"

"Oh, just a bit of an idea I've got buzzing in the old brain, don't you know—that she'll miss me the least."

Jeff swore at him. "You're going to hold on," he shouted, "to the last ounce of strength in your fingernails!"

Tarleton, R. N., was smiling at him. "Lord, old boy," he said weakly, "that's gone long ago."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

HEIR UNAPPARENT
Continued from page thirteen

"That's the worst of these English climates," said Jeff, bringing a gibe into play.

"Righto." The continued smile in his cousin's eyes, the casual good-by in the wave of his hand, the gallant and characteristic manner of his going, filled Jeff with wonderment and respect. "Your spar, old man," he smiled faintly. "Won't—support two." He inflated his chest to give his final word utterance. "Cheerio," he drawled.

"Here!" Jeff implored him. "Wait! We'll change places. You can hang on to this—"

But Tarleton, R. N., had given his best. Jeff watched him slip away. With a free hand he grabbed him, and after a terrific effort he finally hooked an inert arm through the loop of his shirt.

In the desperate struggle, while he was gasping for air, a running trough took the spar away. Jeff was alone, swimming in icy water.

Some few minutes later a boatload of torpedoed British sailors hove out of the murk and rescued him. He had just strength enough to indicate the nearness of his cousin before he collapsed.

. . . . .

Jeff recovered rapidly. Two days in a naval hospital and he was back on duty again. Not so with Tarleton, R. N. He was down with pneumonia, touch and go with him for weeks, his health forever impaired.

During this time Jeff had come to a firm decision. In California, his father, Jeffrey Tarleton, was dead. "He died," wrote Jeff's mother, "holding in his hands the English papers with the account of your bravery and decoration." For all its heartbreak, it freed Jeff from any further allegiance to England.

Now that the United States was in the war Jeff wanted to be with them. He now took the necessary steps to effect his transfer.

Alys Courtney he hadn't again seen. She was, he understood, driving an ambulance in France.

HE shouldn't try to see her, anyway. In some way he'd simply have to crush his aching love for her!

Lord Tarleton came in person to try and dissuade him from leaving the British forces. "Stay with us, my dear boy," he urged tenderly. "You're one of us, you know—a Tarleton—and we really need you here. There's the title to think of. I'm liable to pop off any day. Trevor's well on in age; no children; and Ivor—well, it's a damned risky business, you know, that North Sea—even if he does get well enough to go back to duty."

Jeff shook his head. "What I did—I did for my father," he said. "I'm an American, and my services really belong to my country. I only wanted to remind you of our existence over there, in California; and if I've done that—why, there's nothing more to be said."

His transfer to the A. E. F. was duly accomplished, and for six months he flew successfully over and around Soissons, until a bullet relegated him to the ground as an instructor.

At the conclusion of hostilities he spent days trying to write a letter.

"Dear Alys," he finally decided: "When you receive this I'll be on my way back home. I've been out of touch with things, and I don't know whether I'm addressing this letter correctly or not. By this time you may be Lady Alys Tarleton.

"I wanted to see you again, but I hadn't the courage; so I'm putting the ocean between us as the one and only solution to a problem that has tortured me since the night I last saw you. Please forgive me for everything. Jeff."

Demobilization took an interminable time, and it was April before he arrived in Santa Barbara. His mother, still lovely despite her graying hair, met him at the station. Jeff gathered her into his arms, kissed her tears away.

TOGETHER, on their way home, they visited Jeffrey Tarleton's grave, stood there in silence while Jeff dropped to one knee and bowed his head. After a silent prayer, he rose, put his arm around his mother's waist, and led her away.

"You'll never know what you did for him," she said, dabbing her eyes. "It was as if he himself had gone over there to fight for his country."

Jeff nodded.

"I suppose they told you—didn't they?" She was still sobbing a little.

"Told me what, mother?"

"Why they would have nothing more to do with him."

"N-no."

"He left his battleship at a moment's notice," she said. "They considered it—desertion."

Jeff was stunned. No, they hadn't told him! They were too English to refer to it by word or gesture! He found himself admiring them all the more. Desertion! So that was it? He dwelt on it, quietly hoping that, in some way, he had helped to square it a little.

There was much to talk about: the ranch—it was badly in need of somebody to run it properly—their finances, Jeff's adventures in the war, his decoration for the North Sea exploit, his impressions of England, the Tarletons—

"And"—they were entering the house—"Alys Courtney," she pronounced. "What about her, Jeff?"

He felt awkward. "I—I never saw her again," he stammered.

"Reading your letters," she said, "I somehow always felt that you cared for her. Cared very deeply."

He said nothing. His throat was choked.

"Didn't you, dear?"

"Yes."

"Then why—"

"She became engaged to Ivor Tarleton. A great fellow."

"But the engagement was broken. Didn't you hear?"

He looked at her in blank astonishment, the significance of her statement robbing him of the ability to think.

"No," he said; "I didn't hear."

"Supposing I told you that she had come out here—to Santa Barbara?"

He caught his breath. "Alys?" he said incredulously.

"Supposing I told you that she was willing and eager to give up everything for you, Jeff. Supposing I told you that she has waited and waited for you to come back—all this time you have been in New York—"

"Mother!" He pulled her to him, looked desperately into her eyes. "When? Where?"

She kissed him. "Do you still love her, Jeff?" she whispered.

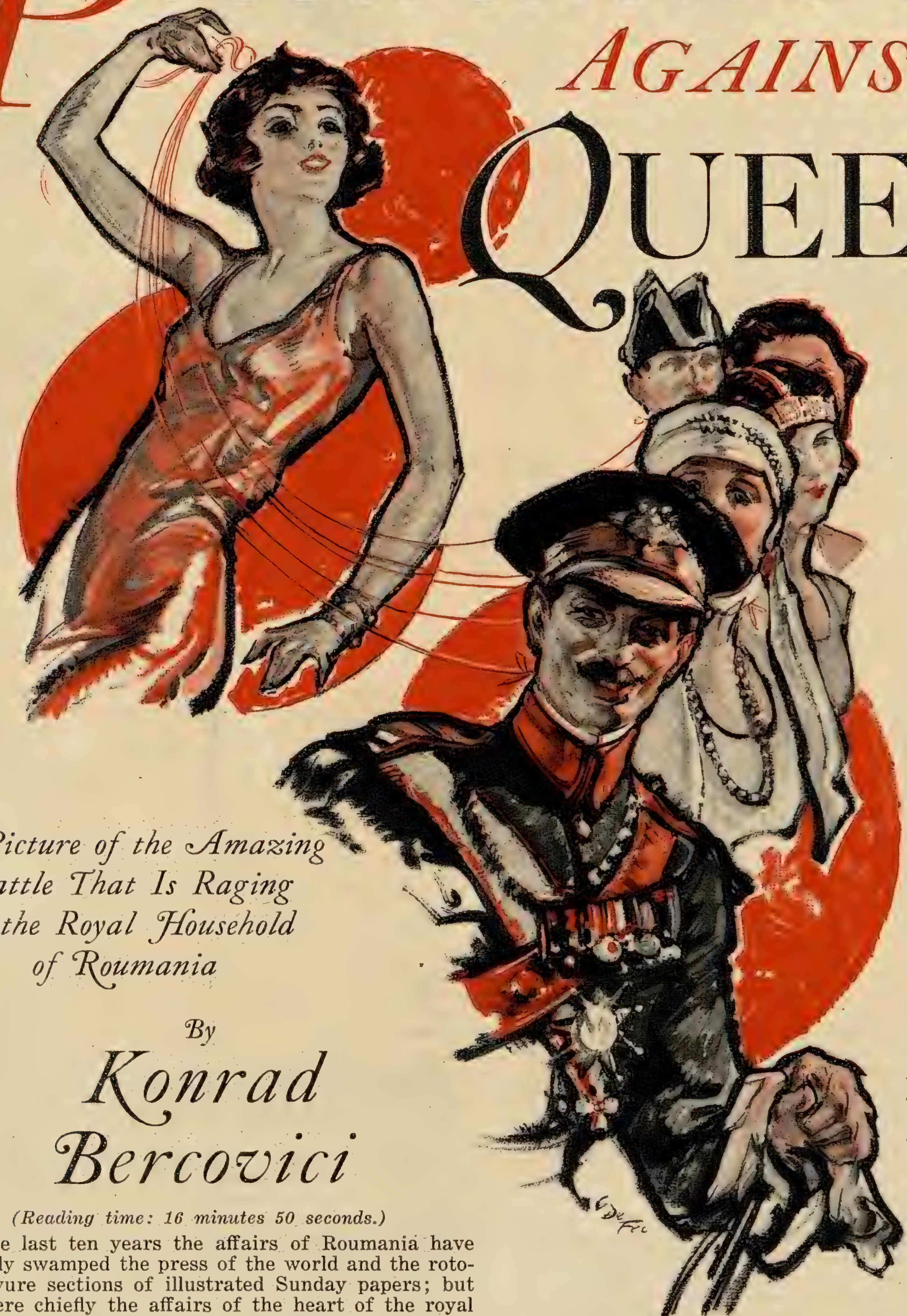
He gulped. His mouth had gone dry. Crazily he sought for evidences about the room. "I'll—I'll love her all my—my life," he said wretchedly.

His mother smiled, fondled him for a moment longer, tried and failed to keep back her tears, then went to a door and opened it.

"Alys," she called softly to someone inside.

THE END

PARAMOUR AGAINST QUEEN



THESE are the characters in the scandalous comedy that is being enacted in Roumania's royal palace, as an artist imagines them.

Picture by CHARLES DE FEO

A Picture of the Amazing Battle That Is Raging in the Royal Household of Roumania

By

Konrad Bercovici

(Reading time: 16 minutes 50 seconds.)

IN the last ten years the affairs of Roumania have fairly swamped the press of the world and the rotogravure sections of illustrated Sunday papers; but they were chiefly the affairs of the heart of the royal family. To all appearances, the welfare of that country of eighteen million inhabitants seemed to depend upon the successful or unsuccessful marital or extra-marital relations of the people in the royal palace at Bucharest.

And these affairs were many. Here and there, among announcements that Princess Ileana had become engaged to or had disengaged herself from some young nobleman, and information that Queen Marie agreed or disagreed with her daughter's choice, and the incessant attention drawn to the affairs of the heart of the then Crown Prince Carol—sprinkled in between the royal scandals, one read something about a projected Roumanian loan, about the sale of a monopoly given to a Swedish, a German, a French, an English, or an American company—monopolies of matches, telegraphs and telephones, oil, electric power; but in the main the attention of the world was focused upon the royal palace.

There were other royal palaces in Europe, of kingdoms more important than Roumania; yet none of them attracted one-hundredth part of the attention that Queen

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

PARAMOUR AGAINST QUEEN
Continued from page fifteen

Marie's household has. Thrones have toppled and changed the course of history, but the world failed to be concerned for more than a few days over the fate and the doings of the dethroned monarchs, their consorts and princelings.

Like Barnum, Dowager Queen Marie is not concerned with what is said about her as long as she is not forgotten; one can never tell when, where, and why she will break into the limelight in an attempt to focus the attention of the world upon herself once more.

When the Peasant Party, headed by Premier Julius Maniu, realized that it had become impossible to govern Roumania with a regency that ruled in the name of little King Michael but was swayed by Dowager Queen Marie, they planned to bring back Prince Carol from exile. Years before, his mother, Queen Marie, had compelled him to renounce heirship to the throne and leave the country in company of Magda Lupescu, the red-headed woman thrown in his path to put him in a bad light. Queen Marie believed then that she had disposed of her son, and that he would not dare to demand that he be intrusted with the rulership of a people.

Had Queen Marie been satisfied with a moderate use of power, little Michael might still be on his throne and Carol, his father, still in exile. But she was too arrogant. She interfered constantly in favor of her particular favorites and friends, and clamored for a place in the regency that ruled in the name of her grandson. When her demands became too insistent, the Peasant Party looked for relief to Paris, where Carol was living with his mistress.

Marie discovered their plans. To keep Carol permanently away from Roumania she got Princess Helen, Carol's legal wife and the mother of little King Michael, to ask Parliament to grant her a divorce from the husband who had abandoned her and who had proved himself to be an adulterer.

The divorce was granted. Marie was satisfied that no party would ever dare to recall Carol to the Roumanian throne. Relying also on the fact that Premier Maniu, as an ardent Catholic, would never consent to have on the throne of his country a divorced man, she became more arrogant than before.

"I am the Queen of Roumania!" she cried. "I am the one to rule this country!"

Acme photo

The king's paramour—the auburn-haired Magda Lupescu.

Int. photo

The spectacular dowager queen, Marie of Roumania.

Maniu, a shrewd diplomat, saw that the country and his party were in a desperate situation. Financially and economically, Roumania was at its lowest ebb and faced with bankruptcy and anarchy. In the good old days a pogrom against the Jews would have been sufficient to take the minds of the people off their own troubles. The time-honored expedient was tried, without results other than the loud protestations of the civilized world.

MEANWHILE Maniu's emissaries were treating with Prince Carol. He was anxious to return to Roumania, to snatch the throne from under his little son, and to avenge himself upon his mother and her friends. But the emissaries imposed several conditions before committing their party to help in the *coup d'état.* Carol had to promise to break off all relations with Magda Lupescu. He agreed. He also promised to declare the divorce between Queen Helen and himself null and void, and to effect a reconciliation with her.

Carol promised everything. In due time, long before his enemies had prepared themselves to parry the blow, he appeared at Bucharest, compelled the Parliament to recognize him as king, drove out his enemies from the palace, the army, the diplomatic corps, and even from the country, and rolled up his sleeves to save his country.

The Roumanians and the people of the whole world were told that Carol had turned over a new leaf. To satisfy Premier Maniu, he declared the divorce which Helen had obtained in his absence null and void, and announced that she was Queen of Roumania. The reconciliation with his wife, however, could not be effected by order of Parliament. Friends intervened between the couple, and reports of the success or failure of these friends were sent out so often to the press they don't bear repetition. The world knows all about them.

THE official coronation was scheduled to take place in October, exactly four months after Carol's return from exile. Because of Helen's stubbornness, so it was said, the coronation had to be indefinitely postponed, and the world in general and the Roumanian people in particular did not find it in their hearts to blame Queen Helen much for her attitude. The women of Roumania, who had a sneaking admiration for their gay Lothario king, were glad nevertheless to see him eat humble pie.

Carol was not living exactly the life of an anchorite while his friends tried to bring his wife to reason, but he was discreet and seemed to think more of his duties than of his amusements.

It must be remembered that the affairs of the country had not changed miraculously for the better, that the wheat of the peasants was still unsold and the coffers of the national treasury were still empty, and that the whole fabric of government was still disrupted and entangled.

The army was still unpaid, and the salaries of the civil servants had not been paid for months.

To effect economies, the government would have had to discharge two-thirds of a useless and hungry army and at least one-half of the cumbersome, inefficient, corrupt, and idle officials who hindered the administration of the government. Carol did nothing of the kind. He was afraid to throw another million people into the maelstrom of the unemployed. He entertained his people with news of the progress of the reconciliation between himself and the queen.

At Carol's orders, Dowager Queen Marie and the rest of the Roumanian household were holding their peace. He

Acme-P. & A. photo

The wayward king, Carol II, as he looks in full uniform.

had the limelight all to himself. It was his show. Except for one short interlude during which the Princess Ileana got herself engaged and disengaged to a German nobleman, nothing untoward happened. Carol was the only actor on the scene. He delivered speeches. He had himself photographed daily in the most striking uniforms. He played Haroun-al-Raschid, appearing incognito here, there, and everywhere, succoring the poor and helping the widows and orphans.

I was in Roumania while the family negotiations were going on. The king was at his summer palace. Premier Maniu, whom I met at Sinaia, lived in a specially fitted Pullman car, sidetracked at the railroad station, to be near the king.

But when Helen had almost agreed to forgive and forget, King Carol made a *volte-face.* Instead of pleading with his queen, he became the accuser. He acted as if he had just reminded himself that he had more grievances against her than she had against him. In a public statement he asserted that all reconciliation between them was impossible. He accused her of having allied herself with his enemies who had persecuted him for years, of having refused to join him in exile when he had asked her to do so, of having heaped ridicule and opprobrium upon him in her petition for divorce. He even insinuated that she wasn't a fit person to take care of their son, took little Michael away from her, and permitted her to see him only from time to time.

" She refused to come with me into exile when I called her," he said. " She abandoned me."

WHERE should she have gone to him? To the house in Neuilly, near Paris, where he lived with Magda Lupescu?

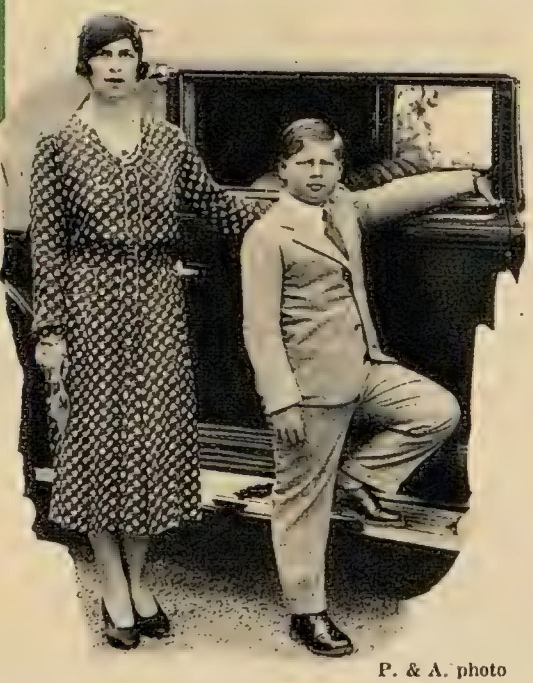
Such a thought doesn't sound out of character with the man. Having been brought up in the royal palace of Roumania, Carol's moral outlook upon life is a warped one. In his eyes common morality holds together the herd, but kings, queens, princes, and princesses are completely exempt from it.

Taken by surprise, in their consternation Queen Helen's friends, and many who believed they were King Carol's friends, stood bewildered and did not know what to do. And now Carol insisted that the divorce must stand, with such modifications as he would care to make. Queen Helen tried to parry the blow, and appealed for sympathy by telling the world that she was going to spend the rest of her life in a nunnery, that she intended to study nursing and devote herself to ministering to the poor and the suffering.

Premier Maniu tried to interfere. He could hardly believe that the king had tricked him and abused his confidence. But Carol remained adamant.

Maniu resigned and went into voluntary exile. The Peasant Party attempted to govern without their leader, but no one seemed to be able to form a cabinet that would please the king. He wanted to work only with such men as agreed with him in his marital troubles. Little Michael was being tossed about from one parent to the other. The dispute seemed chiefly centered about him. Carol would not give up his son, and Queen Helen refused to give him up to her husband. The little boy was too young to make his own choice.

QUEEN HELEN, who had been painted to the world as a martyred angel who lived but for her child, suddenly announced to the press that upon the settlement of certain financial and domestic affairs between herself and her husband she would marry a young officer of the Roumanian army with whom she was deeply in love. The plot thickened. Carol acted as if he had been taken by surprise. His egotism was wounded. He hadn't believed Helen capable of falling in love with any man. The reconciliation discussions between him and the queen were renewed.



P. & A. photo

The scorned wife and mother, Queen Helen, with her son.

Meanwhile, in Paris, Magda Lupescu seemed to keep her side of the agreement. Whenever Carol's enemies started a rumor that she was in Bucharest, the tall, red-headed, stout, voluptuous-looking creature would show herself in all her glory at one of the cafés or restaurants where she could be seen or photographed. And people were anxious to look at her. Without being beautiful, she is of the race of sultanas of the Oriental harems. All attempts to interview her on her future plans remained sterile. She shook her head to all temptations, and refused offers of huge sums for her autobiography or interviews.

And yet she wasn't idle. She knew that the king would not be able to resist much longer his passion for her. Whatever may be said about the morality or the immorality of their conduct, they are very much in love with each other. It was an open secret that King Carol was pining away for her in his palace at Sinaia and that he was seen very frequently crying. And Magda was not happy in Paris, either. She saw no valid reason why her lover should have given her up for a throne.

And then, like a bolt, cables sizzled with the news that Magda Lupescu had returned to Bucharest and that she was seen at the palace.

Magda Lupescu would not have interfered if the king had reconciled himself to his wife for political reasons, but when he seemed to be actuated by jealousy of his wife, she balked.

There is considerable significance in the fact that the resignation of the Peasant Party cabinet coincided with Magda Lupescu's appearance at the palace. When the king had broken one of his promises, which was to reconcile himself with Helen, Premier Maniu had resigned; but when he broke his promise not to allow Magda to appear at the palace, the whole cabinet walked out on him.

The effect of her appearance was disastrous, internally and externally. The Foreign Office ordered that the Roumanian embassies deny that she was in Bucharest. Yet, even after this official denial was published in the American press, newspaper correspondents, at the risk of their lives and jobs, reiterated in cables that Magda Lupescu

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

PARAMOUR AGAINST QUEEN
Continued from page seventeen

was in the palace and that she was playing an active part in the disturbed politics of the country!

The habitual Graustark comedy of the Roumanian royal household was taking a turn toward tragic melodrama. The systematic persecution of Queen Helen began. Little Prince Michael had hardly recovered from an attack of diphtheria, and the queen, who had watched over his bed, was still wan from the many nights of sleeplessness when she was ordered to leave the country and go to Belgrade with but two hours' notice to pack. Queen Marie of Yugoslavia, Carol's sister, and her husband were supposed to put some sense into her head and to get her to go into voluntary exile. Helen refused to listen to reason. Humiliated, scorned, her love affair ruined, she stood ready to fight to the last ditch.

Weak, tottering, the little convalescent was made to appear in public on the occasion of a military demonstration. Queen Helen, forgetting her pride, broke her bonds and returned to Roumania.

Carol insisted that she must leave the country. She was a disturbing element. She was not wanted. She had neither kin nor friends in the country. It was explained to newspaper men that the queen caused the royal palace considerable embarrassment. The master of ceremonies did not know what to do about her. She had no official status. People did not know how to address her properly. She was not the Queen of Roumania any more, and she had no other title to go by. Who was she, anyhow? What rank had she? The etiquette of the palace was involved enough as it was, without her!

Picture by Charles de Feo

Up till then Helen had had moral support from the Liberal Party, the party friendly to Carol's mother and which had always opposed his return to Roumania. But this support disappeared from under her. Rid of the Peasant Party to which he had made so many promises, King Carol began to flirt with his former enemies, who were not in the least averse to regaining power. Their new leader, Jon G. Duca, promised to make amends for the former attitude of the Liberal Party. They began to flirt with Magda Lupescu, who seemed to have regained not only her influence over the king but also the power to direct his political machinations. The forming and reforming of several ministerial cabinets was undertaken with the sole object of pleasing her, regardless of party allegiance or capability.

QUEEN HELEN, who had always appeared a passive creature, pulled herself together and showed as much political shrewdness as the best of them. She fought for her existence and for the privilege of being mother to her sickly son. Taking a leaf out of her mother-in-law's book, she made much and clever use of publicity and managed to have her version of the affair brought before the public. She knew the world always sympathizes with a mother.

In a sense, Michael has ceased to exist as a child. He is a weapon; a getter of tears and publicity.

The struggle between the two women, Magda Lupescu and Helen of Greece, paramour and queen, was on! Queen Helen knows that she will never again be officially the Queen of Roumania.

She is not fighting for recognition, she is fighting to avenge herself. She is fighting every inch of the way and provoking Carol to use force to get her out of the country.

She is bitter. Mad. Angry. Vengeful. She is a scorned woman.

Magda Lupescu, on her side, is fighting for the right to live in the country she was born in. Queen Helen and her friends have kept her out of Bucharest by making her exile one of the specific conditions for Carol's return to the throne. Now that Carol has definitely broken with his wife, Magda wants her place back.

The fate of the whole country depends on whether the king's paramour has sufficient hold upon him to make him do what is most convenient for her, regardless of the opinion of the world and of the interest of the dynasty. There is no room for both women in Bucharest. If the queen is to stay, then Magda has to go into exile. If Magda is to remain permanently, then the queen will have to go. Whatever political arrangements and alliances are being made, this single fact holds the foreground. Ridiculous as it may seem, Roumania is now divided into two factions: those for and those against Magda Lupescu! Up to now she holds the winning hand. The king is in love with her. Presumably, if circumstances make it impossible for him to keep her in Bucharest, he will go into exile with her again.

THE moral element of the country, whatever is left of it, is of course back of the queen, though its members know they are playing a losing game. The Liberals, who once sided with Helen, when they hoped that in so doing they would win enough of the favor of the people to make even an overturning of the throne possible, have abandoned her. The younger elements, regardless of party, are for Carol, no matter what he does.

"And if it be the king's will to keep Mme. Lupescu and drive Queen Helen out of the country, we are all for it," they say, "if it be the only manner to keep our king happy and contented."

Statesmen and politicians are at Magda Lupescu's beck and call.

"We are being ruled by a voluptuary in the arms of a skillful courtesan," one of the younger diplomats complained to me. "Magda Lupescu is avenging herself now for all the humiliations Queen Helen and Dowager Queen Marie have heaped upon her. To please her and to pacify her, in exchange for the favor she promises, our queen is being separated from her only son. She has been stripped of titles and honors, and has been impoverished so that even if she wanted to leave the country voluntarily she could not subsist even in a small way on the income she now has. Carol's private fortune is in the tens of millions. Helen's private fortune is probably not more than fifty thousand dollars."

Queen Helen, mother of Prince Michael and wife of King Carol, will be squeezed out of the country to make room for the king's mistress.

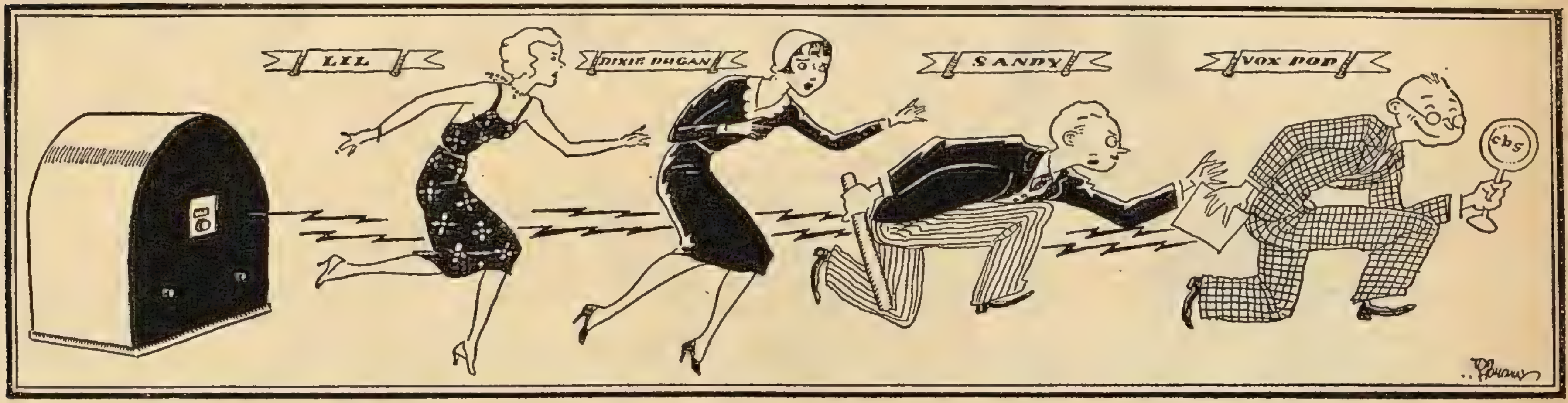
Can anyone imagine the moral, social, political, economic life of a country where such comedies are being played in the royal palace by its rulers? At the moment of writing, King Carol has driven from power the Peasant Party, the political party which was responsible for his return to Roumania, and to which he had promised that he would break forever with Magda Lupescu; and he has brought the Liberal Party to power, the party formerly headed by Bratianu and his mother's friends. To them the king had promised nothing.

Magda Lupescu is free to come and go as she pleases.

One has to go back to the Middle Ages, to the Borgias and the Medicis, to find a parallel for such a situation. One has to delve into the stories of the harems of Oriental potentates to find the equivalent of such breathtaking intrigues. The scandalous comedy that is being enacted behind a thin veil in the royal palace of Roumania causes many people to sit back and laugh themselves to tears. But those, like myself, who love their native country, cry with rage when they realize that a few fat bejeweled fingers pull the strings which actuate a puppet who rules over eighteen million people we love.

THE END

.. *and now you can hear*



Liberty

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A New Friday Night Broadcast for Everyone

PRESENTED BY

The Weekly for Everybody

If you tuned in on Liberty last Friday, no need to read this. You've already made a radio date with us for this Friday at 9 P. M., Eastern Daylight Time, because you've learned at last how many elements of absorbing interest can be woven into a single broadcast. You've enjoyed the blustery comment of genial Vox Pop and the sparkling repartee of Sandy and Lil. You've enjoyed masterly tabloid dramatizations of stories from our pages with all the zest, punch and pep of a Broadway review. You've discovered how delightfully irresistible music can be woven through a program by a master of the art. In brief, you've heard Liberty on the air and you're eagerly waiting for more.

If you did not join us last Friday, don't miss this week's presentation. It will be equally crammed with interest through every minute. The hour is 9 P. M., E. D. S. T. The stations are WABC and the other units of the Columbia Broadcasting System listed at the right. The pleasure is Liberty's. Tune in.

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9 P. M.
EASTERN DAYLIGHT
SAVING TIME

HEAR LIBERTY ON THE AIR EVERY FRIDAY NIG

The RISING

Leslie Howard and Marion Davies exchanging felicitations in Five and Ten.

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

Frederick James Smith

(Reading time: 5 minutes 20 seconds.)

AT midyear it is interesting to look over the stellar situation in Hollywood.

The enigmatic Greta Garbo is still the big star of stars, at the top of the greased pole. High up in popularity you now find Marlene Dietrich, Constance Bennett, and Norma Shearer. Despite Clara Bow's front-page difficulties, her following remains pretty steadfast. Janet Gaynor will be helped greatly by her new film, Daddy Long Legs. Elissa Landi may move up among the big three or four—if she gets a good rôle.

Among the men, Robert Montgomery and Lew Ayres are the most rapidly advancing youngsters. The new find, Clark Gable, is the biggest discovery of 1931 up to this writing. He may be a star by 1932. Fredric March is stepping upward rapidly, too.

in favorites, notably Dick Barthelmess, remain steadfast in favor.

The next six months will present trying periods for Nancy Carroll, Ruth Chatterton, Joan Crawford, Ann Harding, William Haines, Richard Dix, Ramon Novarro, and a few others. They are desperately in need of good pictures.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ FIVE AND TEN

CAST

Jennifer Rarick	Marion Davies
Berry Rhodes	Leslie Howard
John Rarick	Richard Bennett
Jenny Rarick	Irene Rich
Avery Rarick	Kent Douglass
Muriel Preston	Mary Duncan

Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Fannie Hurst wrote this story of a family's disintegration under the corrosion of great wealth. There is the five-and-ten chain-store Crœsus, his bored wife, his socially ambitious daughter, and his son, hating his money and still longing for the old pleasant days in Kansas City.

Marion Davies gives what seems to me to be her best film performance to date as the daughter who dodges snubs and tries to buy the man she loves.

Her work has a very genuine sincerity, and she gets superb support from the very promising young Kent Douglass as her brother, Richard Bennett (father of Constance and Joan) as her dad, and Irene Rich as her mother.

And Leslie Howard steps from several pale characterizations to a real one as the socially desirable young fellow Jennifer Rarick tries to purchase.

This is just the old husband-too-

CONSTELLATION

The Screen Race at Midyear and Some Current Pictures

busy-to-keep-his-wife's-love story, but it is splendidly played.

★ ★ ½ ANNABELLE'S AFFAIRS

CAST

John Rawson	Victor McLaglen
Annabelle Leigh	Jeanette MacDonald
Roland Wimbleton	Roland Young
James	Sam Hardy
Wickham	William Collier, Sr.
Mabel	Joyce Compton
Dora	Sally Blane
Archie	George André Beranger

Directed by Alfred Werker.
Produced by Fox.

Victor McLaglen and Jeanette MacDonald in a smiling scene from Annabelle's Affairs.

Some years ago Clare Kummer wrote several merry, mad stage farces. Good Gracious, Annabelle, was one of them. This comedy is adapted from that play. If I attempted to tell you the plot you would think that July in New York was hitting me pretty hard.

Jeanette MacDonald is delightful as the forgetful, flighty heroine who once married a mysterious westerner and now runs in debt on the allowance he forwards from out yonder. Victor McLaglen seems miscast as the mystery man, but you will like the comedy contributed by Roland Young, Sam Hardy, and the senior Willie Collier.

This comedy is not for those who take their movies literally.

My Hollywood spies report that Miss MacDonald is to play the title rôle in the forthcoming production of The Merry Widow. I can't think of a better choice.

★ ★ THE VICE SQUAD

CAST

Major Stephen Lucarno	Paul Lukas
Alice Morrison	Kay Francis
Magistrate Morrison	William Davidson
Madeline Hunt	Judith Wood
Detective Sergeant Mather,	Rockcliffe Fellowes
Josie	Esther Howard

Directed by John Cromwell.
Produced by Paramount.

The recent exposures of New York police methods—and those of the vice squad in particular—suggested this story by ex-police reporter Oliver H. P. Garrett.

There was (and still is) opportunity in this theme for a relentless melodrama of The Public Enemy type. Unfortunately, Mr. Garrett decided to sentimentalize his story.

Here the stool pigeon is called upon to frame the lovely, innocent blonde who has befriended him. Too large a part of the film is devoted to alibi-ing the chief character, in developing sympathy for the man who has slipped to the despised job of police informer.

Kay Francis and Paul Lukas in The Vice Squad.

What might have been a powerful panorama of the unjustice of justice turns out to be a soiled and unsavory romance.

A pretty newcomer, Judith Wood, plays the victim of the vice squad.

This girl, who used to be a model and has played some small film rôles under the name of Helen Johnson, has possibilities.

(No stars) THE NIGHT ANGEL

CAST

Yula Martini	Nancy Carroll
Rudek Berkem	Fredric March
Theresa Masar	Phœbe Foster
Countess von Martini	Allison Skipworth
Biezel	Alan Hale

Directed by Edmund Goulding.
Produced by Paramount.

Edmund Goulding, who directed Nancy Carroll in her first real hit, The Devil's Holiday, encountered something of a cinematic disaster with his newest vehicle for the little star who came up from Manhattan's teeming Tenth Avenue. This picture has given Paramount officials plenty of worried hours.

The proceedings are entirely false. The best you can say is that Mr. Goulding, who wrote and directed the tale, had a bad case of Von Stroheimism—but it didn't break out properly. The usually interesting Miss Carroll leans against dozens of picturesque backgrounds without histrionic success, while the usually able Mr. March is as bad as I have ever observed him to be.

Do you know that—

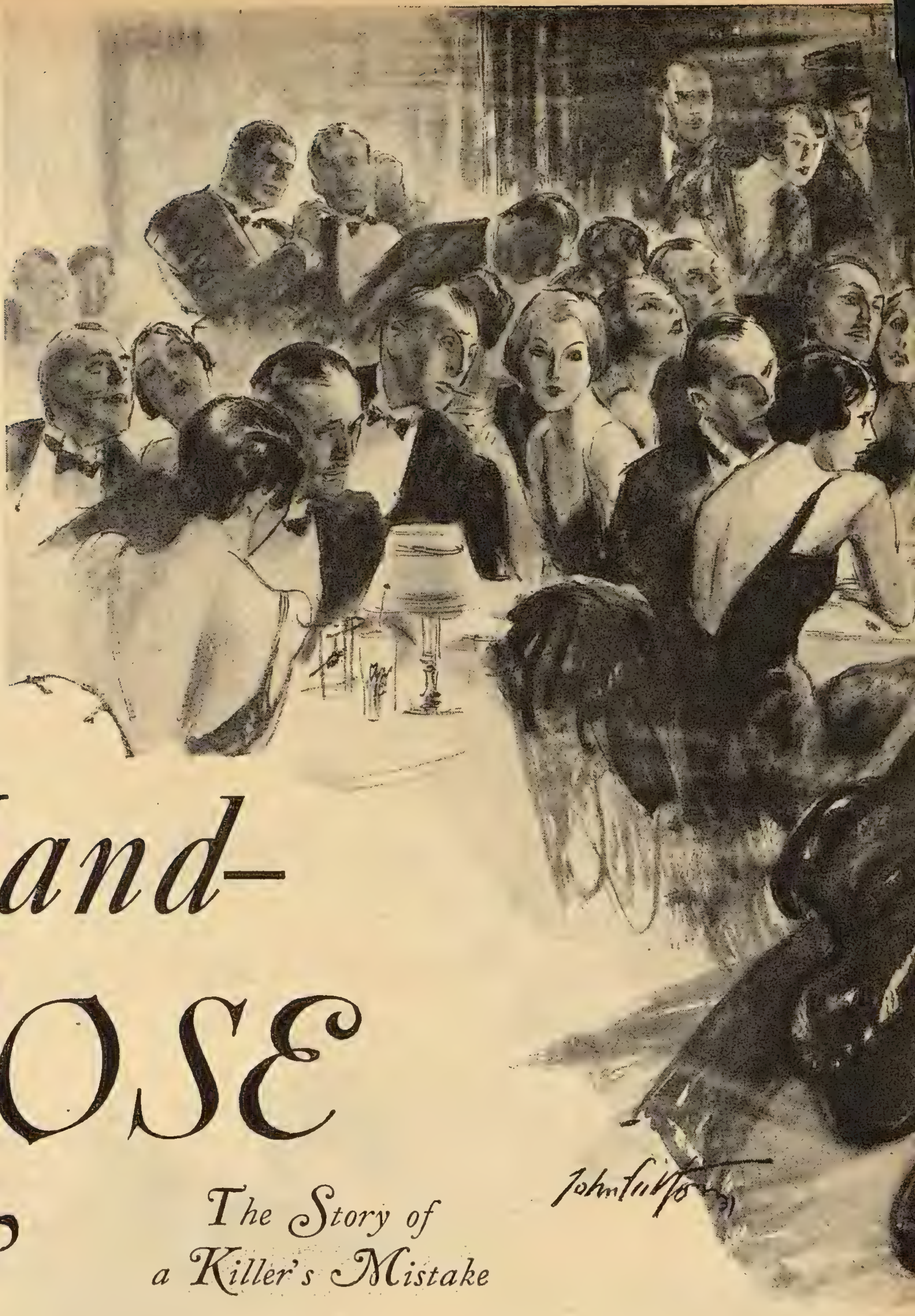
Clara Bow may go over to Metro-Goldwyn? . . . Jackie Cooper has been given a long-term contract by Metro-Goldwyn?

Nancy Carroll and Fredric March in The Night Angel.

Recent Good Pictures

★★★★—The Smiling Lieutenant (fun and Maurice Chevalier in old Vienna).

★★★—Chances, Le Million, Daddy Long Legs, Always Goodbye, Women of All Nations, A Free Soul.



THEY had danced together every night. And these dances had come to be the high points of his days.

In His Hand—A ROSE

The Story of a Killer's Mistake

By

CHARLES J. MCGUIRK

(Reading time: 26 minutes 1 second.)

JOE GUINITA, the dancing torpedo, is dead.

The coppers found him about daylight in his swell apartment hideaway up on Sheridan Road, and they couldn't believe he was gone when they kicked in the door and got their first look at him.

Joe was dressed just as if he were going out to dance somewhere. And maybe he went, at that. Maybe he's dancing now on a red-hot floor with the flames licking up from under each of his tiny feet. In hell. Anyhow, he was in his tuxedo and he was wearing the patent-leather pumps that were nearly as famous as his belly gun.

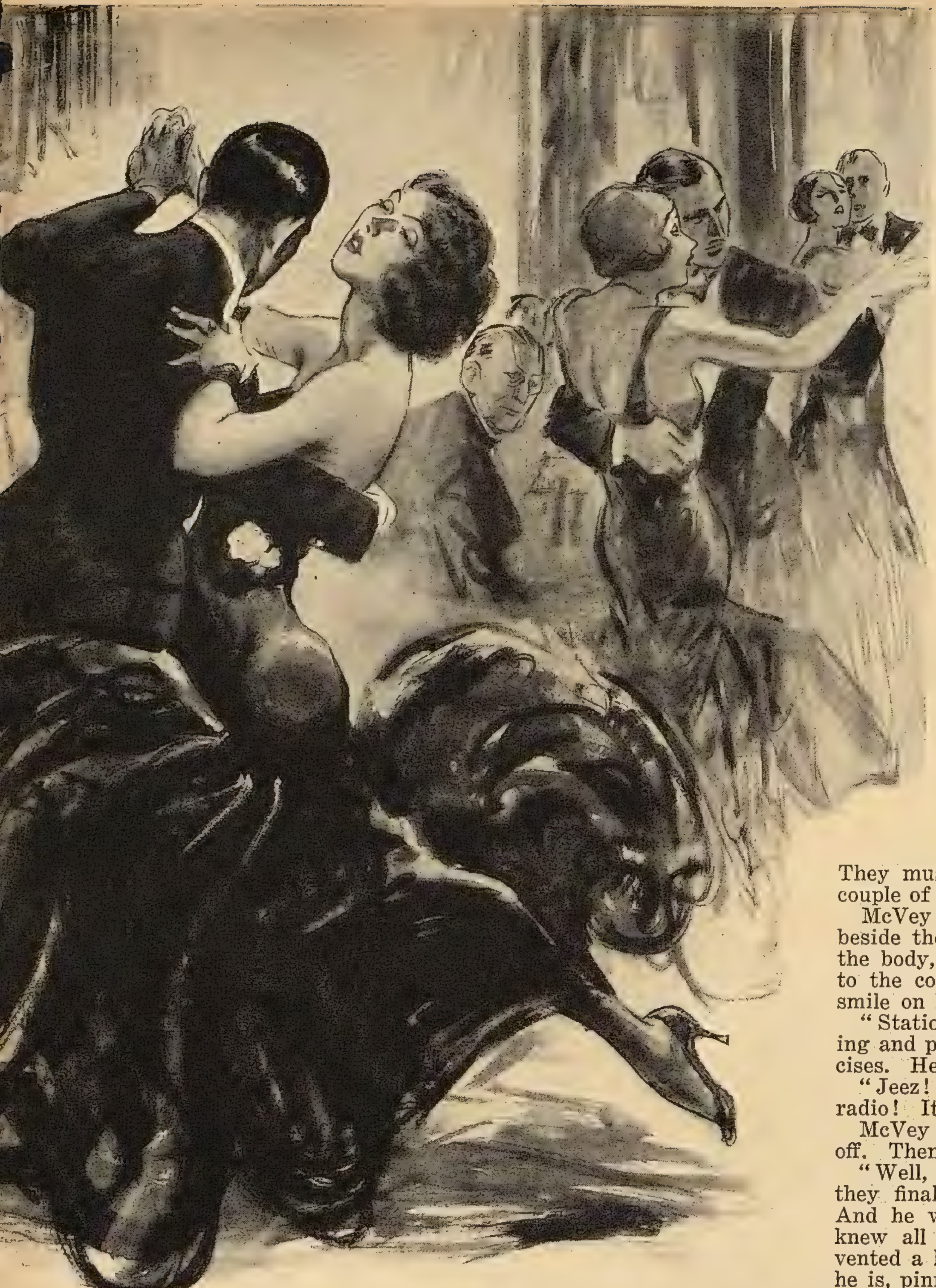
He looked so lifelike that the raiding party drew their guns as one man. They all remembered Detective Sergeant Danny Heaney, dead a month to the day because it never occurred to him that a smart fellow like Joe might be wearing a sawed-off thirty-eight up in his cuff. But when they got in front of him they shoved the revolvers back in their holsters.

The living room was still lit up. Joe was sitting upright in a delicately carved high-back chair beside a telephone table, staring intently at nothing out of his chilled-steel eyes. In his left hand he clutched the telephone receiver; in his right, an American Beauty rose. But what informed the policemen that they had nothing more to fear from him was a V made up of red bullet holes that ran up from the spot where his dress shirt appeared above his vest to his right and left shoulders. Another red hole was in the same spot that the little girl wore her little curl—right in the middle of the forehead.

"Machine-gunned!" whispered O'Malley, a rookie copper.

"Yeh," agreed Detective Sergeant Tom McVey, Danny Heaney's partner. "It was grand shooting. Look!"

Pictures by
JOHN FULTON



He pointed to the window which the body was facing. The curtain was up. The lower pane was gone, shattered except for a few jags of glass still remaining at the edges.

"Oleson, get the superintendent to open that apartment directly across the court. That's where they must have waited to give him the works."

OLESON departed and McVey turned back to the body. "And look at the rose in his hand! There's humor for you. Every man that Joe ever bumped off was found with a rose in his hand. It was his trade-mark."

"I wonder," said O'Malley—and swallowed hard—"I wonder who done it."

McVey bent toward the body, his nostrils distending. Then he straightened up and lifting his head in the air sniffed like a pointer testing the wind. There was a faint hint of exotic scent. Turning, he followed its increasing strength. It led him to the wide couch on the other side of the room. Again he bent down, and found the imprint of two bodies, almost of a size. A man and a woman had sat there a little while. Joe Guinita and— The scent here was almost a reek. Of jasmine. McVey's eyes were almost shut. Jasmine. He should remember. Danny Heaney—where? A slow grin spread across his wide red face.

"I WONDER," he answered O'Malley at last. "But I won't wonder too hard."

Oleson plodded back into the room, the superintendent of the building, popeyed, behind him.

"You were right, sarge," he reported. "That's where they waited to get him. There's a Thompson submachine gun over there with forty-eight empty shells beside it. Three chairs and a table and the floor covered with cigar and cigarette butts, paper containers, newspapers, and magazines. They must have been layin' for him a couple of weeks."

McVey made no comment. He stood beside the couch. He looked from it to the body, to the open window, and back to the couch again. There was a half smile on his face.

"Station WGN wishes you good morning and presents the Early Risers' exercises. Hello, everybody!"

"Jeez!" gasped O'Malley. "The radio! It must have been on all night!"

McVey sauntered over and snapped it off. Then he stepped to the body.

"Well, well, well," he mused. "So they finally got little old Joe Guinita. And he was a hard baby to get. Joe knew all the tricks of murder; he invented a lot of them himself. But here he is, pinned to his chair with machine-gun bullets, because he never thought of the oldest trick in the bag. It was his blind spot. 'He that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword.'"

"What was his blind spot, sarge?" asked O'Malley.

McVey raised his head and delicately sniffed the air.

"Dancing, son," he said. "And girls. Joe would rather dance than eat. He was a dancing fool. Didn't you know they called him the Hop-Toad?"

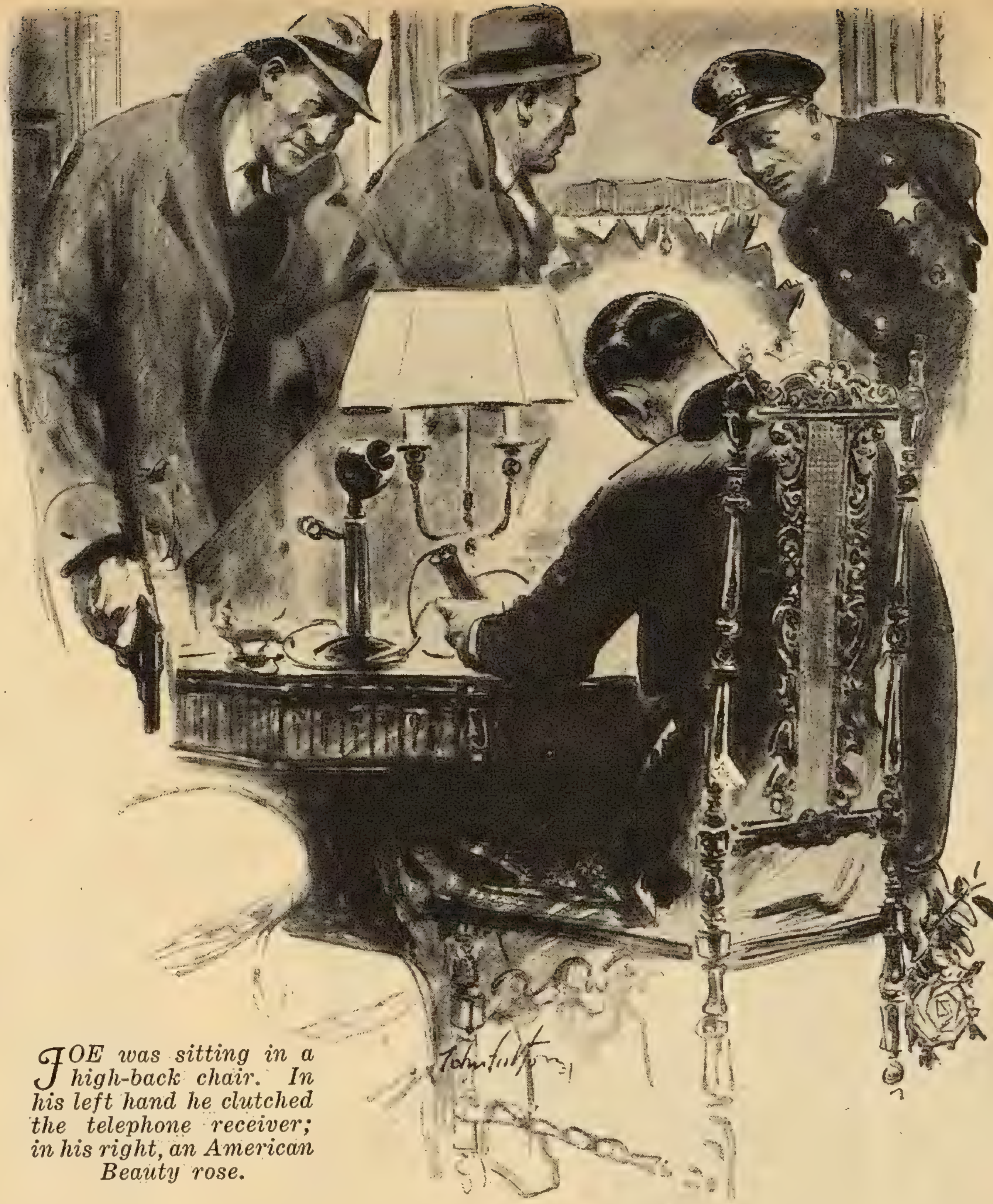
And while the cumbersome machinery of the law creaked into rusty motion about the inert body of this strange, murderous denizen of a modern Borgian No Man's Land, Tom McVey got into his police department flivver and left to make a call.

An hour later he drew up to the curb before a squat house in the seventy hundred block of Prairie Avenue. It was a two-flat, faced-brick building, reached by a high stone stoop, a veritable twin to every other building in sight of it on either side of the street.

He walked briskly up the nine steps and rang the bell.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IN HIS HAND—A ROSE
Continued from page 23



JOE was sitting in a high-back chair. In his left hand he clutched the telephone receiver; in his right, an American Beauty rose.

The door opened almost immediately and a sturdy Italian woman of middle age faced him in the aperture.

She was swarthy and big-bosomed. Her jet-black hair was heavily streaked with gray. She looked comfortable and content, despite the scars of an almost healed sorrow about her generous mouth. There were little crinkles of laughter at the corners of her wide brown eyes, and this laughter spread quickly to her lips, to open them and reveal her even teeth as she recognized McVey.

"Meester Tom!" she said.

"Hello, Mrs. Ria." McVey smiled back at her. "Yeh. I just happened to be out this way and I thought I'd drop in. Rosa up?"

"Come in. Yes; Rosa, she's up. That girl, she reads all the night. Johnny's home, too. He is asleep."

Maria Ria—widow of Gabriel, mysteriously slain several years before because of a slight misunderstanding with the alcohol cookers to whom he sold sugar on the West Side—was glad to see again this big young one of the *carabinieri*. He used to make her laugh when Danny Heaney, his partner, was alive and they dropped in, Danny to make love to Rosa, her daughter, and Meester Tom to sit in the kitchen and make jokes with her and her son Johnny. But he had not come back to the house till now, of course, but once since Danny's funeral.

"Rosa," she called. "Here is to see you a frien'."

Rosa Ria, the dancer, famed in vaudeville, rose slowly out of an armchair directly beneath a garish copy of the Sistine Madonna. She laid down a book she had been reading and pushed slightly to one side a vase of American Beauty roses, and stood easily, watching him as he came into the room.

SHE was dark and slender and alive, this girl. Life crackled in her snapping brown eyes that swept him swiftly now as through a veil. Her hair was thick and raven black. Her skin was the tint of old ivory with roses shining through. Her mouth was wide, the lips a little thick, the teeth even and of a dazzling whiteness.

Her body, sheathed in an evening gown of black transparent velvet, was a song as she stood poised with the unconscious grace of the professional *danseuse*. It was shapely, soft, and strong, like a Damascene rapier in a velvet scabbard. It was a thing of youth and pride. There was pride in her shoulders, pride in her firm breasts, pride in the thrust of her leg and the slight sway of her hips as she moved toward him. Poor Danny, McVey thought, never to have lived to enjoy her!

"Hello, Tom," She greeted him in her soft, vibrant, slightly husky voice and gave him her hand. "Let me take your coat and hat. Sit down."

"No; I can only stay a minute." He grinned. "Rosa, you've changed. You used to look like a million dollars. Now you look like ten million."

Mrs. Ria was smiling as she went out into the kitchen. Always this big young one of the *carabinieri*, he made one laugh.

Something, McVey noted, had gone out of the girl. A tenseness from her body, an implacable look from her eyes, a hardness of purpose from her mouth. She was relaxed but vigilant. On guard. Well, she needn't be—with him. He was here to protect her.

"Rosa," he said, leaning forward in his chair, "I came out to ask you for a date."

She watched him warily.

"A date? Why, sure, Tom."

"Wait a minute, now. This is a funny kind of a date. I want to have been out somewhere with you last night. Till about four this morning. Somewhere a lot of people saw us."

She sat silent, tense. Waiting.

Suddenly Johnny Ria was in the room, in bath robe and pyjamas. He looked like Rosa, but where Rosa's note was beauty his was strength. But they had one thing in common. Litheness. Both flowed rather than moved. Johnny had been a professional fighter before he became the boss of the eighteen desperate gunmen who made up the Big-Shot's personal bodyguard.

"Hello, Tom." He grinned. "Why were you out with Rosa last night somewhere a lot of people saw you?"

McVey's expression did not change. "Oh, I don't know. I just thought it'd be swell to be out with Rosa. How about it, Rosa?"

Brother and sister exchanged a swift look.

"You're too late, Tom," Johnny drawled. "I had a night off and I took sis on a big party out to Cicero. A hundred people saw us."

McVey stared from one to the other and then leaned back, relieved.

"All right," he said. "But be sure they swear it. And keep in touch with your lawyer. Joe Guinita was bumped off about three o'clock this morning in his hideaway up on Sheridan Road. Machine-gunned. And a woman put him on the spot."

THE girl started and paled, but McVey didn't notice. He was leaning back, idly watching Johnny.

"How do they know a woman put him on the spot?" she asked harshly.

"They don't, Rosa," said McVey. "I'm the only one knows it. And I'm the only one's going to know it." He grinned. "I can't get over them outsmarting smart little Joe Guinita, 'everybody's frien'.' They didn't give him a chance."

Johnny Ria smiled thinly.

"What chance did he rate?" he asked. "The lousy rat."

"None," McVey agreed. "Say, wouldn't it be funny if Danny was waiting for Joe out there? Kidding him and giving him the laugh?"

The girl drew in her breath sharply, but McVey didn't appear to hear. He sat there, staring at the floor.

"Well," he said at last, shaking his head and getting up, "I got to go." He reached out and took the girl's icy hand in his. "So long, Rosa. Gee, you smell sweet. What's the name of that perfume you use?"

"Jasmine, Tom." She smiled. "You ought to remember it. Both you and Danny always liked it."

"Why, sure!" said McVey, disgusted with himself. "Only a sap'd forget that name! But I recognized the perfume as soon as I smelled it this morning—up in Joe Guinita's apartment."

. . . . . .

A month and, say, six hours to the minute before, Rosa Ria got up off Detective Sergeant Danny Heaney's lap in that same room and turned on the radio because Danny said he felt like a dance.

She was tousled and flushed from loving and almost happy enough to forget the vague fear which continually haunted her. Danny, she thought, for an unhandsome man, was the handsomest man she had ever known. He was big, almost six feet. He was strong, as she had learned loving him. He was brave, as his laughing blue eyes and his reckless

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HE OUGHT TO TAKE HIS BATHTUB TO THE MOVIES

he's a 12-Minute Man

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THE MINUTE MAN is a national hero—but the *12*-minute man is a national nuisance. Take the case of this 12-minute man. Hardly more than half an hour ago he stepped from his bath—tingling, fresh, fairly sparkling. Yet now, he's guilty of perspiration odor!

He doesn't suspect it of course. Any more than you suspect that in only 12 minutes after a bath, your pores are again secreting odor-causing wastes.

12 minutes—that's all. *12 minutes—that's as long as we can trust the protection of a bath.* What's to be done? We can't bathe every 12 minutes, that's certain. But we can do what millions of wise and immaculate people already are doing. We can, after every bath, use Amolin—and *know* we're safe!

Amolin is unlike messy liquids or sticky creams. It's a *powder* deodorant—a soft, refreshing, miraculously effective deodorant. There's nothing to dry, nothing to seal delicate pores, nothing to irritate the skin or raise hob with fabrics. You dust Amolin on like talc—in a winkling.

Play safe — follow every bath with Amolin. And, when time denies you the luxury of a bath, Amolin freshens you up marvelously!

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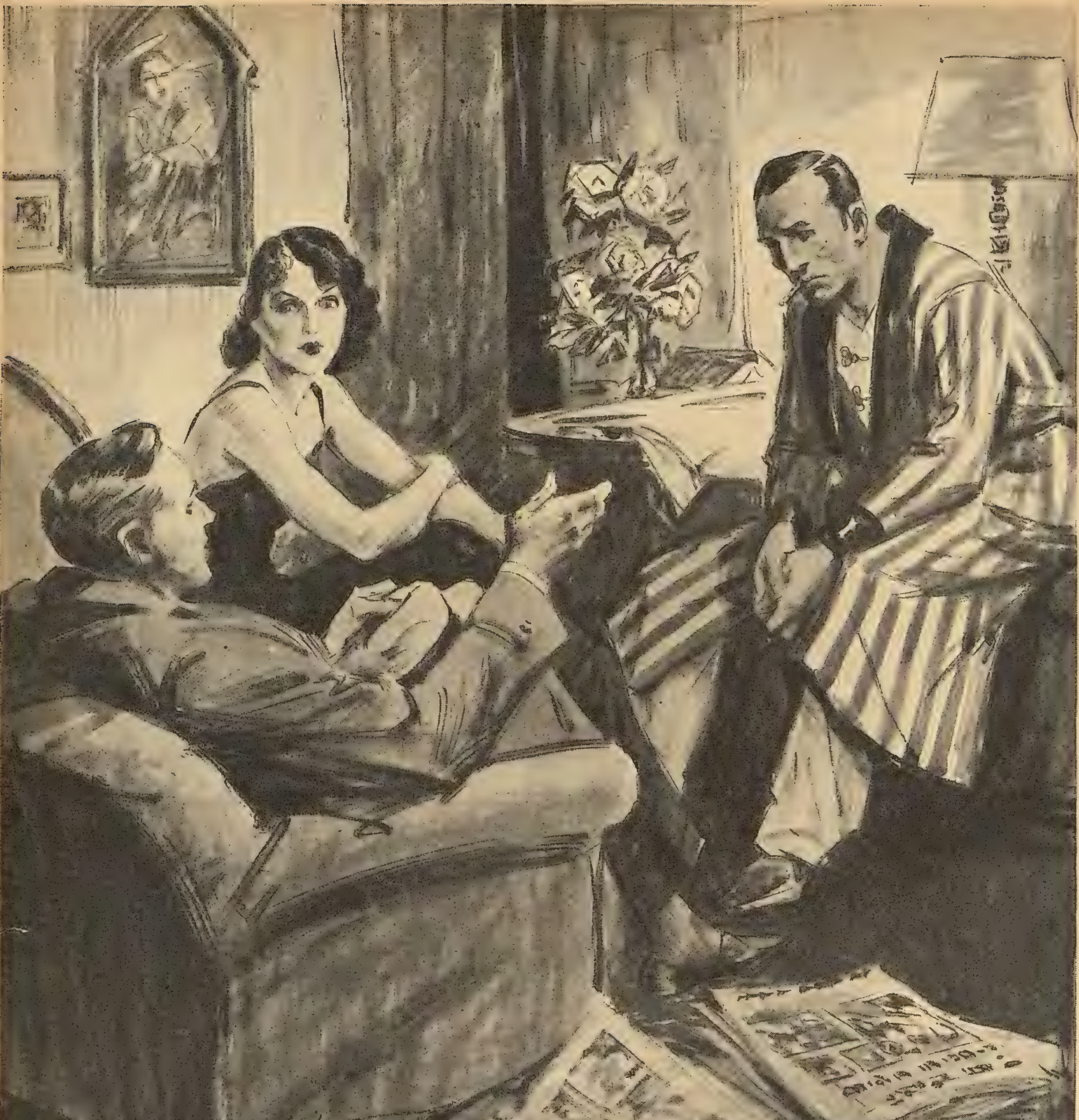

McVey stared from one to the other. "All right," he said. "Joe Guinita was bumped off about three o'clock. And a woman put him on the spot."

[IN HIS HAND—A ROSE
Continued from page twenty-five]

mouth and his record of three gunmen killed in as many pistol duels told the world. And in two days they would be married—if nothing happened.

STANDING there, she resolutely faced the fear and recognized it as the menace of the gun, hanging over her and hers.

Gabriel, her father, had died by the gun.

Johnny, her brother, she knew, lived by the gun.

And Danny himself moved under its shadow. A revolver or machine gun hung over him, the hammer cocked, as it hung over every detective who stalked the killers in their haunts. The last gunman he had killed had been Joe Guinita's right-hand man, his chief gunner's mate.

Guinita, the torpedo, Johnny told her, bit the back of his hand till the blood came and promised his dead henchman vengeance as he looked down upon the body. And a torpedo was the deadliest of killers, an Italian or a Sicilian sharpshooter who never failed to get his man. He would spend weeks or months winning the trust of his victim. Then, one day, he would grasp his right hand—his gun hand—firmly. "Meester Blank, my frien'," he would say while a fellow torpedo shot him dead. She shuddered.

"What's eatin' you tonight, Rosa?" Danny rose from the chair and came over to her. "You look like a chief mourner instead of a bride."

"Nothing, Danny." She smiled as an orchestra began playing. "Not a thing. Let's dance."

They stepped into the dance, and Danny Heaney again got the impression he always got, that he was dancing with a flame in a beautiful girl's body. She was in his arms, but she moved lightly as a feather, seeming to float on the music. The scent of jasmine emanated from her, and in her half-closed eyes he could see little coals glowing.

"Oh, Rosa," he whispered, "you ain't real when you dance! You're a swell dream floatin' in my arms while I'm sleepin'."

"Listen, Dan," she told him. "That song was written for us. It's about you and me." And she began to sing softly:

"Just a little room or two
Will more than do
A little man and wife.
That is, if they're contented
With the little things in life."

"We only need one room, baby," Danny grinned. She smiled and went on singing:

"Living on a larger scale
Will soon entail
A lot of care and strife.
That is, if they're contented
With the little things in life."

And then she stopped singing and just danced as a singer in the orchestra took it up:

"A little rain, a little sun,
A little work, a little fun,
A little time for loving, when the day is done,
And a little thing that cries for lullabies
Make a man and wife.
That is, if they're contented
With the little things in life."

Afterward she remembered every note of the music, every word of the song, every step of the dance. In the black days that followed, she would be torn a thousand times from his arms while they were dancing to The Little Things in Life, and the music would still be floating in the air when she awoke screaming. But now the moment had overcome the fear and she was happy, moving in tune with his every movement, floating in step with him.

THE feel of the revolver on his hip as she closed in to take his good-night kiss revived the menace. It made her cling to him and wish that she could wind her body about his so that he might wear it as a shield.

"Why, hon," he said, "you're tremblin'! What's the matter?"

"I don't know, Danny," she whimpered. "But I'm afraid. Oh, be careful, won't you, Dan? Don't take any chances. I love you so much!" She smiled wistfully. "I'm afraid it's a sin and God won't let us be married."

"Now, Rosa." He grinned. "Here you are just two days away from being Mrs. Heaney, and you'd think you were gettin' ready to bury me. You Italians are as bad as the Irish. When you get a break, you go peekin' around corners lookin' for hard luck to fan you with a brick. Snap out of it. You sure you love me?"

"I adore you, Danny!"

"Well, quit worryin', then. Good night. Gi' me a nice respectable kiss."

She gave him the kiss, but it was not respectable. There was too much passion in it, and fear and hunger for him.

"Danny, if anything happened to you," she said softly, and her voice trembled, "I think I'd die. If anybody harmed you, I'd kill him!"

She ran to the window as the door closed behind him, anxious to keep him in her sight for some reason she could not analyze. She saw him turn and look back, and she knocked at the window and threw a kiss. He waved and climbed into the little car that was speeded up to do its eighty-ninety miles an hour.

And so he drove away, out of her life, into the night which goes on and on and on until it is eternity.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

This face is Prettier because of its frame

Even the nicest features can stand a bit of flattery. It's amazing how much lovelier a face becomes when framed in soft, attractive hair. Of course, your hair can look its best only if it is healthy, so do try this simple once-a-week treatment to keep it in perfect condition: Apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp. Massage the whole head thoroughly so that the Tonic penetrates deep into the pores and the circulation is stimulated. And then shampoo your hair as usual. Even one treatment like this will improve the texture of your hair, and if you'll follow it faithfully every week, it will always be soft, lovely and easy to fix in a becoming frame for your face.

• • •

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"Chic" Sale—The Specialist tells of a Boy Scout who did A Good Deed Daily

OLD MAN TAPLEY runs the drug store. After school his little boy Ed delivers packages and works behind the counter. Ed is nine, and so not long ago he joined the Boy Scouts.

Well sir, things went along till one day old man Tapley saw Ed cram a little tin box of chocolate tablets in his pocket. The upshot of it was he investigated and found that Ed, actin' as a Boy Scout, was doin' a good turn a day by givin' away a box of these tablets.

He was mad at first and started to whip Ed. Then he got to figgerin'. He checked up. Ed had give these tablets to nearly everybody in town. And the books showed the medicine sales at The Tapley Drug Store had dropped forty per cent while the lunch counter sales had increased ninety per cent. There you are.

"Chic" Sale

THERE'S no secret about Ex-Lax, those little chocolate tablets in the blue tin box. It checks on every point a doctor looks for in a laxative.

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[IN HIS HAND—A ROSE
Continued from page twenty-seven]

It was about one o'clock in the morning and Danny Heaney was doing about fifty miles an hour, hurrying to the North Side and a rendezvous with Tom McVey, his partner, he would never keep. At Rush Street a long, slim sport car swung into the drive. There were three men in it, two in the front seat, the third in the rumble. Danny followed it. Why? Curiosity? Destiny?

The sport car was doing sixty when it slid into Lincoln Park. The park was absolutely deserted, in one of those inexplicable little pools of silence which heavy traffic frequently creates in its own turbulent, roaring stream.

CHARLES J. McGUIRK

the author of this story, is a frequent contributor to Liberty. He has been a reporter on Chicago, New York, and Boston dailies and has written for the movies. He makes his home in a suburb of New York.

The detective stepped on the gas, moved by the same impulse that makes a dog chase a running cat. Halfway through the park, the sport car swerved to the roadside and came to a sudden stop. Danny braked silently in the heavy shadow of a clump of trees fifty feet behind it.

He gasped, then, as though something had hit him in the stomach, and slid from under the wheel as he saw the man in the rumble seat rise to his feet and fire a revolver into the bodies of his fellow passengers. They slumped forward, and the killer pulled something from his coat lapel and tossed it between them.

He had jumped from the car and was running through the park when he heard Danny Heaney behind him. He whirled, and as he did so the detective fired at him. The shot took no effect, but the murderer's hands went up in the air.

He was a little man, immaculately and foppishly dressed in a blue high-waisted suit under his opened black camel's hair overcoat. His tiny feet were spatted. A black fedora hat perched rakishly on his sleek, round head and shadowed his blue chilled-steel eyes, staring seemingly lidless and terrified at his captor.

"TURN around!" snapped Danny, and as the man obeyed he took his revolver and fanned him expertly for others, slapping the sides of his body, at the hips, under the arms, and at the belt line in front. His search yielded nothing.

"All right," he said. "Turn around and let's have a look at you. Well, if it ain't little Joe Guinita!" he remarked in a tone of heavy badinage. "Why ain't you dancin', Joe? Or huntin' me? I heard you swore you'd get me for killin' one of your rats. Come on. Step over to the car. Keep your hands up."

Both men, Danny saw, were dead, shot through the head. An American Beauty rose lay between them.

"Even the old trade-mark, eh, Joe? Always the artist!"

"I geeve you fifty t'ousan' to forget thees," the killer stated unemotionally.

"You rat!" Danny laughed, taking his handcuffs from his pocket. "Gi' me your right hand."

"A hondard t'ousan'."

"Come on. Stick it out!"

Joe Guinita drew his right hand down slowly. But as it came down it twitched suddenly and a revolver with an inch-long barrel—a belly gun—leaped from his sleeve into his hand and coughed a stream of flame. Danny Heaney sighed wearily, crumpled, rolled on his back, and began to grin eternally at the stars.

THE killer bent over him.

"Io ó pressa la brutta bestio!" he grated, and, recovering his own gun, ran swiftly westward. . . .

Rosa Ria gave no sign.

Even at the funeral there was no hint of the grief that at first racked her and then froze all her emotions into a relentless hate of Danny Heaney's killer.

Tom McVey, seeking relief from loneliness, called on her a week after his partner was buried, and thought that his death had hardly affected her. She sat half reclining in the armchair, with the sweet scent of jasmine about her, and calmly told him of her plans in that vibrant, husky voice of hers.

She was seeking a new booking in vaudeville. She was lucky to have her dancing. It was possible she might have missed it. She liked to dance.

Not a word about Danny. He was as absent from her conversation as if he had never existed. Until McVey got up to go. Then, casually, she said:

"Who killed Danny, Tom?"

"Joe Guinita," he answered without hesitation. "Nobody but Joe Guinita kills like that. Three men killed with two different guns. Nobody but Joe Guinita would dare to commit a triple murder in such an open place. Nobody but Joe Guinita puts a rose on the body of a man he has killed. It's his trade-mark."

"Maybe two men did the killings."

"No. The way we reconstructed it, Danny surprised the killer in the act of murdering the other two. He had taken his gun away from him and was reaching for him with the handcuffs when he shot him with a belly gun he had hidden up his sleeve."

"What are you going to do about it, Tom?"

McVey shrugged his shoulders.

"There's nothing we can do," he

said. "It's a case of knowing something without being able to prove it. And you can't convict a murderer without proving that he committed a murder. Joe Guinita's a smart fellow. Awfully smart. We've arrested him five different times for the murders of men who were found with roses in their hands. We knew he committed them, but we never could prove it. We picked him up on this job within two hours after we found Danny and the other two." He smiled bitterly. "Joe had a bullet-proof alibi. He had been at the Bandbox, a night club he owns out on Cottage Grove Avenue, all night. He produced witnesses—too many witnesses—to prove it. And his lawyer was at the station house within half an hour after we picked Joe up. Yes, Joe's smart. The only thing we can do is wait. He's bound to trip up sometime. 'He that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword.' Some day somebody'll get him."

"Yes," Rosa Ria said softly, and it was then that McVey noticed the tenseness of her body, the implacable look in her eyes. "Some day somebody will get Joe Guinita."

"Who killed Danny?" she asked her brother Johnny, and got the same swift answer:

"Joe Guinita."

"Weren't Esposita and Connolly, the other two, in your mob?"

"Yeh," said Johnny, expressionless now.

"Well, why don't you get Guinita, then?" she demanded with suddenly unmasked passion.

JOHNNY looked at her and smiled a slow smile.

"We're tryin'," he admitted. "But Joe's a hard baby to get. He's a pretty big shot. He has a bodyguard of four men always around him."

"Always?"

"Yeh—except when he's with a broad. He's crazy about women and dancin'. When a broad strikes him right, he takes her to some hideaway—alone. His gunmen don't go with him. We know all that, but we don't know where the hideaway is. He changes it every couple of weeks."

"Maybe," she said significantly, "I could help."

Johnny stared at her.

"Yeh?" And, as the idea grew in his mind: "Say! Maybe you could, at that! You haven't been around Chi much in the last five years. He wouldn't know you or who you were. You know what you could do? You could take an apartment under a phony name and make a play for him. Rosa, would you be willin' to—"

"Yes," she said. "I want to get him!" She lapsed into the tongue of her forefathers. "*Il brutta bestio!*"

Three weeks later, in his Bandbox night club, Joe Guinita watched the performance of Rosa Lamonde, a new dancer, absorbed as a snake waiting for a bird to move within striking distance. Vaguely he resembled a serpent as he crouched there against the wall, flanked by his gunmen. His blue chilled-steel eyes stared unblinking and seemingly lidless at the dancing girl. They were cold as a snake's eyes, with a tiny glow in them. His sleek round head weaved slightly. His small, muscular body was sinuous in his tuxedo as he leaned over the table. His tiny feet in their dancing pumps moved softly to the music.

The girl was fire set to music. She wore an Italian costume, an ankle-length dress of heavy black silk, extremely décolleté, with a huge American Beauty rose, his rose, at her waist. Her brown eyes glowed. Her slender, shapely legs flashed as she whirled to contrast with the roses and old ivory of her face and neck and shoulders and the sheen of her black hair. "Ha!"

She did not return for an encore in response to the enthusiastic applause. She never did. She was strange that way. Willful. Mysterious. Fire set to music. She was made for love. Joe Guinita thought about her.

He had thought of little else since that evening three weeks ago when she appeared at the Bandbox, as he watched Jack Dennis rehearsing a new floor show, and calmly announced she was a dancer and wanted a job. Her beauty had intrigued him. When she danced, the job was hers. He recognized that she would be an asset to

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

LOOK MEN

THERE'S still one masculine privilege that the women haven't taken away from us!

They drive our cars, join our golf clubs, and smoke our cigarettes. But you never see them smoking our pipes, do you? That's the one thing we have left.

And so we say to every man: Get a pipe. Smoke it. Make the most of the one masculine privilege you have left. And when you smoke your pipe, be sure the bowl is filled with Edgeworth—then you'll be sure to enjoy smoking more than you have ever enjoyed it before.

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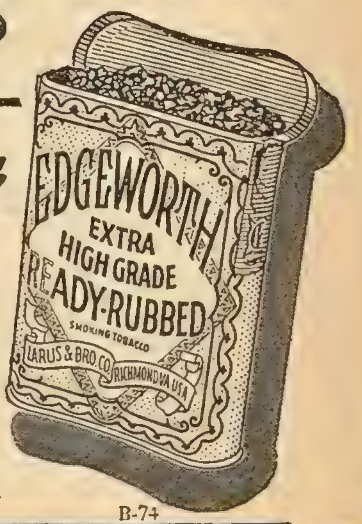

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[IN HIS HAND—A ROSE
Continued from page twenty-nine]

his night club, already popular with Chicago's *haut monde* and *demi-monde*. And doubtless a lovely pastime for him.

She had proved a business asset but not a private pastime. She puzzled him. He had never met a woman like her, so friendly yet so aloof. She liked to drink a little wine with him, to dance with him. They had danced two or three dances together every night since she had come. And these dances had come to be the high points of his days. For, *Virgina Sanctissima*, how that girl danced!

Like a flame. Like a shadow. Like love in a girl's body. He could sense passion in her when they danced together, just as he breathed in the scent of jasmine and saw the feeling glow hotly in her half-closed eyes. Yet she would never allow him to accompany her outside the place. To his nightly invitation she gave the same invariable smiling refusal: "Not tonight. Sometime."

NEXT WEEK—

Is Franklin D. Roosevelt Physically Fit to Be President?

HE shrugged. Patience would win her. And he, Joe Guinita, had patience. Had not patience brought everything to him? All this. And women. And nearly a million in the six years since he had been imported from Sicily to kill a gangster *padrone* who was stupid enough to warn the enemies he was putting on the spot. He had introduced artistry into murder. Murder with a handshake. "Meester Heaney, my frien'!" He smiled, and waited for her to come from her dressing room.

In her dressing room, Rosa Lamonde, who was Rosa Ria, had taken off Joe Guinita's rose and was unhooking her costume, when there was a soft knock on her door and a note slipped under it. She swooped upon it and was reading it in one movement. It was unsigned, but she recognized her brother's hand-writing:

> Go tonight. Try to raise curtain in court window. But anyway *don't go near telephone.*

She read it three times and, picking up a match from her dressing table, she burned it, holding the paper in her hand till it turned to ash.

SO they had found the hide-away. They were there now, waiting for him. Her job was nearly done. She wouldn't have to stall him off any longer. She looked at her wrist watch. It was a quarter of two.

She hurriedly slipped out of her costume and into her evening gown of black transparent velvet which accentuated her rounded slenderness and the fullness of her breasts. She picked up the rose. It was beautiful.

Within two hours Joe Guinita would be dead!

She felt herself trembling, and exerted all her will power to stop it. She was not afraid! And she should be glad! She was meting out to him the same death he had so mercilessly meted out to Danny Heaney.

Poor, reckless Danny! She remembered him as she last saw him. . . . Yes, she was glad! But she must not dance with Joe Guinita again! When they danced together, something happened to her will—some soft weakness. . . .

She threw her broadtail wrap about her, took a deep breath, and went out to meet him.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of Alabama?
2—What is a baccivorous animal?
3—Who was the goddess of love and beauty in Greek mythology?
4—What is the family name of the King of England?
5—What is a zoöphilist?
6—What does the direction *allegro* mean in music?
7—To what island group does Molokai belong?
8—Who was Kublai Khan?
9—What countries comprise Scandinavia?
10—What are the dimensions of a tennis court?
11—What Shakespearean play includes the character Nick Bottom?
12—What does *ex cathedra* mean?
13—Which is farther south, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, or Sydney, Australia?
14—What is the name for an opening in a fortification through which a gun is fired?
15—Where is the original of the Constitution of the United States?
16—In what year did the Pilgrim Fathers land at Plymouth, Massachusetts?
17—What is the most southerly point of Africa?
18—What is a saurian?
19—What does saturnine mean?
20—Where is the Isle of Wight?

(Answers will be found on page 40)

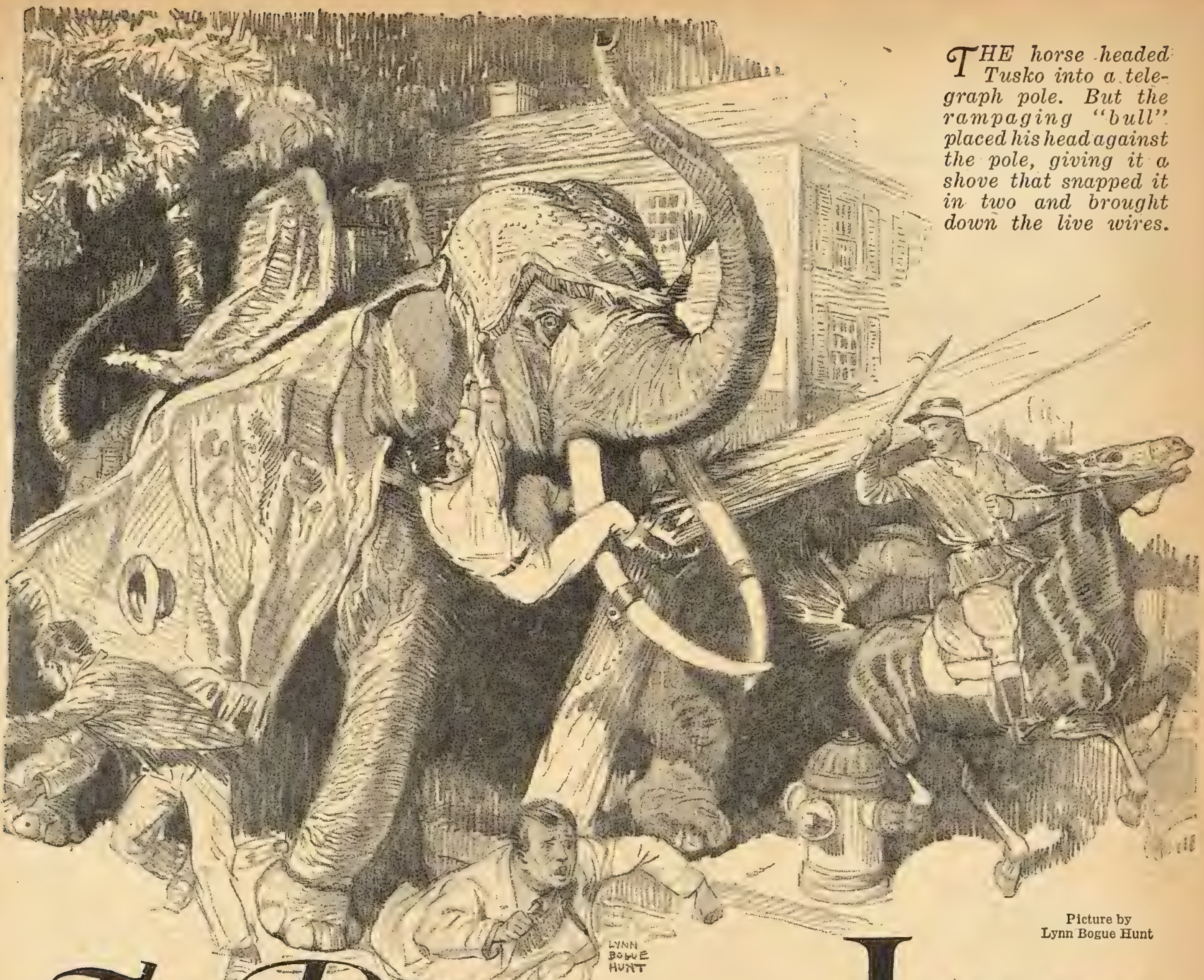
When you eat too fast and your lids hang heavy
chew
BEEMAN'S CHEWING
PEPSIN GUM
GOOD FOR DIGESTION
for digestion

Ever blame your hurried-up lunch and over-taxed digestion for that dreadful afternoon drowsiness?

Then chew a stick of Beeman's after eating. It's *the pepsin gum*—the most pleasant of all digestive aids that was perfected by Dr. Beeman over 30 years ago.

You'll love this delicious chewing gum that millions now prefer—for its full rich flavor, its satisfying smoothness and for the way it aids digestion. Ask for a pack of Beeman's when you pay your luncheon check.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM *aids digestion*



THE horse headed Tusko into a telegraph pole. But the rampaging "bull" placed his head against the pole, giving it a shove that snapped it in two and brought down the live wires.

Picture by
Lynn Bogue Hunt

The Biggest Jag in the World

What Happened When Tusko Went on a Rampage

As told to DAVE ROBESON by

AL G. BARNES

(Reading time: 14 min. 55 sec.)

WHEN a telegram was handed me on the train, informing me that Tusko, the largest elephant in the world, was on a rampage and tearing up a town, I postponed the remainder of my trip to Los Angeles. I disembarked at San Francisco and caught the first train back to Sedro Woolley, Washington, where the Al G. Barnes Circus was then showing.

It seemed that the train was intentionally slow. I grew nervous and impatient. In my mind were pictures of death and destruction being dealt out by that ten-ton mountain of flesh and bone and muscle.

When I had left the show at Seattle and started for southern California on urgent business, the big fellow had seemed in an even temper. On the morning of my departure he had squirted water at me with his trunk and rumbled contentedly when I chided him in mock anger. He did not play practical jokes on me when he was about to start on a rampage. I speculated as to what could have happened to my docile, clownish old playfellow to change him into a demon of wrath, bent

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

● *Lilly Hansen, bright-eyed, healthy little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Hansen of 2205 Taylor Ave., Racine, Wis.*

PRIZE-WINNER OVER 200 OTHER BABIES IN HEALTH CONTEST!

Brought up on Eagle Brand Milk

MRS. HANSEN's happy experience in raising her daughter on Eagle Brand Milk will be of vital interest to every mother of a bottle baby. Her letter reads:

"My little girl Lilly has been given Eagle Brand since she was ten days old. She has never been sick a day.

"Now at the age of three years and four months, people admire her and comment upon her rosy cheeks and happy disposition. She won a prize over 200 other children in a health contest at the age of two and one-half.

"Two of my little girls were brought up on Eagle Brand, which I find the most wonderful baby food. They are perfect pictures of health. I give Eagle Brand credit for their start in life."

• • •

If your baby is not gaining on his present food, we suggest that you and your physician consider Eagle Brand Milk.

Send for our free, helpful booklet—the new and greatly enlarged edition of "Baby's Welfare," which contains all sorts of practical feeding information. Mail the coupon to-day.

● *(Every photograph and letter published by The Borden Company is voluntarily sent us by a grateful parent or other relative.)*

FREE! Wonderful baby booklet!

THE BORDEN CO., Dept.12-O, Borden Building
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of the new and complete 64-page edition of "Baby's Welfare." My baby is________months old.

*Name*________________________

*Address*______________________

*City*______________*State*_________

Please print name and address plainly

THE BIGGEST JAG IN THE WORLD
Continued from page thirty-one

on wreaking ruin to vent his spleen. He had been on other stampedes, and there had always been a cause. Tusko did not "fly off the handle" in idle fits of temper.

Tusko is so large that most "bull men" (elephant trainers and handlers) are afraid of him, and it was hard to get men to handle him. His mere size gives some persons the shudders. A special car had to be built to accommodate his great dimensions.

He stood eleven feet ten inches high when I secured him, but has grown to twelve feet four inches. His car has a cellar, or basement, in the center; the floor of the car is only ten inches from the rails of the railroad track, and the roof extends to the limit height allowed for railroad cars. With his 20,240 pounds' weight, he makes a fair carload.

As I studied Tusko, I soon grew very fond of him. He is an exceptionally intelligent animal, with a large, clear eye, and in disposition he was affectionate—until he changed from a big, good-natured clown to a murderous fiend.

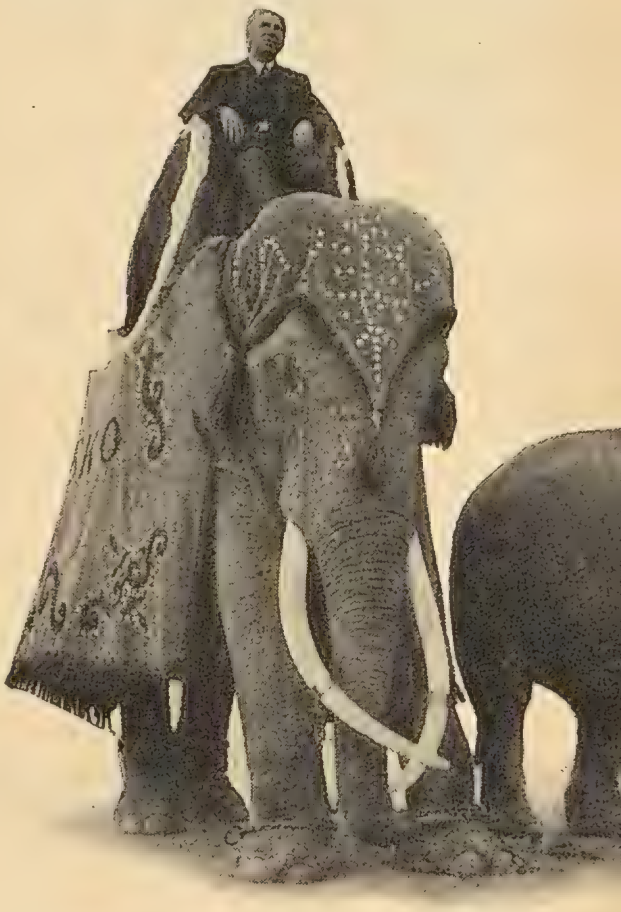
Elaborate trappings were made for him of ermine, plush, satin, and silk. His blanket was a gorgeous affair. Old Tusko always rumbled happily when "dressed up," seeming to enjoy the magnificent spectacle that he made. A fancy howdah, fit for an East Indian maharaja, was placed on his back to carry me. At the opening of the performance I appeared on Tusko, introduced by the announcer in loud, sonorous, impressive tones as "Al G. Barnes in person." It was a feature act with the circus, and Tusko always commanded a lot of attention as he strutted down the hippodrome track at the head of the procession. He seemed to know that he was the center of attraction, and he took slow, measured steps, making his ponderous stride one of dignity.

ALWAYS after a performance I fed Tusko small packages of raisins, lumps of sugar, carrots, or candy. He came to look for a handful of dainties when I dismounted, and I never disappointed him.

As the train crawled slowly northward, increasing my nervous impatience by its slow gait, I wondered if Mr. Peck had neglected to feed him his titbits and thus caused the big elephant to show his displeasure by stampeding. He sulked like a pampered child when he thought he had been slighted.

When I had been summoned to California from Seattle, there had been no time to change the bills and announcements, so I had instructed William K. Peck to appear on Tusko in my stead, and had directed that the feature be carried on, with Mr. Peck impersonating me. The act had been widely advertised and the public expected it, so this seemed the only solution.

At the beginning of the fourth performance during my absence, all the trappings had been placed on Tusko and a ladder leaned against his side to enable Mr. Peck to mount—for even though Tusko knelt to the ground, a ladder was required with which to board him. When Mr. Peck was about halfway up the ladder, Tusko suddenly rebelled. He jumped to his feet, throwing Mr. Peck and the ladder aside, and began backing up, swinging his head and trunk from side to side.



HERE is Al. G. Barnes, who tells this story, riding in state on Tusko's back, as he used to at the opening of every performance of his circus. Beside the huge Tusko is an elephant of ordinary size. Mr. Barnes has been a showman since, in boyhood, he taught a pug dog to "talk," and with it and a greyhound started giving exhibitions in the West. From this small beginnnig grew his five-ring "finest show on earth."

His long tusks and huge size made him a frightful object, while his bellows of rage were terrifying. The people scattered in all directions in a panic.

There was a packed house, as usual, that night, and automobiles were parked all around the lot. Tusko looked about, seeking an opening to the street; but there were cars in the way wherever he looked. He trumpeted a couple of times, then placed his tusks under a large sedan and threw the big car on to another. Through the opening thus made he proceeded across the lot to the road and on down the thoroughfare until he turned into the yard of a dancing pavilion.

Most of the crowd was at the circus, but there were several couples dancing. The bull men, close behind Tusko, thought he was headed through the dancing pavilion, where he could have killed or injured several persons. But Tusko swerved aside and stamped through a chicken pen behind the building. He threw chicken houses and coops high into the air, and there was a riot of fluttering and squawking chickens. On he went, through a fence that didn't even slow him down, and got back to the road again.

By this time the elephant horse, which the elephants had been trained to follow, had been ridden to the scene. The horse headed Tusko into a telegraph pole, the rider thinking he could stop Tusko and get him quieted down. But the rampaging big bull placed his head against the pole, giving it a shove that snapped it in two and brought down the live wires in confusion. Man and horse escaped from the tangled wires, and Tusko made his way through them without being seriously shocked by the electricity.

THE crowd yelled in excitement. A trainer leaped for Tusko's ear, where he held securely, hoping the big elephant would obey the cue to kneel and he could get him subdued. But Tusko, with an impatient toss of the head, threw the bull man to his back, where the trainer swayed a moment, clutching frantically at the howdah and trappings. He missed his hold and rolled off into the dust, while the crowd, forgetting fear for a moment, laughed at his antics.

Into a yard containing a small two-story frame house the mammoth bull charged. He drove his massive head against the house with a mighty bump that moved the house several feet off its foundation. There was such screaming from the occupants, who had been sleeping on the second floor, as to indicate that they thought an earthquake had struck them or the end of the world had come.

Harley Tyler, who was the circus "fixer," or claim adjuster, at the time, was following closely with the bookkeeper and treasurer, paying for the damages as they happened, to prevent the cases from falling into the hands of shyster lawyers.

Tusko made his way back to the road again, and turned into the yard of a beautiful residence. The garage attracted him, and he snapped the doors from their hinges. A large car was parked in the garage. Tusko pushed the automobile through the wall of the garage and followed through the hole in the wall.

Proceeding across several back lots, he stopped at a pigpen. The trainers saw that he seemed interested in the pigs. As the pigs squealed with fright, he lifted them one by one high in the air with his trunk, then set them down gently, taking care not to hurt them. The bull men thought he could be controlled, now that his anger seemed to have been spent and he was amusing himself. But at the approach of the elephant horse, Tusko wheeled with snorts and bellows and ran clumsily through the yard out to the road again, taking fences with him as he went.

On up the road to the foot of a mountain he charged in a trumpeting rage, covered with foam and lather, destroying all in his path. The bull men and the elephant horse were trailing him closely, and Mr. Tyler and his crew followed, with a great crowd of shouting townspeople bringing up the rear.

On the side of the mountain was an apple orchard. Tusko uprooted the apple trees and threw them about him like straws. The orchard soon appeared as if a cyclone had struck it. A rail fence crossed Tusko's path, and he sent the rails flying.

Ruth and Jewel, female elephants, had been brought by their trainers to try to get Tusko under control. The two females, long trained in handling their unruly comrades, sought to head off the big bull. But Tusko was not to be stopped. As Jewel arrived ahead of him, he wheeled suddenly and crashed into Ruth's side so hard that she was knocked off her feet. Only the quick work of Jewel in butting him from behind saved Ruth from being gored by the maddened Tusko, and possibly killed.

The bull men realized that further efforts would be too dangerous for the females. They decided that it was no use trying to get Tusko under immediate control, but that they would follow at a safe distance and keep him

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MARJORIE RAMBEAU. A recent photograph of this lovely stage favorite, who has become a popular screen star. She is appearing currently in *The Secret Six.*

"I am 37" SAYS MARJORIE RAMBEAU

Famous Screen Star declares years need not rob you of Youth

"I REALLY am 37 years old," says Marjorie Rambeau, M. G. M. star. "And I don't mind admitting it because nowadays it isn't birthdays that count.

"The woman who knows how to keep the freshness of youth can be charming at most any age. Stage and screen stars *must* keep their youthful charm.

"Above everything else they guard complexion beauty. They know that a lovely skin is always appealing. I've discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap does wonders for my skin. I've used it for years."

Marjorie Rambeau's complexion secret is shared by countless other beautiful stars of the stage and screen!

* *

In Hollywood actually 605 of the 613 leading actresses use this fragrant white soap. It is official in all the film studios.

Surely *your* skin should have this gentle, luxurious care! You will want to keep it youthfully smooth and fresh just as the famous stars do.

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢

FREE Enough Hires Extract to make 8 BOTTLES of delicious HIRES ROOT BEER. Just mail the coupon below.

Until you taste Hires Root Beer

You can't realize what a delicious drink you're missing

YOU'LL be surprised and delighted with Hires Root Beer. You'll love its flavor. Your family will praise it. So will your guests.

With its appealing, distinctive flavor, Hires Root Beer delights the taste and quenches the thirst.

To make your acquaintance, to show you how easy and economical it is to make Hires Root Beer at home, this is our liberal offer: A free trial bottle of Hires Extract, sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer.

If the trial delights you, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-sized bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 pint bottles of Root Beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, as compared to what you usually pay.

In Hires Root Beer are the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's tonic and appetizing ingredients. Utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

At Fountains and from Hires Kegs, you can get Hires Root Beer by the glass. Also it comes already bottled.

THIS BOTTLE OF EXTRACT MAKES 40 PINT BOTTLES OF
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DELICIOUS
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HEALTHFUL
ROOT BEER
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Please send me free sample
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Canadians may mail coupon to
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THE BIGGEST JAG IN THE WORLD

Continued from page thirty-three

located; when he had spent his rage he could be subdued.

Tusko proceeded through a pine forest and into a large barn.

Within a few minutes an old man came running down the mountain side, half crazed with fright, yelling at the top of his lungs. Seeing the trainers, he waved his hands frantically.

"Come take your elephant away!" he yelled. "He broke down my barn and now he's eatin' all my whisky mash!"

Mr. Tyler started up to inspect the damage, but some of the townspeople warned him against it, saying that it was the home of a nest of moonshiners and that he would be killed. He accordingly dickered with the old man until they reached an agreement, and Mr. Tyler paid the claim.

"Let the elephant eat all the whisky mash he wants," he instructed him, "and we'll pay for any more damage he does. Don't go near him—let him finish his rampage."

The old man signed a receipt for the money paid as damages, and went back up the mountain side, more than satisfied with the settlement.

Tusko in disgrace—his lordly tusks broken off, his trunk loaded with "undignified chains."

At about two in the morning, after eating his fill of the mash, old Tusko reappeared from the barn, which was by now a ruin. The big bull threw timbers and boards of the wrecked barn high in the air in playful abandon. It was a beautiful warm night and he began frolicking on the mountain side in the moonlight. Stimulated by the alcohol and reveling in his freedom, he kicked his heels in the air like a gamboling lamb of gigantic proportions, stood on his head, and went through various contortions. It was a comical sight to see the intoxicated big fellow, still dressed in his howdah and fancy trappings, as he played like a kitten, appearing in the dim light as some fantastic dream of a dressed-up doll. The earth vibrated for several hundred feet around him as he performed his antics.

FOR an hour or so Tusko played in the moonlight, then ambled over to some large pine trees, leaned against them, and presently fell asleep.

At about six in the morning the men approached and found him gentle and easily handled. He had finished his rampage. Ruth and Jewel were brought to the scene again and hitched to him with chains. He was led back to the train and loaded into his special car to be shipped to the next town, where the circus had proceeded. With his elaborate trappings still intact, though a little soiled, he reminded one of a man in evening dress after a night of dissipation.

When I arrived back with the circus and entered his tent, Tusko screamed at me and began his throat-rumbling talk, telling me how glad he was to see me back. The men said that all during his rampage he had appeared to be looking for something or someone as he charged about, and there is no doubt in my mind that he was trying to find me. It was the first time I had been away from the circus for more than a day or two since Tusko had joined us, and he doubtless thought I had forsaken him. I had known that he was attached to me, but I had not realized the full extent of his love.

THE bull men and others tried to keep me away from him when I returned, but I knew from his "talk" that all was well again. As I approached, old Tusko threw his trunk about my body and drew me close, rumbling and talking as if to assure me that he had been willing to wreck the world to find me again. I talked to him and fed him raisins, peanuts, popcorn, and candy, and he embraced me with a loving tenderness as he munched his sweets.

From that time on, until he turned mean, he was satisfied when I was about, but he would show his displeasure when I had to be absent for a day or two.

Following the year in which Tusko was featured at the opening of the performance, the big elephant grew morose and moody. He seemed to feel that his attractiveness was gone, that he was no longer a drawing card, and it hurt his vanity. His love for me remained apparently unchanged, but the old sunny disposition had departed.

He played no more practical jokes on me, and he did his work without putting any zest into it. Toward the end of the year he grew unruly, indulging in more stampedes, and attacking his trainer at the slightest opportunity.

There were many narrow escapes, and Tusko began to be considered a "bad" elephant.

Next year I found that all the trainers were afraid to handle him and that no one wanted to go on the road with him that spring. Tusko's resentment at not being permitted to lead the procession at the opening of the performance was permanent. I decided to build a secure pen and let him remain behind for the season. It might be good for his disposition to feel that he was considered too mean to travel with the circus.

A pen about sixty feet square was made, giving ample room for him to take his walks. Huge channel irons were used as posts, embedded in concrete, with railroad irons as fence rails, spanning about eight feet from post to post.

It was necessary to take no chances, as Tusko's strength is almost unbelievable.

He was employed at handling logs in the lumber camps of Tibet when I first heard of him through an animal dealer, who sent me his measurements; these showed him to be the largest elephant ever captured, and he was reported to be the largest ever seen in the world. He stands higher and weighs over two tons more than the celebrated Jumbo. From his general characteristics, I am satisfied that he is no ordinary elephant, but that he breeds back to the mastodon strain.

When the big pen was finished, a chain was left on Tusko's leg for use in handling him if he started to assert himself, and he was turned loose in the corral, where he immediately began to test the strength of the posts and railroad irons, bending the latter into arches without much trouble. He followed this by bending the channel-iron posts outward, so that it was necessary to brace them from the outside with more channel irons set in concrete.

OFFICERS of the Humane Society were often about the winter quarters, inspecting the animals and busying themselves in a number of ways. One of them had an idea that we should place a tree stump or large timber in Tusko's corral, on which he might rest his long tusks, as they were exceptionally large and heavy, and the humane officer thought they must be a burden to him. We suggested that there were plenty of railroad irons in the fence on which he could rest his tusks.

But the officer grew so insistent and bothersome that finally, as a joke, the bull men asked him to go into the corral and show them the exact spot where the stump should be placed. As soon as the officer entered the pen, Tusko charged him with vicious swipes of his trunk and tusks. The officer beat a retreat for his life, but the big elephant caught him and injured his leg before he could get away.

During the fracas, while striking at the officer, Tusko broke off several feet of his long, beautiful tusks on the iron bars. After that, the humane officers decided that Tusko could take care of himself and they bothered us no more.

As the circus cars were being loaded, preparatory to starting on the spring tour, old Tusko was a pitiful sight.

He cried and bellowed, and in his voice were almost irresistible pleadings to be taken along.

When he was finally convinced that he was not going with the show, he went wild with rage, and it was necessary to chain him securely to prevent his wrecking the corral. From then on he has been considered a dangerous elephant, and now he is given no liberties; at the slightest opportunity he will attack anyone within reach.

Tusko is a sorrowing old elephant. He has declined since the days when I dressed him in proud finery and he carried me in splendor down the circus hippodrome.

Deprived of the society of his fellows, confined permanently to his corral, fitted with undignified chains that restrict the use of his trunk, he greets me in sorrowful anger when I visit him in his prison, as if he were chiding me in sadness for my desertion of him.

His throat-rumbling "talk" carries all shades of meaning, but it is sadness that predominates. While others will not approach him for fear of their lives, he will still caress me with his trunk, and his rumbling seems to hold a hope that I will some day relent, and the roar of the circus crowd will once again assail his ears as he marches in triumphant dignity at the head of the show.

THE END

UNGUENTINE Stops Sunburn Pain—QUICKER!

UNGUENTINE acts the instant you spread it on. The pain stops—quicker than with anything else. Why? Because Unguentine penetrates! Unlike lotions and toilet preparations which only reach the outer surface of the skin—Unguentine goes right down to the inflamed tissues, where the pain is actually caused.

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Severe sunburn is just as painful as any other burn—and it too may become infected. Your doctor wouldn't think of treating a burn with a toilet lotion or cream. Neither should you. Never use anything but UNGUENTINE, the famous antiseptic remedy used in 8 out of 10 hospitals for burns and scalds.

Unguentine tones lobster red skin to rich, tawny tan. Only 50 cents—at your druggist's.

Because UNGUENTINE goes as deep as the burn

A MASSEUSE LOOKS AT the STARS

An Inside Peek at How the Darlings of the Screen Are Whacked into Shape

By

SYLVIA of Hollywood

As Revealed by an Indiscreet Secretary

(Reading time: 17 minutes 18 seconds.)

WHEN Sylvia came to America from Norway, she had neither money nor fame—but she had a big idea: she would earn her way to Hollywood and sell her services to the overweight queens of filmdom. Arriving there, she found that scheme more easily conceived than carried out, until the " break " came through a lucky opportunity to give Marie Dressler massage treatments. Her experiences with Miss Dressler and Mary Duncan have already been recounted by her indiscreet secretary, who in last week's installment told of her meeting with Ina Claire, and of how Ina, having fallen in love with Jack Gilbert who had admired her " boyish " figure, besought Sylvia to whack her into shape to attend a costume ball in a boyish pair of pink pants. Sylvia promised to fit her to them, though the time was short.

PART THREE—SUCCESS

THE slamming marathon was a hot success. On the night of the ball, Ina slid into those little-gentleman-size shorts like a foot into a sock. The pink velvet pants actually flapped, and Ina hurried forth to the fray in a mood to march through Georgia and points south. Jack Gilbert never had a chance. Not that he wanted to make a second guess. He took one look at this pink human eel gliding around under the seductive lights of the hotel patio and let his feet skate out from under him.

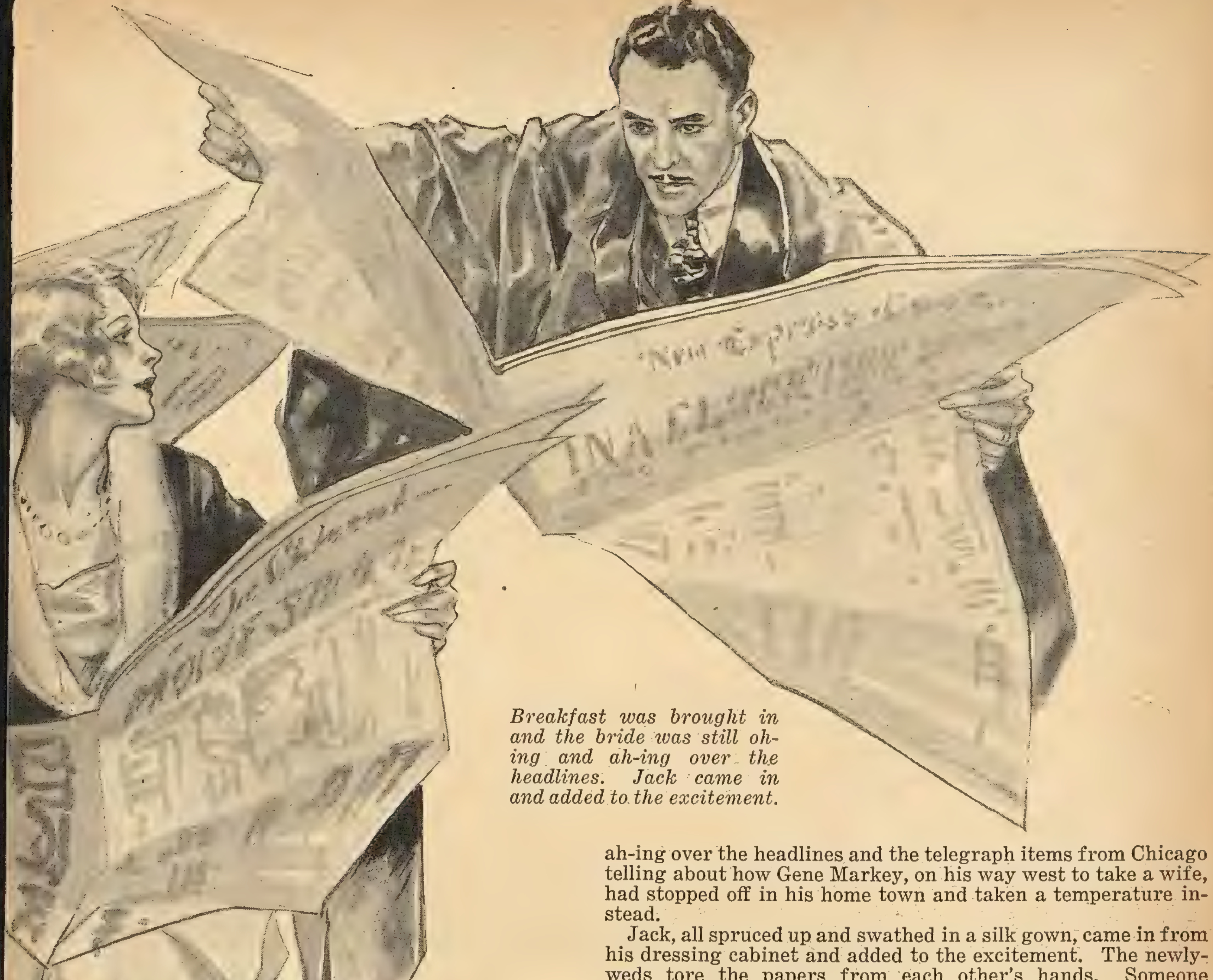
Sylvia's guess is that the famous elopement of the pair to Las Vegas two weeks later was figured out that night.

For, the very next day, Ina began to worry about a matter she had tucked away in the back of her mind during the excitement. She had come to Hollywood engaged to her Eastern beau, Gene Markey, the writer. And Gene was due any day with flowers and a ring.

It was funny to watch poor Ina try to dope out what to
about that one. In the end she did what most women do in
similar situation—nothing.

At the last minute, with the plane chartered in which Ja
was going to fly his bride and the witnesses to Las Vegas f
the ceremony-on-the-wing, Ina got an attack of little-girl-it
Maybe she thought she was in a tough spot, with no mother
guide her—or something. Anyway, she confided to Sylvia th
she had wanted to take her along as her witness. " I had a s
of feeling there was nobody on my side," was the way she
it. " And, anyway, in a way you're responsible, Sylvia. Y
made me into what Jack likes."

If Sylvia wasn't in on the elopement flight, she w
what followed. It was this way. The flight to Nevada was
timed as to bring the newlyweds back to Jack's house by du
Five minutes after Ina was inducted into her new home, Sylv



Breakfast was brought in and the bride was still oh-ing and ah-ing over the headlines. Jack came in and added to the excitement.

Picture by
Hubert Mathieu

phone was ringing. Sylvia being out on her rounds, I answered. Ina was on the wire, all fussed and upset. Sylvia must come over right ay—right away! Did I understand? I did, but had to swer that the boss was gallivanting and wouldn't be where message could reach her until late in the evening.

“Oh, dear!” came a sigh from Ina. “And I've never needed r so badly as right now! Well, tell her to get over here the st thing in the morning, without fail!”

So it came about that Sylvia awakened the new bride. Re- rting at Jack Gilbert's house early next morning, she was omptly ushered into a charming bedroom where she found a alone.

“Have you the papers?” was Ina's first excited, high-pitched estion. “What are they saying about me?”

Sylvia shrugged. She hadn't thought to bring the morning pers. Ina fretted, but a maid brought in a pile of papers just en and she dived into them.

Breakfast was brought in and the bride was still oh-ing and ah-ing over the headlines and the telegraph items from Chicago telling about how Gene Markey, on his way west to take a wife, had stopped off in his home town and taken a temperature instead.

Jack, all spruced up and swathed in a silk gown, came in from his dressing cabinet and added to the excitement. The newlyweds tore the papers from each other's hands. Someone thought to set a third place at table for Sylvia, and soon all three were hard at it combing the press for further items, while the coffee—and who knows? maybe love too—were getting cold.

For an odd incident made a sudden coolness over that frantic breakfast table.

SYLVIA, gleaning, noticed a report of the elopement that had not been read. Over the report was the heading: INA CLAIRE MARRIES JACK GILBERT. Sylvia passed the sheet to Ina, reading the headline aloud, and Ina grabbed—but not as quickly as did Jack.

The bridegroom cried, “What?” and tore the sheet from Sylvia's hands. “Isn't that silly?” he exclaimed. “They got that headline wrong.”

“How, darling?” inquired the bride.

“Why, for news value,” declared Jack, “they should have turned it around: JACK GILBERT MARRIES INA CLAIRE.”

He carried it off with a laugh. But Ina didn't laugh. And Sylvia had to rush in and fill a conversational pause.

A funny angle on the Gilbert-Claire marriage, which Sylvia heard about later as she went from one to another of the film folks on her rounds, was that the duration of the romance became a matter of speculation and finally of a gambling pool. The film people, standing on the side lines and watching Ina and Jack struggle, got up a money pool just as they do on shipboard about the ship's daily run. Only, in this case, instead of mileage it was time; instead of knots, it was the reverse—when would a knot slip? Each one who joined the pool bought a certain month. The one who held the slip corresponding to the month in which the marriage went *caput* was to collect.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

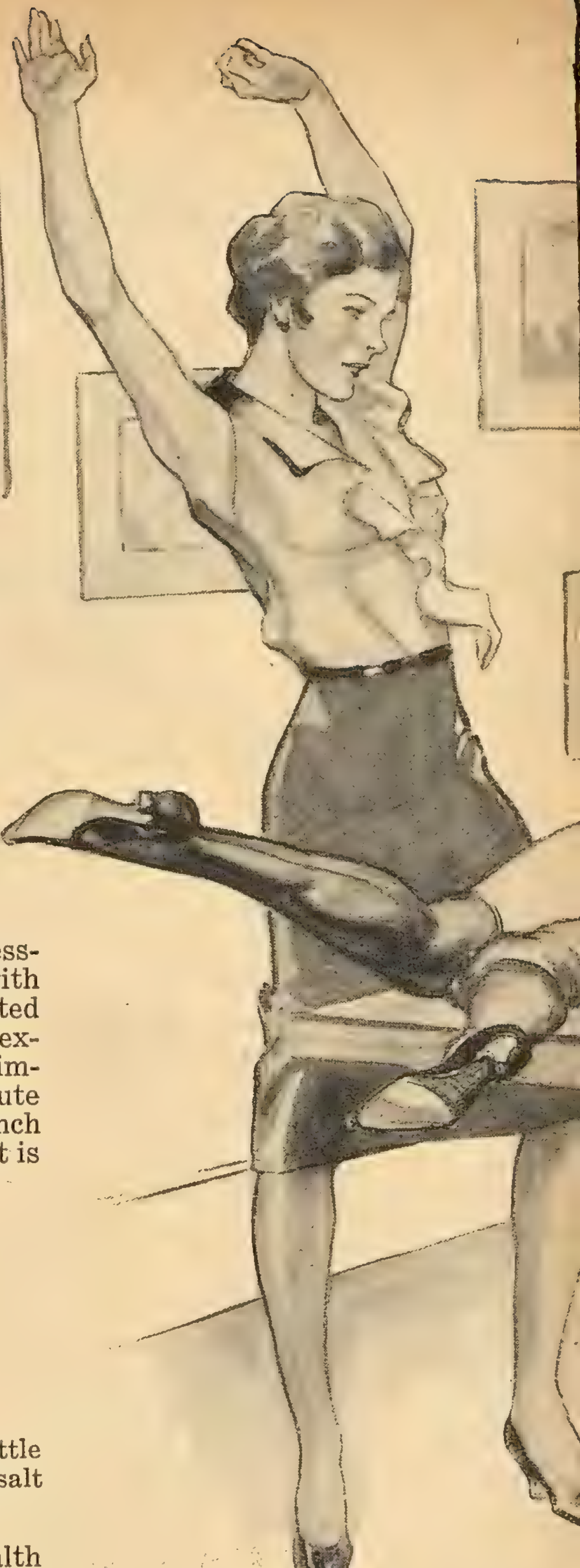
A MASSEUSE LOOKS AT THE STARS
Continued from page thirty-seven

And now the pool members are much embarrassed. When, exactly, did the romance end? On exactly what day of what month were Ina and Jack unjoined?

For the betters neglected to stipulate that the date of an overt act, such as the filing of a divorce plea, was to settle the issue, and the consensus now is that what was meant was the day on which the principals decided to kick love out of the house.

Ina was making The Awful Truth at Pathé when a sudden series of events, involving Gloria Swanson and confronting Sylvia with the necessity for the most momentous decision in her life, ended by establishing the boss as contract masseuse on the Pathé lot. As will appear, Sylvia's Pathé job was to give Gloria Swanson first call on her services, with the other Pathé stars taking whatever time Gloria did not demand.

*" To 'Sill' (Sylvia): Fondest always—
Gloria Swanson."*



Well, Ina was one of those who decided not to take Gloria Swanson's leavings. She did not come near Sylvia's workrooms on the Pathé lot.

And then, presently, Gene Markey came out to Hollywood, apparently cured of infatuation for the belle who had given him such a tough break. Gene unconsciously published the fact that he was cured in the way that would annoy Ina worst. He turned up as one of Gloria Swanson's gallants and paid Ina's Pathé-lot rival open and assiduous court.

It's only feminine for a woman to expect a discarded lover to go and pine away picturesquely somewhere. And when Gene perked up so rapidly and began to part his hair and carry flowers to a new shrine, why, Ina got miffed.

Somebody had to be the goat. Sylvia was elected, and has suffered under a decree of banishment which has deprived her of Ina as a patient ever since.

HOWEVER, being big-hearted, let's give the Ina Claire Diet. It is a special diet, at once reducing and strengthening. I've already mentioned that meat should be a regular item of all reducing diets to counteract the possible weakening effect of cutting down the rations. In Ina's case there was also a tendency to anæmia. This is a widespread condition, especially among women, and a reducing diet for anæmic persons overweight should be helpful.

THE INA CLAIRE DIET

(Overweight plus anæmia)

Breakfast

1 small glass of grapefruit juice
2 tablespoonfuls of one of the patent baked cereals, with a glass of skimmed milk
Tea with one lump of sugar

Lunch

Salad of cottage cheese with shredded pineapple, no dressing
1 cup of broth with liver extract (hot or jellied)
2 spoonfuls of carrots, 2 of spinach, and 1 of peas
Apple mold

Dinner

Celery
Sweetbreads with truffles
3 heaping spoonfuls of string beans and 2 of summer squash
Tomato jelly, diet dressing
Stewed fruit
Black coffee

The phrase "diet dressing" in connection with salads has been repeated several times without explanation. It means simply a healthful substitute for the classic French dressing, with which it is contrasted below.

FRENCH DRESSING

Olive oil
Vinegar
Salt and pepper

DIET DRESSING

Mineral oil
Lemon juice
The same (but as little salt as possible, salt being fattening)

If your state of health warrants using an oil other than mineral, you will still do well to avoid olive oil, the heavy and indigestible element of French dressing. The French themselves have adopted oil of arrachide (a Sahara desert plant) as a substitute for olive oil.

Liver extract, mentioned above, can be prepared in the kitchen by chopping up cow liver, covering with cold water, bringing to a boil, and simmering for three to four hours. (There is a patent product, which cannot be named here, which is superior to the homemade liver extract.) The brew obtained from the liver is combined, half and half, with the broth of vegetables or meat, and is the element of the diet which is the most effective counteragent against anæmia.

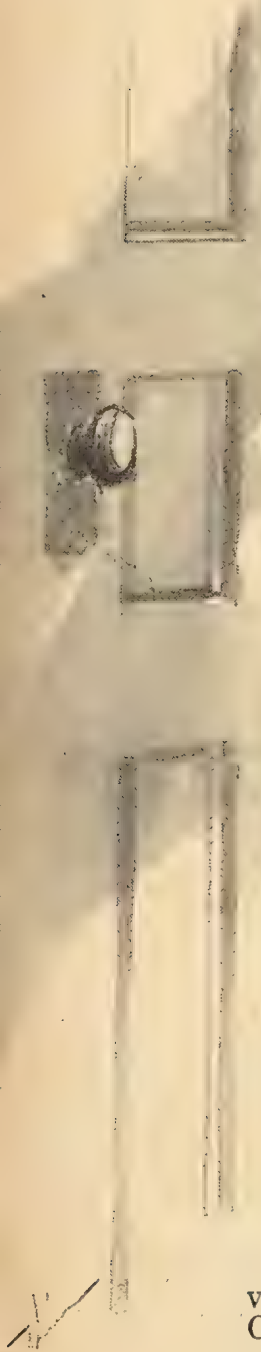
II

TO give an idea of the semiroyal atmosphere that surrounded Gloria Swanson when the boss went to work on her in the summer of 1929, an adventure that happened to Carmel Myers, an old patient of Sylvia's, is a good illustration.

Carmel once had a rep around Hollywood of being high-hat. Now, being "superior" is the one unforgivable sin in Hollywood. You've got to qualify that, of course. You can high-hat some, and you can't high-hat others. It's

"To Sylvia: What a Pal! What a Gal! What a 'Slug'! Love from Carmel (Myers)."

" To Sylvia: May you know happiness always. Sincerely, Norma Talmadge."



During one fateful week-end, Sylvia was offered and took the contract to do her thumping and mangling exclusively for Pathé.

Picture by HUBERT MATHIEU

very complicated, like irregular verbs in French. On the lot you can high-hat writers, dialogue directors, the man who takes orders for custom-made shirts, people who act in Westerns, and Spaniards. Just now you can also high-hat musicians; but that isn't safe, because nobody knows when musical comedy will come back on us like the seven-year itch. Outside of these few, you can't high-hat anybody. As for all the territory that is *not* a studio lot—even the novice knows that there you can't high-hat a soul. Because everybody outside the profession is Public, and King.

WELL, Carmel must have forgotten to say please to a taxi chauffeur once, or something terrible like that, and it got said around that she thought high of herself. The rumor started small, you understand—just a few whispers among the insiders. And Carmel could have stopped it at once. But, as luck would have it, poor Carmel was laid up at the time.

In fact, she had to get out of bed a few days later to answer a summons to the Pathé lot to talk over a rôle with a director. She had the chauffeur drive her down to the old Culver City lot, with its colonial portico, lawn and carriage drive, and guarded gate in the fence. At the gate Carmel's driver came to a stop, and it looked as if Carmel would have to walk the length of the private drive.

At this time Gloria Swanson was making her United Artists pictures on the Pathé lot, as what you might call a paying-guest artist. In other words, Joe Kennedy, her production manager, paid the Pathé people for the privilege of using the Pathé stages. So Gloria was in the position of star boarder in the old colonial homestead—and never was star boarder treated better than was Gloria by everybody, from highest executive to humblest doorman, on the Pathé lot.

As has been mentioned, the entrance to the lot is a curved driveway leading up to the executive offices in a building of colonial design. There was a tacit understanding, which the old gateman administered like a commandment carved in stone, that Gloria was the only hired hand whose car had the privilege of passing the grilled gates and depositing its passenger in the pillared portico.

On the day and the minute of Carmel Myers' arrival before the Pathé doors, Gloria's car happened to shoot out of a side street and dash through the quickly opened gates. Carmel, who was about to get out of her car and start up the driveway on foot, saw the gates swing open and, breathing a sigh of relief, sank back in her seat and ordered her chauffeur to follow the other car in.

THE old gateman almost fainted when the strange car dashed past and up the drive. He gesticulated and howled. But by this time Carmel was out of her car and across the porch into the Pathé building. Poor Carmel never knew, until some time afterward, that she had been guilty of a crime of desecration. Who did she think she was—Will Hays or somebody? That was what the scandalized people on the Pathé lot said.

A few weeks later, Carmel was lying on the slab in our back room resting up from a treatment. It's the moment for confidences in a massage parlor. Lying there with all the bones loosened up, the patient's jaw gets likewise and begins to chew over the secret troubles.

" Sylvia," says Carmel all of a sudden, " have you ever heard them say I'm high-hat? "

Well, the boss had to admit that that was just what she had been hearing. In fact, the patient before Carmel had been telling Sylvia all about the Pathé-lot incident, and how Carmel had dared to use the motor driveway for motor driving.

" So you heard about that, did you? " said Carmel, and told her tale of woe.

" It just goes to show how you can get judged unfairly," she started, and told how she had followed Swanson's car up the driveway without giving a thought to whether it was correct or not. " In fact "—she took that back—" I *did* wonder whether I ought to or not, but look! "

And Carmel peeled off her stocking and showed Sylvia a sore foot.

" It's an ingrown toenail! " wailed Carmel. " And, two days before I went over to Pathé, the pedicure cut it open. I was going around with one shoe, and it hurt like toothache every time I put my bum foot down. Before they opened those gates for Gloria's car, I was sitting there in my car just crying—thinking about walking up that nasty long drive. And when those gates opened I didn't hesitate: I just told the driver to shoot on in."

And that is the true story of how Carmel My

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A MASSEUSE LOOKS AT THE STARS
Continued from page thirty-nine]

cause of a sore big toe, got known as a case of big sore head.

For the sake of the point, I've got a little ahead of the order of events, which should begin with one fateful week-end in the earliest days of the talkies, during which Sylvia was offered and took the contract to do her thumping and mangling exclusively for Pathé.

The general hysteria among the movie stars that accompanied the advent of sound in the movie industry had a lot to do with the sudden change in Sylvia's fortunes. Those were the days when the fate of every star was in the balance. And the dear girls knew it. The Marne for everybody, and how they all fought! The favored tactics were to hunt for allies—vocal teachers, elocutionists, voice placers, and what not. Names since forgotten leaped into prominence — Italian names mostly, of teachers of *bel canto*.

In the midst of all this nonsense one star kept her head—Norma Talmadge. While the rest were all signing up Italians and Frenchmen and Spaniards to teach them how to utter the English tongue, Norma quietly sneaked off to New York and came back to Hollywood with Laura Hope Crews, cultured and expert product of the Broadway stage. And instantly everybody knew that Norma had bagged big game while the rest of the sorority had been busy bringing down sparrows. Miss Crews came out to coach Norma in her first talkie.

Meanwhile, Gloria Swanson had been holding off. Smart enough to see that the others were throwing away their good money on quacks and fakes, but still bewildered by it all, Gloria simply did nothing. Incidentally, though, she worried enough to etch a few lines in her face and increase her girth by a few inches. (Worry, says Sylvia, is the prime cause of overweight in most cases.)

The date for starting work on Gloria's first talkie, Edmund Goulding's The Trespasser, was fast approaching, and Gloria had still done nothing about correcting the lisp that was characteristic of all old-line movie stars in their first essays before the microphone—and also nothing about getting into physical condition.

IT'S like Gloria to put off decisions until the last minute, and then make them suddenly—and right!

She went to Norma Talmadge to ask for the "loan" of Laura Hope Crews. And she moved to get a corner on the boss's services as a masseuse. With Norma Talmadge, Gloria was open and honest. She went with Edmund Goulding, who knew Miss Crews, and the two of them put up to her and Norma Talmadge a request that the former might supervise the dialogue of The Trespasser. Miss Crews took a shine to Gloria, Norma Talmadge gave her blessing, and the Crews-Swanson ssociation was launched. ed fair with Norma Talmadge. In the course of developments, others did not similarly play fair with Gloria.

Then, instead of an elocution lesson, the first thing Laura Hope Crews gave Gloria was advice to get in physical trim, and to that end to hire Sylvia. The call for the boss came on a Saturday night and, as usual, was given like a three-alarm. It was Gloria's secretary on the phone—and Sylvia simply *must* come over right away! (The hour being 10 P. M.)

Well, you don't turn down Gloria Swanson. The boss beat it over to Gloria's famous house on Sunset Boulevard.

Gloria runs quite an establishment—butlers, footmen, and the rest. Down on the Pathé lot she rolled up her sleeves and did her day labor like an old trouper. But at home she was La Marquise de la Falaise et de la Coudraye, and had the big soft rugs, uniformed servants, and all the dog to prove it.

THE house staff gave Sylvia the works, which is to say that she passed through about ten pairs of hands, to land finally in an upstairs den. There time passed in great chunks without any sign of Gloria Swanson. The boss was dead tired and had to pinch herself to keep awake. Whereupon a footman ambled in with a clinking tray, and she tried just one for luck and was sunk.

She had no idea what time it was when, presently, someone shook her out of a sound sleep and said: "Here I am—all ready for you."

It was Gloria in her nightie. A clear case of overwrought nerves, with the inevitable results of facial lines and general puffiness. The treatment for that is delicate. If you start in pounding and pummeling at the start, the subject's nerves get worse and worse, and the result you're likely to get is the kind of weight reduction that is ruin—a stringy, jumpy body and a cavernous, drawn look about the face.

In the first few minutes Gloria admitted that the new sound-movie racket had her half crazy. It took the boss two hours of gentle, soothing rubbing to get the overexcited star to sleep. Meanwhile she was told that the job would take time; that, for a start, she'd have to reconcile herself to getting maybe a little fatter than she was; that the real work on her hips, chin, and arms would have to wait. Gloria saw the point and said:

"Then I'll have to have you all the time. You've got to give up your other people and work for me alone."

Right away the boss remembered how that hook-up had worked out with Mae Murray—and even with Mary Duncan. It meant having to build up her clientele all over again when the contract died.

How Sylvia came to take up Gloria Swanson on that proposition and, in consequence, to hang out her "shingle" on the Pathé lot, and how she convinced Gloria's production manager that she was worth her salary, will appear in next week's installment of this story.

Liberty is offering

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THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 30

1—Montgomery.
2—One that subsists on berries.
3—Aphrodite.
4—Windsor.
5—A lover of animals.
6—Brisk; lively.
7—Hawaiian Islands.
8—The founder of the Mongol dynasty in China.
9—Norway, Sweden, and Denmark together with the adjacent islands, including Iceland.
10—Seventy-eight by thirty-six feet.
11—Midsummer Night's Dream.
12—By virtue of one's office; with authority.
13—Sydney.
14—Embrasure.
15—In the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.
16—Sixteen hundred and twenty.
17—Cape Agulhas.
18—Any lizardlike reptile.
19—Grave, gloomy, dull.
20—In the English Channel off the south coast of England.

WHICH?

A Short Short Story

By

HAMILTON WILLIAMSON

who, in spite of the name, is a woman. Born in Missouri, she has lived on three continents. Though she has written books and marionette plays for children, as well as articles, this is her first published story.

(Reading time: 5 min. 20 sec.)

I AM Sidney Rosmore's cousin. His old-maid cousin. It's remarkable what young men will tell old maids. They feel we should be grateful, I suppose, for the excitements of secondhand experience. Perhaps they are right. But Sidney poured his troubles into me, and what I got out of them was anxiety.

He was in love with two women, and both were in love with him. One of them was his wife. The other was his wife's distant cousin. But the remoteness in relationship was misleading. The two women were really soul sisters. Pauline, the unpossessed one, had more sparkle. But if, five years ago, you could have put Endora through a kind of carbonating process, she would have come out Pauline—only sweeter. They were both beautiful in the same newborn-soul way. Both had an essence of purity about them, and both were worshiping women, women who had to worship to live.

Sidney lent himself to worship. His straight, humorless nose showed this, and his large, tender eyes. Also the rich curves of his mouth revealed the fact that he would know what to do with worship once he got it.

It is true that some men don't love a woman or even women, but love a type. They are the world's superlovers. And Sidney was definitely one of them. He loved Endora up to the very brim of him and welled right over to Pauline.

In his great-grandfather's day he would have raced horses to a white lather, weaving between the two, but as it was he used the telephone. Science let him speak to his loves with all but the same warm breath. Sidney is marvelous over the telephone. You can almost touch him there in the receiver.

Perhaps in some other more relaxed time than ours such a man will be allowed in honor to have two. But our monogamous age being what it is, Sidney had to choose. I told him so and both Pauline and Endora told him.

I heard Endora tell him. She stood before him, stood before us both, in a creamy negligee of lace and velvet and chiffon. And in her beautifully modulated voice she said:

"You will have to choose between us, Sidney. I'll give you up to Pauline, but I refuse to share her with you. You will have to make up your mind once and for all."

"Yes, dear Sidney," I said, "this simply can't go on. The first of next month I am going to invite Endora on a trip round the world with me. On the second I shall ask her for her answer."

Surprised, Endora lifted her beautiful long lashes.

"In the meantime," I said, "she must go away. For a little rest, we'll call it. You have made her position here untenable."

The long lashes dropped in assent.

I EMPHASIZED how unfair his vacillating was to Pauline. Pauline should put *her* life in order.

To my astonishment, Sidney was reasonable. Reasonable, manly, and succinct. He admitted that Endora should leave immediately. He would let her know, he said, before the second what his decision was. He needed time. His heart, he told us, was breaking.

I left then, believing that a step forward had been made, and that my point about Pauline had been particularly well taken. The girl had a suitor whom Sidney was blocking. A fine chap, John Winston. Eligible in every way, but ugly. It's p thetic how humble splendid u men can be in their wooi John stood ready to marry Pa line any hour of the day or nig

My own nerves, I found, we stretched taut while I wai for the first to roll round. Th it stood on my engagement pad—blank. I had had feeling that Sidney would call on me. And he did, astonishingly late. At ten that night my telephone ra and there he was, begging me to come to his apartme He hated being alone, he said. He would come to n but he was in his bath robe and exhausted.

I found him in a pitiable state—the debonair surfa of him gone. His face had a blank look, as if he had sh the outward-swinging doors of his being, and was looki for inner springs of strength.

HE said—his voice at a strained deep register: " have practically lost Pauline. She's planning marry Winston." Then, his chin on his chest: "I've it come to that!"

I put my hand on his, which twitched under the pr sure. "Tell me about it," I said.

"She's been visiting Winston's people in the count He's going abroad. Leaving tonight. She's going ba to her apartment—alone. She'll be there soon now. there at eleven to pick up her bags. At eleven twen she's going to call up Winston. She'll join him at t pier. They'll be married on the steamer. He's got t license." He made a choking sound. "I mean," he sai "they'll be married if I don't call her up between elev and eleven twenty. If I do, she'll come to me, and w take Endora at her word." He almost sobbed: "She given me this one last chance."

Oh, clever! Immensely clever of Pauline! How sh wanted him, and how well she knew his oscillating heart What planning! It meant that Sidney, by definite sel denial at a definite moment, would give u something desirable to another human bein Well, he wouldn't do it. Couldn't. Sidne never had.

I pleaded Endora's cause with all that wa in me. But I am not certain he heard a wor I said.

At eleven he rose, his face like set dough. "Our clocks are together, Pauline's and mine," he said. He walked to the telephone and slumped into a chair. He gave a number. I could hardly believe my ears! After a moment he hung up and turned to me, his left cheek jerking.

"Busy signal," he said. But he was really speaking to himself—trying to get himself to believe it.

Almost immediately he called again. Busy signal. Then at intervals of three, two minutes, he called and called. Busy. Busy. Each time busy.

He stood up at length, his bath robe sagging as on an old man. He stumbled to the couch and lay there—in what condition I did not know. I was concerned, at the moment, with myself. With what I had done. Or rather, very deliberately, had not done.

For the number Sidney had repeated over and over was his own, the number of the instrument from which he was calling. The number by which a thousand times he had got his wife.

What would a psychologist say to that?

THE END

Vox

Stung Again

os Angeles, Calif. — Your short
rt story, "Control," is to be highly
mended for its technical quality,
—

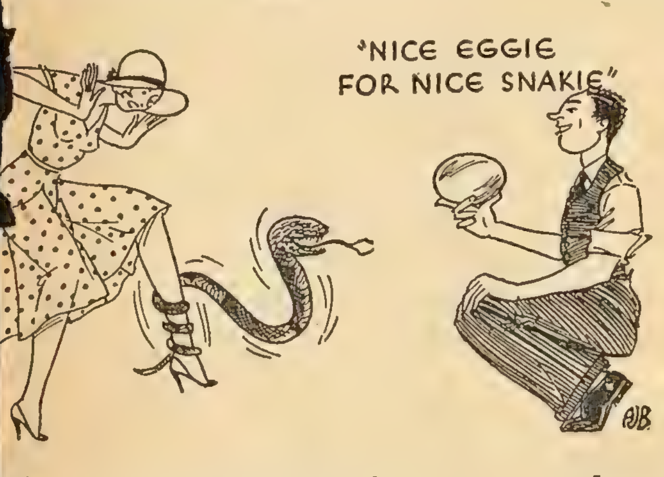
Cobras never, on any provocation
tsoever, wind themselves around
thing alive unless they are held
ly just below the head, and they are
deadly when trodden upon or cor-
d, or if one has the misfortune to
across one near its young.

We do not call our dining room
ants serving boys.

It is obvious that the person who
te the story has never lived in India,
s not know anything about cobras,
has a marvelous faculty for writ-
far-fetched stories of the East which
Anglo-Indians see through per-
tly.

Why not get the same writer to
d a story of the American rattle-
ake crawling over a rough rope, scut-
ng through the air, and winding itself
ound a lady's ankle during a camp-
e celebration—saving the day by en-
ng it away with an eagle's egg?

The London Times or the Calcutta
atesman might accept it.—*Lillian M.
odfrey.*



Guess Again

Regina, Sask., Can.—It is said it
akes a long time before a man finds out
e has been a fish.

I guess that's why your circulation
asn't dropped any. — *Jimmy Ban-
ninger.*

Turn Out the Light

Camp Dix, N. J.—Finish up Agatha Christie's serial, "The Peril at End House," in your next Liberty. If not, how can I sleep?—*K. P.*

Kind Words from the South

Goose Creek, Texas — Congratulations on your ideal story, "The Stepmother," by Adela Rogers St. Johns. There are some stepmothers as fine as that, and the story embodies an ideal for those who aren't like that, and is really "an inspirational uplift force," to quote the title of your editorial in the same
ssue.

You are getting out a mighty fine
ine, and one that is carried into more homes in this section than any other national publication. It's just a plain, homely sort of magazine, but, like Alexandra Kropotkin, it has a thousand factors which appeal to every stratum of society.—*Chester Rogers.*

Apple Sauce

Harrisburg, Pa.—I am not a graduate of Yale, "Hahvad," or Princeton, nor have I ever worked for a metropolitan daily or weekly, nor published a novel.

I never worked for any famous newspaper, never fox-hunted in Leicestershire, nor spilled the sauce in Worcestershire, never fished for tarpon, nor hunted kangaroo, never had an aunt who bred fine and fast horses, never gave up college for the stage, never entered the late lamented World War as a buck private and came out a general, never have tried movie publicity writing. Not a linguist, lecturer, or style authority, never lived in the Philippines, nor have I traveled extensively in Europe or the Orient, no war correspondent, no former editor of the Denver Blah, not a descendant of the first or last czar of the Russias, suffer not from ulcers nor backgammon.

Never have lived in the motion-picture center of the west coast, never was tossed out of Russia nor any other country for wise-cracking about its favorite politicians.

Never surveyed the Canadian Northwest, never hunted wild tigers in Asia nor blind ones in and around Broadway.

Despite these apparent handicaps, I have written the world's best short short story. I hope you break your arm reaching for it. Make your offer $200 or a big red apple and I'll give it my sincerest consideration.—*Fran.*

What Do You Mean "Fairly Good"?

St. Joseph, Mo.—Quite often I want to oversleep in the mornings. I have to say no, Ramsey, no you can't do that. Many times I want to knock off for half a day and go home and take a nap. But it's no, Ramsey, no, to first one want and then another. So when I find some big thing I really want to do that I can go ahead and do without fear of regret or remorse, it's a genuine satisfaction.

Is it any wonder that I throw caution to the winds and plunge ahead and say, "You have a fairly good magazine"?—*Ramsey Barrister.*

Dig Up Another One

Los Angeles, Calif.—Last Friday I bought a copy of Liberty. I read the magazine. I am now holding funeral services over my departed nickel.—*Mike.*

Concerning Cleanliness

Wilmington, Del.—In your editorial, "An Inspirational Uplift Force," you said: "But special efforts are being made to keep our 'house' clean in future issues." Shake hands on that, brother!

On the whole you have given us a d—— good magazine. Don't change it much—only keep the swine out.—*John Crossman.*

Chicago, Ill.—I congratulate you on your definite commitment to improvement in quality, as expressed in your editorial for June 20. Of course you will have to set a varied bill of fare. We have many different tastes, but we all need good, *clean* food. — *H. M. Evans.*

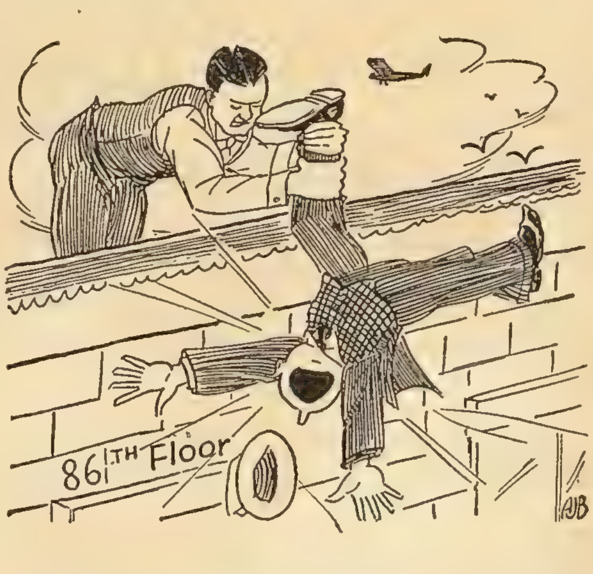
Chicago, Ill.—We see by your editorial entitled "An Inspirational Uplift Force," where someone promises to see that, in the future, we get stories that hold no trace of anything sordid or spicy. Go ahead—and watch your circulation fall off!—*Joseph Kirby.*

Houston, Texas—I see by an editorial in Liberty that ". . . efforts are being made to keep our 'house' clean in future issues." I say atta boy and hurrah for Liberty!—*H. Mabry.*

We Love Them Just the Same

Whiteville, N. C.—The pessismists have ruined the country. They can't find and they won't see the silver lining. They knock, knock, knock.

Vox Pop raises a good crop of pessimists every issue. How the h—— do they expect things to get better when they are always kicking? Something's mentally wrong with them. Their mothers must have dropped them on their heads when they were babies.



If they could all be gathered together and dropped on that same part of their anatomy from the Woolworth Building (the Empire State Building would be better; I believe it's higher), perhaps they would get a brighter view of things.—*Sidney D. Abrams.*

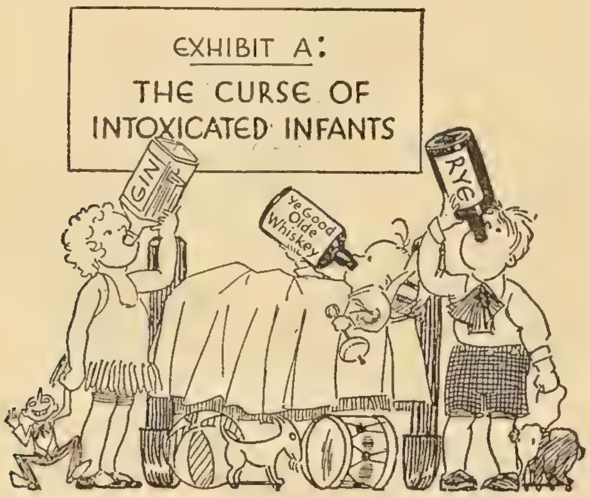
Pop

More Proofs That the Liquor Discussion Can't Be Squeezed Dry

HERRIN, ILL.—Your cover showing the two children pale and sick-looking, after smoking, was one of the most eloquent I have ever seen. Children will see more in this than they will in many a Sunday-school lecture. Give us more like it.

I suggest that you set your brain to work to get up some pictures like this on the drink question instead of eternally lambasting prohibition.

You tell us that no means have been adopted to carry on an educational campaign against the harmful influence of the liquor habit. Here is a great opportunity for you to start this much needed campaign.



It will not be necessary for you to make a speech. Just give us the pictures.—*L. A. Mifflin.*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—I read your editorial, "Lost! The Nation's Most Precious Possession," and, much as I hate to, I must admit that, on the whole, you are right as a top. But I reserve the right to think it was an accident.

There was one point you brought out I can't agree with. You said, "The prohibition law attempted to stop people from drinking, but no means were adopted to carry on an educational campaign to convince the people of the harmful influence of the liquor habit and the results aimed at cannot possibly be carried out."

Oh, yes, they can! There is no need for such an educational campaign. Three or four drinks of bootleg whisky is more education than a flock of old-time revivals.

I don't know how your whisky is in New York, but there's no stampede for the kind of stuff you can get around here.—*A Reader.*

P. S. Maybe, if you published this, these birds around here would whip up a little on the quality, which would make a hit for you in these parts.

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—I think the wets are awfully unfair to our "dear prohibition." It is still in the experimental stage and hasn't really got a good start yet.

Outside of causing the blindness and deaths of a few thousand innocent citizens, filling the newspapers with crime of every description, populating the jails and asylums till there is barely standing room, putting thousands of men out of work and practically bankrupting the whole country, what has it done that it should be so widely condemned?—*Dry Fanatic.*

Just to Prove How Easy It Is to Satisfy Everybody

BROCKTON, MASS.—Don't you think you are being rather stubborn about the Leslie Thrasher kids? What must Liberty's readers do in order to get rid of them?

Please do not come back with the unnecessary statement that we do not have to buy the magazine. That will not help a bit, because we are going to continue buying and reading it, and we expect you to do something about this matter. Why not?

Even though the active objectors may be in the minority it is possible that the majority may be able to stand, or even welcome, a change. This would relieve the pressure on the patience of those who are bored with white eyelashes, overlarge heads, and fat, pasty faces.

If, however, you are all tangled up in a contract, let us know and we will stand by you until the time is up. We may weep on your shoulder, but we will do it in silence. Would it muss up the contract if Leslie painted in a background and made the kids just a little prettier? Honestly, Mr. Editor, they are the homeliest kids on the continent. They may be everything to L. T., but what they are to some of your readers is not fit to write.—*A. E. S.*

UTICA, N. Y.—Reading L. Lincoln's letter against Leslie Thrasher printed in Vox Pop I am moved to make a very vigorous protest.

Whoever gave L. Lincoln the bright idea that just because he didn't like something, the whole public didn't?

I say let's have all we can of Leslie Thrasher. I like his covers and my friends do too.—*M. Cross.*

FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.—The first hundred years of Leslie Thrasher were fine, but did you ever hear the story of the fellow who ate spinach for one thousand years who finally concluded he was getting tired of it?—*Mr. Pills.*

GREENVILLE, S. C.—You can tell the world that your cover illustrator, our old friend Leslie, can't be beat. He's the stuff and there's no getting away from it! So far as I know, and I read a lot of magazines, there's no cover illustrator that is half as realistic as Thrasher. His kids on the front page are—well—just kids, and that's where all the beauty lies.

He doesn't paint them as angels—in fact, quite the opposite. He must have about a dozen kids to know as much about kids' habits and action as he does. Why, every movement is perfect! He puts the rips in the children's clothes and the dirt on their faces on the exact place that they would occur in real life.

And that's what an illustrator should be nowadays—not a sordid depicter of the lower things in life; not a painter of Utopian objects—but an honest-to-goodness illustrator of things common to us all—and dear to us all.—*Herr. Q. Lees.*

Skip This One

BETTERAVIA, CALIF.—I used to cut out Vox Pop, and send it to the asylum for the criminal insane, but the superintendent said it caused riots.

The inmates claimed that it was very unjust to keep them shut up while people who were nuttier than themselves were allowed to run at large.—*C. T. Whitaker.*

No, You Tell Them

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I've just finished reading "An American Woman and a Russian Bath," by Eve Garrette Grady, and I'll say I got some good giggles out of it. Those Russians have the wrong idea when they put bathtubs in kitchens.

But here's a thought. Why not install bathtubs in bedrooms, right next to the beds?

What a blessing it would be for lazy people—like me, for instance. You'd be able to roll out of bed and land right plump in a warm bath.

Tell Mrs. Grady to tell the Soviet architects to get busy about this.—*Slothful Sue.*

And Getting Better

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Here's my diagnosis of Liberty. Because it prints fewer stories than some magazines, what it does print must be the best. No room for dead wood. Good throughout. —*Pat.*

PERILS that

A Diver's Stories of Close Calls on the Floor of the Sea

By

FRANK CRILLEY

(Reading time: 11 minutes.)

EDITOR'S NOTE—Frank Crilley holds several medals for his exploits, including the Medal of Honor for rescuing a fellow diver tangled in a hawser of the sunken submarine F-4 in Hawaiian waters in 1915. He left New York with Sir Hubert Wilkins' expedition on the Nautilus.

Crilley going down to examine the Presidential yacht Mayflower, which burned and sank while docked in the Delaware.

ONE of the best things a diver does is get caught in arguments about sharks and barracudas. I bet I could get up a good hot three-cornered fight with William Beebe and Ernest Williamson about whether sharks eat live men. My view is that they don't. I know Williamson believes they do. I don't know about barracudas. So far, I have been lucky. I've never let one get behind me long enough to find out.

We had a barracuda friend down on a job off Honolulu. His name was Oswald. Oswald was as unpretty a gent as I ever saw. He looked like a fresh-water pike with a grouch on; very ferocious, and with great undershot fangs. He could sure cover the ground. I used to marvel that a fellow so big and so ugly could move so quickly.

We got a little suspicious of Oswald. He seemed too interested in us. We hit on the idea of distracting his attention. We set some natives to going about in a boat towing a dead horse in circles twenty-five feet away from us, so if Oswald got hungry he could step up to the horse instead of to us.

No dive was complete without Oswald. He was the nosiest guy I ever found in the water. If he was nowhere within hailing distance when we went over the side, it was just a few seconds after we got down when his big ugly mug would come into view. We always felt we had to be careful and not move suddenly when Oswald was standing by, because we had seen him strike at things that moved suddenly near him, and we weren't crazy to put ideas into his head about ourselves. Still, the dead horse went a long way toward pacifying Oswald; he seemed to take it as a friendly act, and though we always went up the last ten feet in a hurry, we got to know Oswald pretty well and sort of considered him one of us.

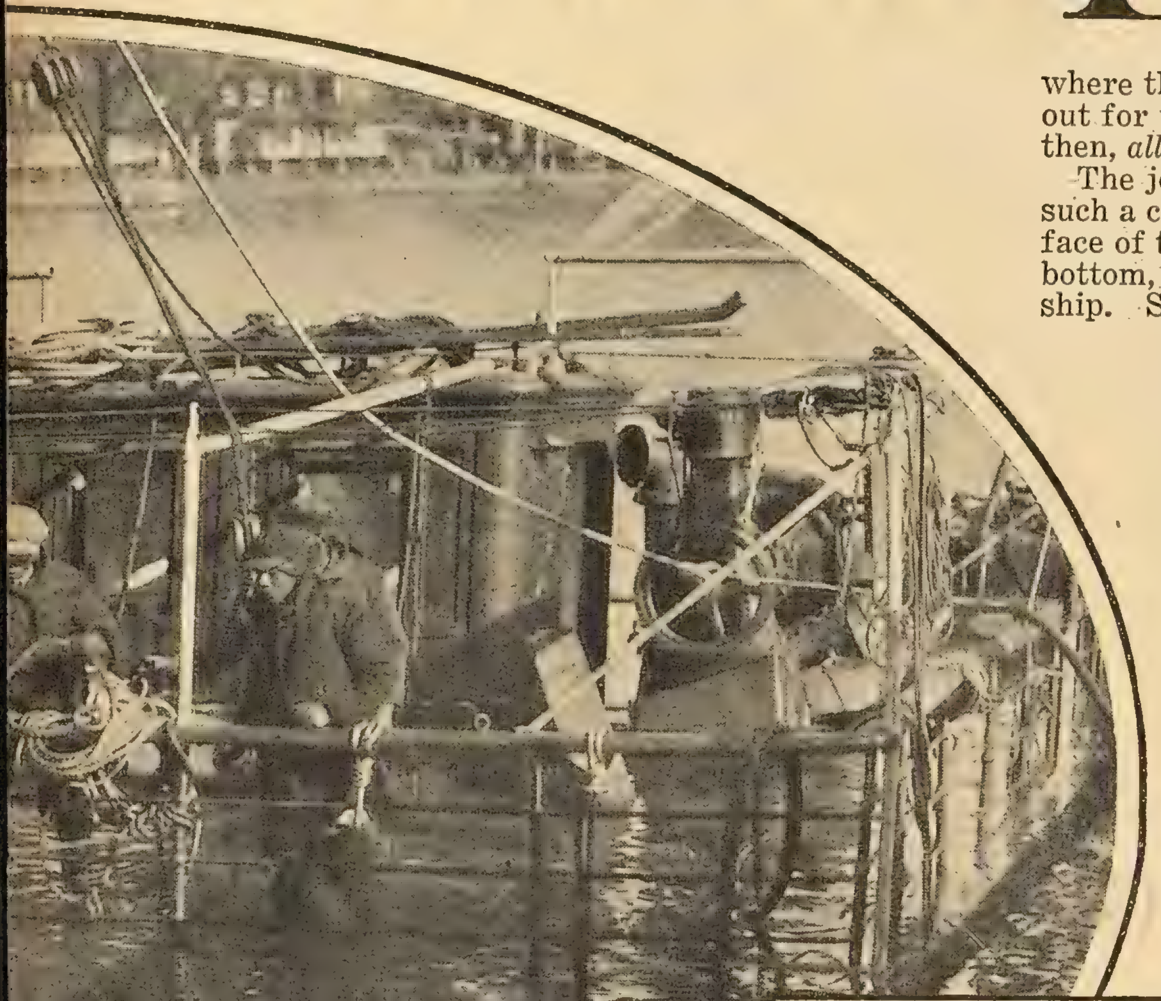
While I was diving in Nassau we had a pretty good time stirring up the finny animals with Eliza. Now, Eliza was a skeleton. A beautiful skeleton. All arms and legs, as ight say. Eliza had to be handled with care. We used to haul Eliza around in the water and I don't think the barracudas knew what to make of her. They kept a safe distance.

We used Eliza for a prop in a movie we were making. I went down and put a string in her crown and gave the signal to the natives in the towing boat to take her away. But they didn't like Eliza. We had sort of run Eliza into the ground, as you might say, putting her in people's beds on Guy Fawkes Day and so on; and the natives hated her.

One day, when I gave the signal to get going with the string that hauled Eliza, the natives quit on me; and just as they did that the barracuda that had been hanging around came nosing nearer. Eliza or no Eliza, I did something very uncouth. I threw off my diving helmet and shot to the top. I stood a good chance of the barracuda appropriating one of my legs as I went up; but luck was with me.

I mean something when I say "luck." Lots of people laugh, but thirteen is my lucky number. Everything of any consequence that has happened to me has happened on the thirteenth of the month or had thirteen mixed up in it some way. I got the lost anchor from the Illinois on January 13th, 1906. I was born on the 13th of the month. I was thirteen when I went to work in the woolen

Lurk *in the* DEEP



Acme-P. & A. photo

mills. I've had a lot of reasons to like thirteen. It was the 13th of April when German sailors in Honolulu Harbor kidded us and said we weren't getting down to the F-4. It made me so darned mad I went down and toted up the ten-pound air whistle from the sub to show them.

The dives we had to make on the Mayflower were a good example of what a diver has to contend with when he's working in mud. The Mayflower burned and sank in the channel off the Navy Yard at Philadelphia. Of course she had to be got up. The Wilkins Expedition loaned me for diving to see what was the matter, and put down some lines, and so on.

WHEN I got down I sank in mud up to my waist. I poked around and decided we'd have to scour around; that is, take down a hose and jet the stream around to loosen the hull. It wasn't a very hard job and it was fairly interesting. Mud work varies a good deal. You call it all mud, but some is clay and some is sand and silt. You get sand and silt in New Jersey waters. Down in the channel where the Mayflower was, it was clay. You have to look out for that, for the suction may pull your shoes off, and then, *allez oop!*

The job on the Mayflower was to break the suction. In such a case the total weight of all the water over the surface of the ship equals the suction holding the ship to the bottom, and you have to get live water underneath the ship. So we "scoured" her, and then pumped out the water she'd shipped. We put a cofferdam over the main deck aft and, half an hour before low tide, started all the pumps.

As we got the water down and the tide started we began to get buoyancy, and it wasn't such an awful job starting her up out of the mud.

The day the S-4 went down off Provincetown I was working on a civilian job in my own neighborhood in New Jersey. I volunteered. She went down about the middle of the afternoon Saturday. Sunday morning eight experienced men had arrived over the road from Newport and were ready for work.

The first dive was twenty-two hours after she sank. Eadie was first down and identified taps from the torpedo room. Carr went down next to connect an air hose to the main ballast-tank salvage valve, in order to try and blow the tanks and bring all or some part of the ship to the sufrace. Carr was ordered up because the air was going in through the salvage connection and it would be bad to have a diver on the ship if she started to rise.

Frank Crilley wearing medals won for heroic exploits as a diver.

AFTER about an hour of blowing, air bubbles appeared over what was apparently the starboard quarter of the S-4; but the ship didn't rise, though the bubbles were about equal in volume to the air being forced in.

Darkness came on. Life and death were involved. It was decided to try another dive. Michels went down with an air hose to connect to the compartment air-salvage valve.

The Falcon was moored with her stern about over the conning tower of the S-4. She was riding to her own anchors and her stern was held in position by two manila mooring lines leading out through her stern chocks to the bows of the mine sweepers Lark and Mallard.

There was high wind and a running sea. The mine sweepers were swinging back and forth at right angles to their anchor chains, carrying the stern of the Falcon with them.

One minute the stern of the Falcon would be right over the S-4; the descending line would be hauled taut. The next minute the stern of the Falcon would swing away, and the descending line had to be paid out to keep it from carrying away.

Michels' experience shows what a diver is up against when the diving vessel is not or cannot be held in a fixed position over the wreck. When he slid down the descend-

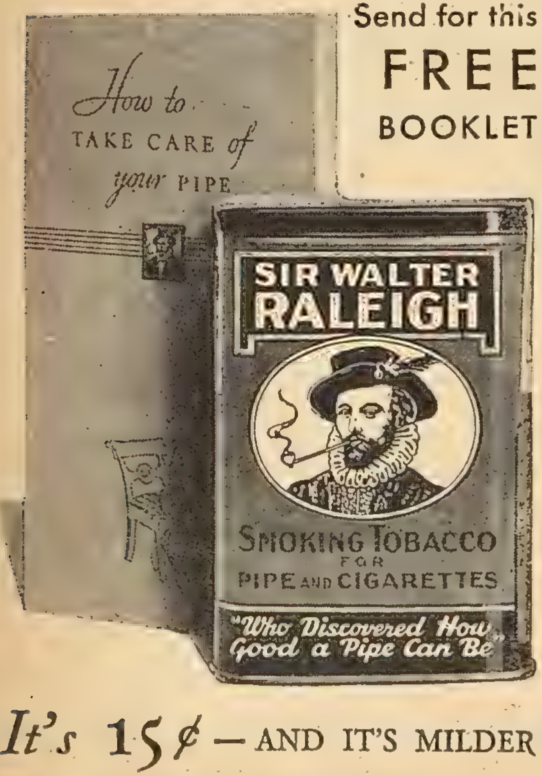
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to become a bank president

SO MANY men in high positions are pipe smokers, it's possible to assume they got there by smoking pipes. And not just any old pipe, nor any old tobacco.

To be a good bank president you need a good pipe—and, for example, Sir Walter Raleigh, that fine blend of rare Kentucky Burleys which has won favor by its full-bodied richness. Still it's mild, exceptionally mild. Try a tin and judge for yourself. Your store has it for fifteen cents.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 156


How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Who Discovered How Good a Pipe Can Be"

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It's 15¢ — AND IT'S MILDER

Acme photo
Christening of the submarine Nautilus at New York by Lady Wilkins, wife of the commander. The craft was christened with a silver bucket of cracked ice.

PERILS THAT LURK IN THE DEEP
Continued from page forty-five

ing line and before he reached the bottom, the descending line grew slack and the extra length dropped over the side of the sub. So when Michels landed on the bottom he found he was in mud up to his waist. The mud had banked up along the side of the S-4 as she sank. Michels couldn't free himself and a dozen men on the Falcon had to haul him up bodily out of the mud. This was just one of the crazy things that happened to break your heart on that job.

When I went down first the deck was a mess of wires, ropes, and other wreckage. The radio antenna, the hand lines and other cables were all snarled up together, and it was hard to see how life lines and air hose could be got around without fouling. We took down hooked knives, lines, and winches to try and cut through some of the tangle.

We had to tunnel under the sub for the chains that would be hooked over the lifting pontoons. It didn't take long to get the first hole under and a rope passed under it and braceleted around the hull. It took six weeks on the S-51 job to tunnel a hole such as the second hole the S-4 needed. Someone on the Falcon though had invented a special nozzle for a hose to hollow out the mud, and it wasn't going to take six weeks for the S-4. But there was enough that would take time. The weather was bad; the temperature was low. On the S-51 Whitey Michels had almost lost his life because the cold froze the moisture in the air lines while he was down under.

The wildest time I had on the job was when I went down with three other divers to put the salvage hatch on the motor room. I went down through the engine-room hatch, around the ladder, off the platform, and down in the well-back to the engine-room grating. A job like that is the original of the "strait and narrow way." Making way between the two engines to the motor-room door, I got through that and went in to take up the floor plates so as to have a fairway to put down a foot valve for suction of the motor-room salvage hatch down to the keel.

Acme-P. & A. photo
Sir Hubert Wilkins, head of the expedition in the undersea voyage to the North Pole.

The three men in the party were on deck handing down the hatch while I steered the foot valve to the keel. We wanted to get the water at the lowest possible point. We got along all right and then I started back. Although one man was supposed to tend my life line and hose all the time everybody else was busy, I needed someone to take in the slack as I made my way through the narrow passage and save me from getting fouled. But no one could. Well, the only thing for me to do was to pick up my lines and coil them around my arm. I looked like the kitten in the old Times Square ad.

I had taken a light down with me, and in picking up my hose and life lines I not only had quite an armful, but I also had a bight of the light line. It was too much. I got the lines caught on a canvas deck runner and had to make my way back to get cleared.

Well, I got back to the engine room, and the others kept hollering, "Come up on deck!" But I knew there wasn't a chance for me to get my lines clear, so I wouldn't try. Finally one of the other three came and began to take in the slacks of my life lines and hose, but he was still expecting me to handle the line for my light.

We had taken two hours more than we should for the dive, and when I reported "All men on deck" I couldn't get anyone who wanted to straighten out my light cable. Now, I was the first man down, and the first man down is supposed to be the last man up; but I was in such a mess with the light cable I asked to be taken up first. I don't very often ask for things out of order, but when I do I get them.

There are some great guys in the diving services. I've had lots of fun with people like Drillashak and Stillson and Eadie and others. And Kallinoski. There's a diver! If someone were to come along and give me my choice of the divers now in the business to work with, I'd choose him. He's a natural—if he sticks with it.

PEOPLE think a job that has a lot of divers working on it at once must be full of trouble. A job like the America, that sank at the dock and had to be raised, was easy compared with a job where only two or three men can go down at a time and have little space to work in. With the America we had twenty-nine divers down at once, but they had the whole ship to spread out over, and there wasn't half the chance to get lines fouled there was with the S-4, working in little narrow spaces, and up over doorsills, and like that. Even blowing up the rock that was sticking through the Don Juan d'Austria wasn't such a bad job.

Well, for years my brain's been a sort of Who's Who of wrecks. And now we're off to poke around under the north polar ice in the Nautilus. The submarine was christened with a silver bucket of cracked ice thrown over its bow and fitted out at New York this spring.

I don't think there's anything to it. We ought not to have to go more than 150 miles under the ice at a stretch. We could do that in a day. Our tests have shown the Nautilus is a good ship for such stuff. Fresh-water and salt tests too. We may find lots of fresh-water currents from melting snows and other outlets. We went up around Poughkeepsie for the fresh-water tests, to show us how to trim the boat for the change from salt to fresh.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Carriage Prepaid

I told my small daughter Patricia she couldn't have any more griddle cakes, as they were too heavy. She replied, "But, mother, I'm not going to carry them; I'm going to eat them."—Mrs. C. P. Shearon, 5-23 122d St., College Point, N. Y.

* * *

"School Must Keep"

Sonny came home from school for lunch feeling ill. His mother told him to stay home for the afternoon. "But, mother, I can't stay home," he said; "there are eight kids home sick already."—Mrs. Ella M. Shaw, 1809 Lovering Ave., Wilmington, Del.

* * *

Eyes of Youth

We took neighbor John's little John for a ride one Sunday morning, and when we drove past the cobbler's shop, little John noticed the sign which indicated the line of business.

"Oh, look," he exclaimed, "at the statue of a boot!"—Fred Leech, Old Rochester Rd., Dover, N. H.

NEW KIND OF AUTO EYES

Makes Night Driving Safer than Day!

An astonishing new light invention now permits every auto owner to see perfectly at night. Banishes night wrecks and smashups, ends fear of running over children or animals, or it costs you absolutely nothing. Simply mail free test offer coupon promptly.

DOUBLES ROADLIGHT but ENDS DIMMING

AT LAST! An amazingly queer yet simple invention lifts the curse of night driving from the motoring world. This altogether new discovery called "Perfect-O-Lite" replaces old glass "bulbs" in your automobile headlights with truly amazing results. Road illumination is instantly doubled yet glare is absolutely banished. Ordinary objects in the road, ruts, animals, obstructions, etc., are made clearly visible at least **three** times as far. Instead of ordinary "direct" light, this beam is composed entirely of double-reflected or "infused" light. This new kind of light cuts right through the other fellow's headlights. Even shoots through fog, mist, rain and snow. There is no wiring or installation. No extra upkeep. Banishes the need for glare shields. No wonder concerns like Wallace & Tiernan, Big West Virginia Bus Lines, Columbus Fire Trucks, etc., have already installed Perfect-O-Lite as standard equipment. To prove what this invention will do, the manufacturer now offers a set to every motorist on FREE TEST. Simply mail the coupon promptly for details.

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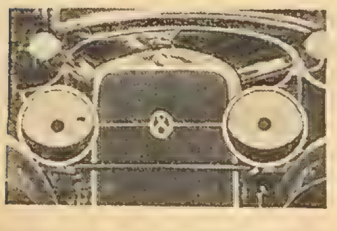
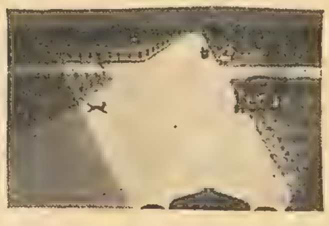


This new kind of Light even LOOKS entirely different.



Gives perfect illumination of entire roadway without shadows or flickering.

To the

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion.

(*Reading time: 8 minutes 3 seconds.*)

"LOOK healthy when you wear white."

That's one piece of advice a make-up expert just gave me. The clothes we wear all cast reflections of their colors upward, she explained. So whatever color you have on will be sure to influence the tones of your face and neck. Every color has a *complementary* color, as you probably know. Two complementary colors neutralize each other, and the sight of one of them somehow brings a mirage of the other to our mind's eye. Blue is the color complementary to yellow. So, if you wear white, which nearly always has an element of blue in it, the yellow tones of your face are the tones which will show up most.

To counteract this effect use a make-up which gives you rather high coloring. "And never forget," said my expert, "to tone your rouge spots down at the edges, but spread them well up toward your eyes. Never use dry rouge. *Don't* leave a large white space under the eyes."

If you wear white, and if your skin is not very white, break the contrast between the dress and your skin by adding colored beads or a bright scarf.

Yellow is deadly to a muddy skin, but girls with dark, warm-toned skin can safely wear a golden yellow. Lemon color should only be worn by women with some dramatic feature—very dark eyebrows, for instance.

Violet accentuates the shadows on the face. Women with sharp features should avoid violet.

Like white, bright greens demand a *healthy*, high-colored make-up.

Black accentuates our paleness, but flatters us only when we play up to it. Therefore the correct make-up to go with black calls for the use of orchid-colored powder and the merest delicate flush of pink on the cheeks. Remember this particularly well if you wear black when you're sunburned.

We should all have three powders, declared my expert—cream, pink, and orchid. And the correct use of them is an art in itself.

THE inside story of Texas Guinan's forced homecoming from France may leak out by the time this page appears. On the other hand, it may not. Labor regulations were called responsible by the French authorities, and were accepted by Miss Guinan as the reason for her exclusion. But the New York correspondent of a large daily newspaper in France tells me he believes there was more to it than that. Legally, he says, the French action was quite without precedent. Labor rules might have prevented Texas and her "gang" from working the night clubs of Paris, but not from going there as visitors, as they were prevented from doing.

another source I hear that the Guinan "gang" was *non grata* because of the presence in Paris of a certain great man—an internationally famous American against whom one of the "gang" is said to have exerted herself vampishly in New York about a year ago.

GANGSTER violence, which we read about so continually, leads us to think that anything may happen to us nowadays, even in the ritziest places. The wife of a prominent western business man went through a harrowing experience recently because of her implicit belief in the crime wave.

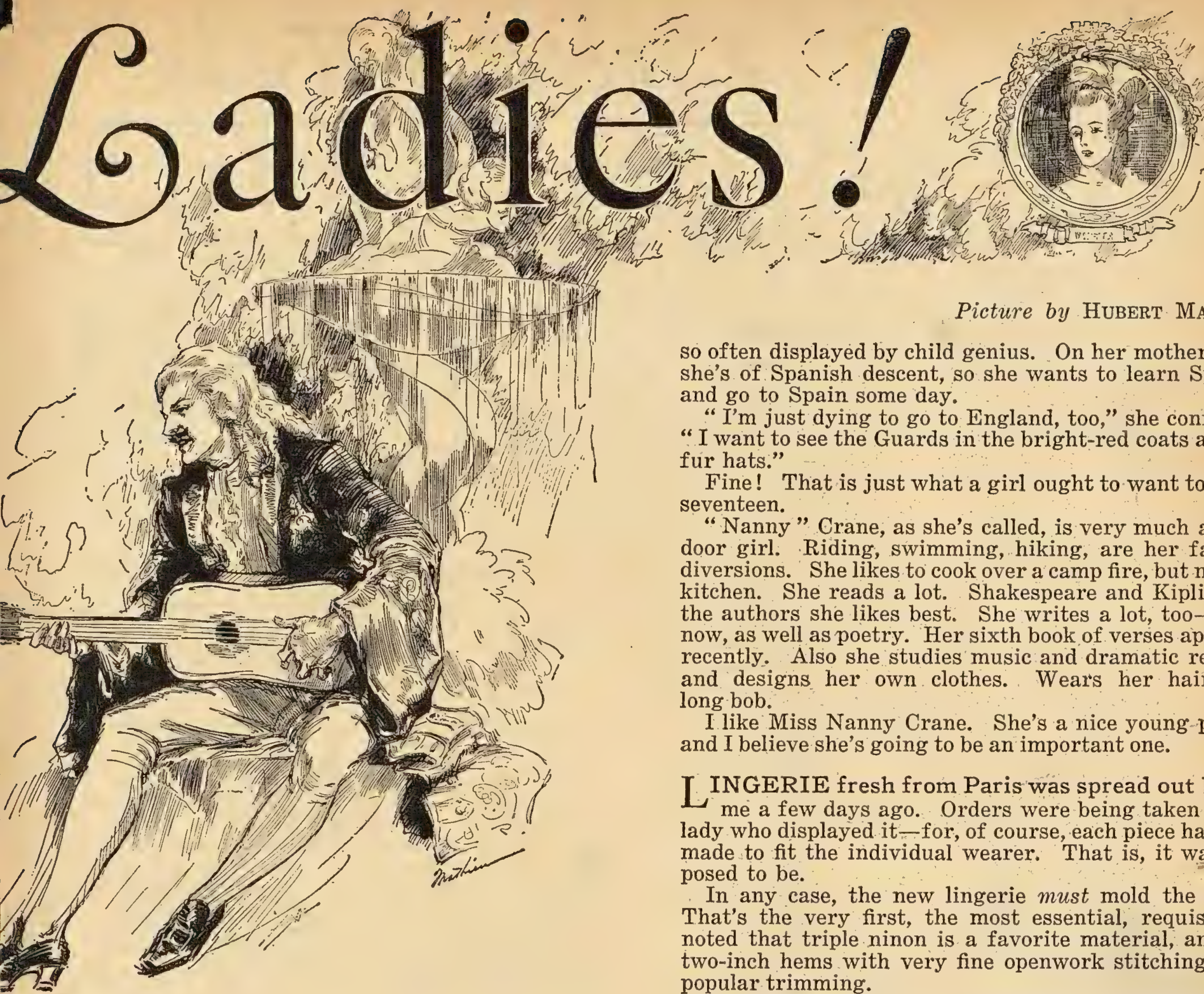
She accompanied her husband on a business trip to New York, where they put up at one of the best hotels. While he attended to his affairs, she attended to her shopping. She had many New York friends who knew the city from A to Z, so she bought all sorts of things. Tired out by their respective doings, she and her husband went to bed early to get a good night's rest. They were just dropping off to sleep when the gun play started.

Bang! The shot was so near at hand that they jumped straight out of bed. Bang again! Mercy on us, it was right there in the clothes closet of their room! Still another shot rang out—then their horrified eyes beheld a blood-red rivulet trickling slowly out from under the closet door.

With lightning presence of mind the husband sprang to the closet door, locked it, phoned downstairs for help. To the scene of the slaughter rushed house detectives, hotel clerks, policemen. Automatics were leveled, handcuffs held in readiness, as the closet door was unlocked and flung wide open. One look was enough to explain the tragedy.

"All over my new dresses!" screamed the lady. "That dreadful nasty wine!"

Ladies!



Picture by HUBERT MATHIEU

Wet goods, it seems, had been among her purchases that day as well as dry goods. She had bought three bottles of rare old port, put them in the clothes closet, and forgotten all about them until they exploded in the night.

ONE awkward moment at a dinner party does more damage than a dozen silly accidents.

So what do *you* do when you're dining out, and your knife or your fork gets gravy all over the handle?

Maybe there is no watchful maid or butler around to slip a clean one to you before people notice. Maybe your hostess is short on silver (as I am), and will feel like murdering you if you ask for an extra utensil.

Be yourself! Wipe the handle on your napkin. Lick it, wash it in your water glass—do anything you like about it, but *don't* get upset!

"Act natural" at all costs. It's the *mood* of a party that matters—not the fork handles.

THAT janitor's boy has gone far away to a grown-up school, and little Nathalia Crane, who wrote the famous poem about him, is getting to be a big girl now.

"His real name is Roger Jackson," she told me. "He's at school somewhere in the West. No, we never hear from each other any more."

I think that those of you who read her Little Girl poems will be glad to know that Nathalia Crane intends to keep on writing despite the loss of her janitor's boy—and the end of her childhood. This spring she graduated from Brooklyn Heights Seminary. Next autumn she will be a student at Barnard College.

An eager, sensitive, but perfectly natural young girl of seventeen I found her, with none of the sad precocities so often displayed by child genius. On her mother's side she's of Spanish descent, so she wants to learn Spanish and go to Spain some day.

"I'm just dying to go to England, too," she confessed. "I want to see the Guards in the bright-red coats and big fur hats."

Fine! That is just what a girl ought to want to see at seventeen.

"Nanny" Crane, as she's called, is very much an outdoor girl. Riding, swimming, hiking, are her favorite diversions. She likes to cook over a camp fire, but not in a kitchen. She reads a lot. Shakespeare and Kipling are the authors she likes best. She writes a lot, too—prose now, as well as poetry. Her sixth book of verses appeared recently. Also she studies music and dramatic reading, and designs her own clothes. Wears her hair in a long bob.

I like Miss Nanny Crane. She's a nice young person, and I believe she's going to be an important one.

LINGERIE fresh from Paris was spread out before me a few days ago. Orders were being taken by the lady who displayed it—for, of course, each piece had to be made to fit the individual wearer. That is, it was supposed to be.

In any case, the new lingerie *must* mold the figure. That's the very first, the most essential, requisite. I noted that triple ninon is a favorite material, and that two-inch hems with very fine openwork stitching are a popular trimming.

Pastel-colored borders and appliqué flowers on white ninon looked lovely, I thought. The elaborate heavy lace incrustations are used almost exclusively on eggshell satin or blush rose, the satin being very thin and soft.

Effective for evening wear is black ninon strewn with bouquets of gay flowers and edged with black net or lace. It's very pretty, rather expensive—but not too elaborate to copy at home.

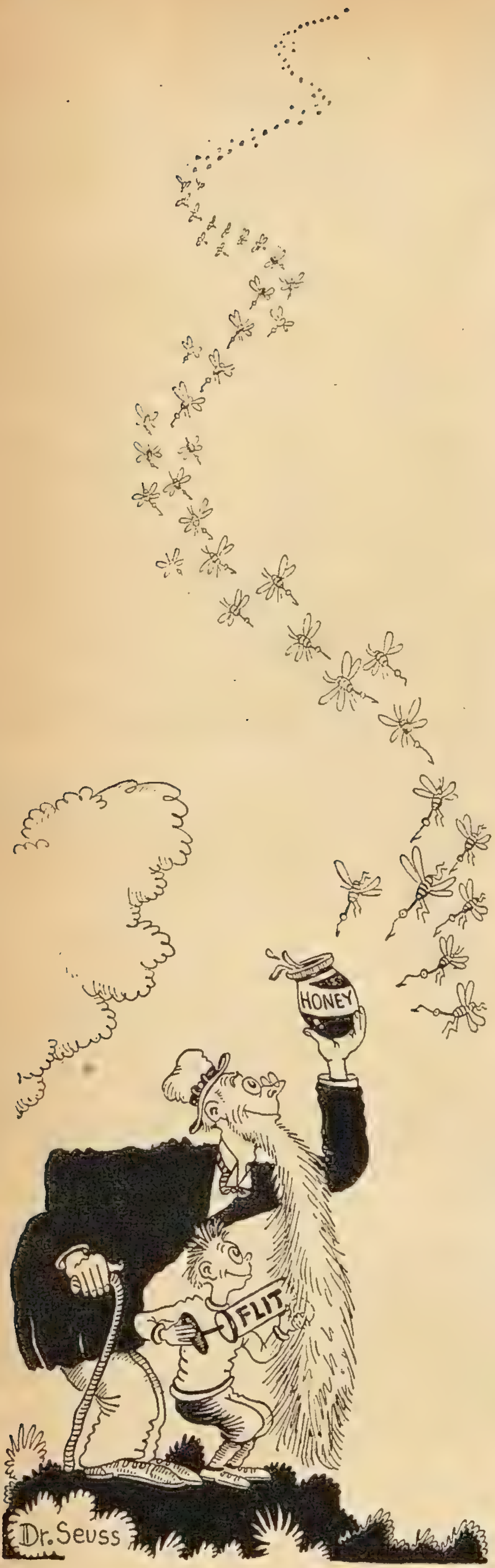
CURRIES are usually considered an extremely complicated variety of food. They *can* be ever so complex, but they are not obliged to be. Served with half a dozen different kinds of chutney, all hotter than pure cayenne, curry can indeed be an impressive dish, especially when turbaned Orientals perform the ceremonial serving of it.

But there are milder, simplified curries, and any number of men always welcome them with joy.

Curried eggs are specially good, and quite easy to prepare. My recipe is as follows:

Have 6 hard-boiled eggs shelled and ready. Chop up 5 tart apples coarsely with 4 medium-sized onions. Fry these gently until golden yellow. Use plenty of butter. Add salt, ½ cup of water; then cover the pan closely and leave over a *very slow* fire for half an hour. Mix 1½ tablespoons of curry powder to a smooth paste with 1½ cups of ice-cold water. Put the apple-onion mixture into a saucepan, add a handful of scalded raisins, and stir in the dissolved curry. Cover and simmer gently for twenty-five minutes. The mixture should then have the consistency of rather thick custard.

Ten minutes before serving, add the eggs and see that they get thoroughly heated. At the last moment put in a squeeze of lemon juice. Serve with plenty of plain boiled rice. The rice *must* be dry, with all the grains separate.



The Ambush

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Pain Stops in a Flash

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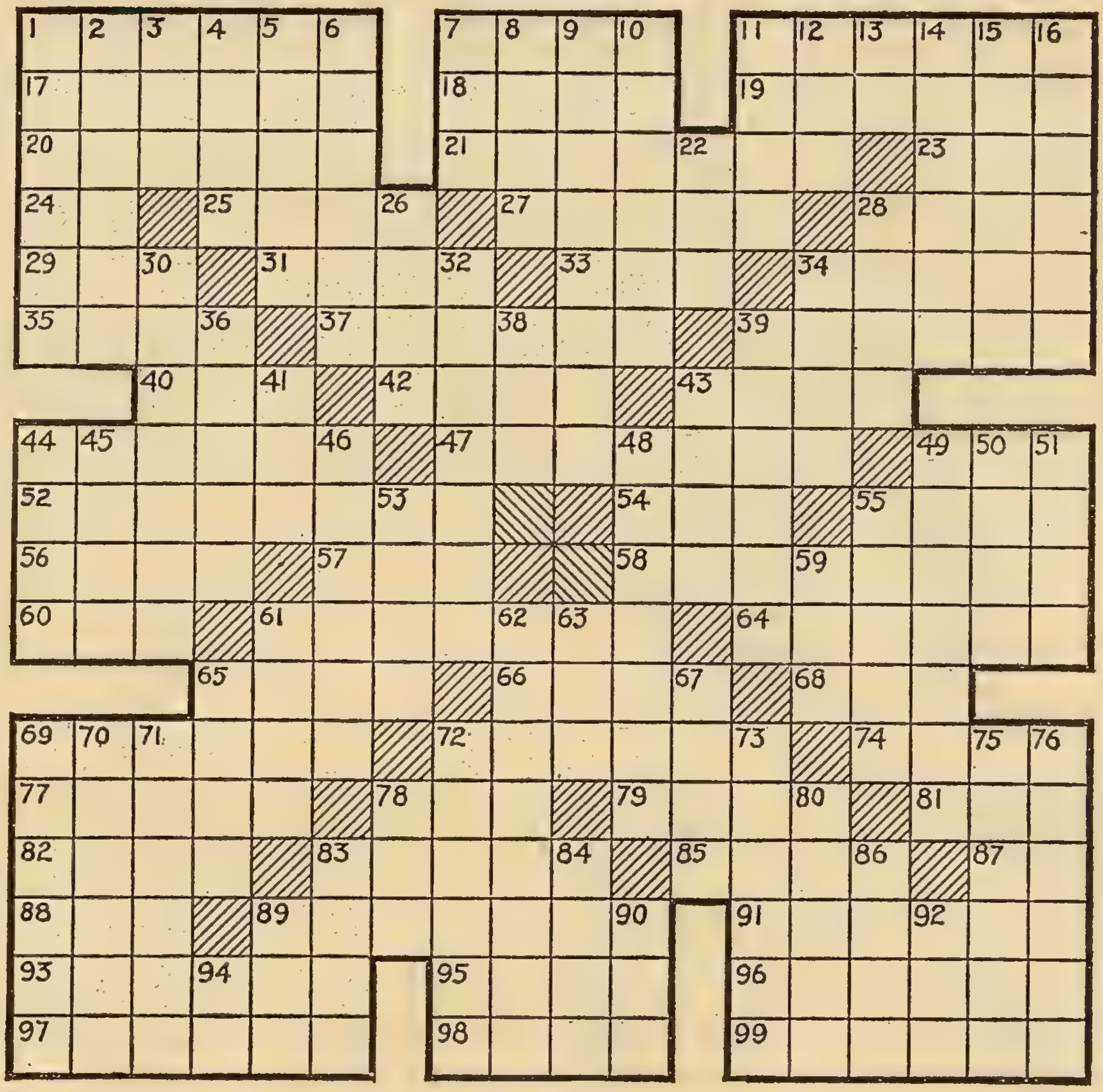
of SAFE Freezone stops all ache and pain instantly. Soon after, that nasty corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers. To keep free from corns and warts, 2 million homes Freezone handy. Nothing better. All druggists.

Liberty's Twin



HORIZONTAL

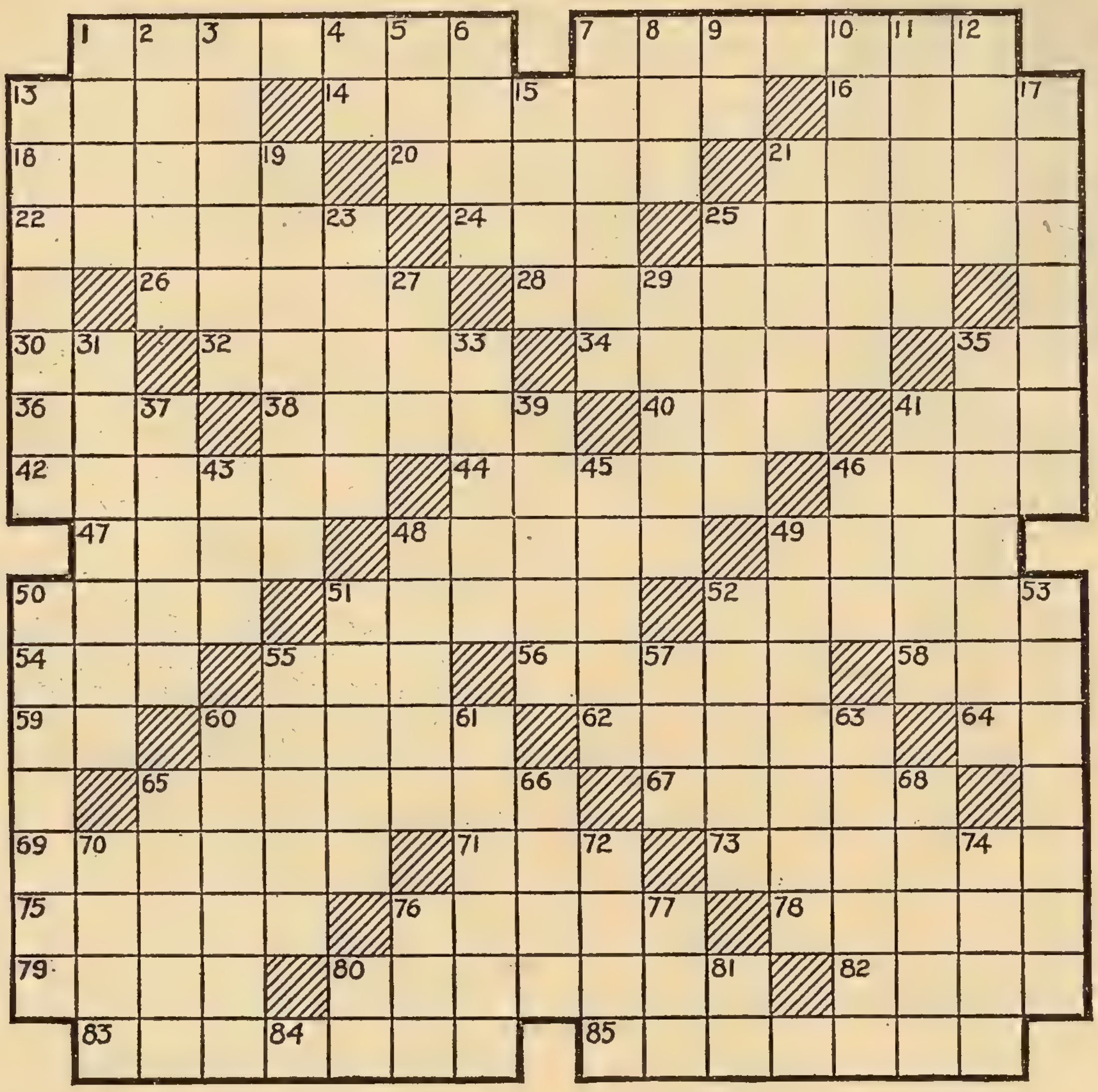
1 A metal
7 On any occasion
11 Antics
17 A bird
18 Weaving machine
19 A living being
20 Horizontal supporting member (architecture)
21 Most stupid (colloq.)
23 Woman's name
24 Giant king
25 Incrustation
27 Utter
28 Worry
29 Disencumber
31 Bonds
33 Craft
34 Wind instrument
35 Clip suddenly
37 Hinders
39 Compulsion
40 Billow
42 Act irrationally
43 Lichen
44 Stellate
47 Esteem
49 Bird of prey
52 Sidewalk
54 Bore; annoy
55 Passageway for an air current
56 A god of love
57 American general
58 Most indigent
60 Moisture
61 Delight; make happy
64 Seeks laboriously for information
65 Versifier
66 Wander
68 Born
69 Scatter
72 Spite
74 Frozen moisture in the air
77 Angler's basket
78 Kind of muffin
79 Sheep
81 Spring
82 Move on wheels
83 Humane
85 Bags
87 Pronoun
88 Beverage
89 Descendants of Shem
91 Town in Franklin County, New York
93 Early Greek poet
95 Part of a wheel
96 Evader
97 Applauds
98 Flat-bottomed boat
99 A corrective

VERTICAL

1 Pigments
2 Inception
3 Fastening device
4 Cooking utensils
5 Choose
6 Redeposited
7 Aged
8 In philosophy, the highest intellect
9 Likens
10 Smoldering ashes
11 Barrel-shaped vessel
12 Insect
13 Greek letter
14 Come forth
15 Untangles
16 Roofing material (plural)
22 Corrode
26 Beverage
28 Peltry
30 Disclaim
32 Initiated
34 Bosom
36 French priests
38 Feminine personal name
39 Shortened
41 Part of an anchor from the crown to the fluke
43 Lake or pool
44 Hastened
45 A weed
46 Shrieked
48 Warship's tender
49 Football teams
50 A deception
51 Seines
53 Orderly
55 Ranks
59 Lair
61 Purpose or aim
62 Theatrical
63 An eternity
65 Pare
67 Cuts down
69 A predicament
70 Verbose
71 Soften in temper
72 Forgives
73 Tool for enlarging holes
75 Thought
76 Soggy; flabby
78 Become sticky
80 Ascend by climbing
83 Pronoun
84 Roman emperor
86 Low or squalid neighborhood
89 Salt
90 Stitch
92 Poem
94 Note of the scale

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy

Puzzle Pages



HORIZONTAL

1 South American humming bird
7 Attorneys
13 Auction
14 Omission to perform
16 Sound of a bell
18 Proverb
20 Collection of fowls perching together
21 Tremble
22 Die
24 Small child
25 Stocks or furnishes against a future time
26 Engine
28 Orderly procedure or process (plural)
30 Into
32 Principal post in a flight of stairs
34 Birds of the crow family
35 Not
36 To annoy by petty faultfinding
38 Bush which bears black or red berries
40 Very small
41 Firearm
42 Makes neat, smart, or tidy
44 Companions
46 Thrusts violently
47 Measure of length (plural)
48 Wanderer
49 Long staff
50 A container
51 A fabric
52 Threadlike tissues
54 Devoured
55 Fowl
56 Sweetheart
58 Undermine
59 Pronoun
60 Annoy
62 Competitor
64 An exclamation
65 Barbers
67 Inorganic fusible substance
69 To turn
71 Strike smartly
73 A meal
75 Manacles
76 Money in addition to an agreed compensation
78 Debauch
79 Cleat on a horseshoe
80 Artificial barriers
82 Exclamation
83 Abates
85 Rope, usually at the bow, for fastening a boat

VERTICAL

1 Walk in a substance yielding to the feet
2 Apprehension of danger
3 District
4 Supposing that
5 Propeller
6 Tumult
7 Brightness
8 Craft
9 Pronoun
10 Vestments of Jewish high priests
11 Builds
12 Purpose; reason
13 Immature tree
15 Weaving device
17 That which is taught (plural)
19 Respects
21 Tend a fire
23 Protracted mournful cries
25 Part of a brake (plural)
27 A color
29 To rise and overtop other objects
31 Relate
33 A fruit
35 A number
37 Tailor's iron
39 Unweave
41 Winds
43 Poem
45 Import; meaning
46 Plunder
48 Wash lightly
49 Freebooters
50 Thin fabric made of flax or linen
51 Abandon
52 Condition of great excitement
53 Dotted
55 Warms
57 Energy; vigor
60 Grateful acknowledgment (plural)
61 Mistakes
63 The bands of clerical vestments
65 Went stealthily
66 Grit
68 Extensive
70 Pertaining to the mouth
72 Fleshy part of a fruit
74 To burn
76 Kind of cake
77 Billow
80 Pronoun
81 Note of the scale

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy

If women shaved daily as men must, shaving methods would have improved years ago. Women know skin-care too well to irritate their faces as men do, with old-fashioned ways!

Now, man, meet shaving that's modern, *speedy*—and kind to your face! Frostilla Brushless Shave gives you the best shaves ever—without brush, lather or rub-in.

Send for a free tube (use coupon). Or buy Frostilla Brushless Shave at your druggist's with money-back guarantee. Forget your habits and prejudices! Just spread an economical, thin film on your beard—let your razor do the rest. Once over, and you're shaved closely, smoothly, with never a pull, nick or neck-line irritation.

Without after-lotions, your skin feels and looks better, clearer, smoother. Frostilla Brushless Shave contains a new and secret ingredient that actually conditions! It does a perfect, complete job—in a jiffy.

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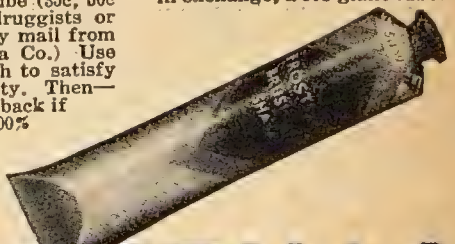
1 Use the coupon for FREE 10c travel-size tube.

2 Buy a tube (35c, 50c at all druggists or direct by mail from the Frostilla Co.) Use often enough to satisfy your curiosity. Then—your money back if you're not 100% pleased.

3 If you like it (and you will!) you'll never want your brush again. Send it to us and we'll send to you, free in exchange, a 50c giant tube.



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SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
MINT LEAF FLAVOR
THE FLAVOR LASTS

L163

Shaving Soap

A New For the Love o' Lil

"CAN I come in to see Red?" Gwen Smithers asked Mrs. Hancock's maid. "My mother's staying away for a week instead of a week-end, and my house is as lonesome as a movie house after the midnight show."

"You can come in if you'll take your finger off that bell," Elsie told her, knowing that Gwen would get in by hook or crook anyway.

"What bell?" Gwen was trying not to laugh.

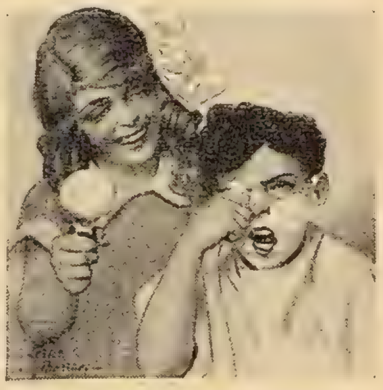
"The doorbell what's under your finger!" Elsie yelled, unlocking the screen door. "Don't go clumpin' around in your heavy shoes. I've got cakes in the oven an' I don't want 'em to flop flat as waffles."

Gwen headed down the hall for the kitchen. "I hope they'll taste as good as they smell," she said, sniffing.

"You get out o' there!" Elsie shouted. "You're as bold as a cockroach. Master Red is upstairs. Why—"

"Master?" Gwen mimicked, heading up the stairs. "Some fancy airs you put on in this two-story castle!"

She knocked over a broom in her flight and Elsie leaped into the air to avoid a black-and-blue ankle.


This week's cover picture.

"Master Red!" Gwen giggled upstairs.

Red was fussing with his rock collection and something told him that his afternoon would now fall flat.

"Playing with pebbles?" she greeted him as she came into his room and saw him sitting peacefully on the rug.

"Pebbles!" There was scorn in his irate voice. "They're rocks. Granite, shale, limestone."

"They may have swell names," she giggled, "but I'd call 'em pebbles just the same. Go out wading in the brook. Then you can pick up pebbles between your toes."

"*Toes?*" Red laughed. "They're nice pretty things to talk about in polite society!"

"Everybody has 'em," she said. "Didja ever count up the toes in this house? Your mother's toes, your father's toes. That makes twenty. Elsie's toes—"

"You got dumb ideas all right," he told her. "I wish you were as dumb. Then you wouldn't be making such an old racket around here."

He rather hoped this ungentlemanly remark would hold her for a while and give him some peace. It did.

"Elsie's baking cake," she finally said. "I'm hungry. I haven't had a bite of grub since noon."

"What didja eat then?" Red asked. "A club sandwich made with a lot of bull?"

"A lot of bull?" She roared like one. "All I had was thirty-nine baked beans. I'm starved, and if I don't get cake soon, I'll scream. I'll scream so loud—"

"Don't do that," he told her. "You'll loosen all the shingles on the roof. Come on; let's eat."

She followed him. She waited impatiently at his father's washstand while he washed his hands. Then she suddenly forgot her hunger. There were Mr. Hancock's shaving brush and cream! She stuffed a towel inside Red's collar before he had time to protest.

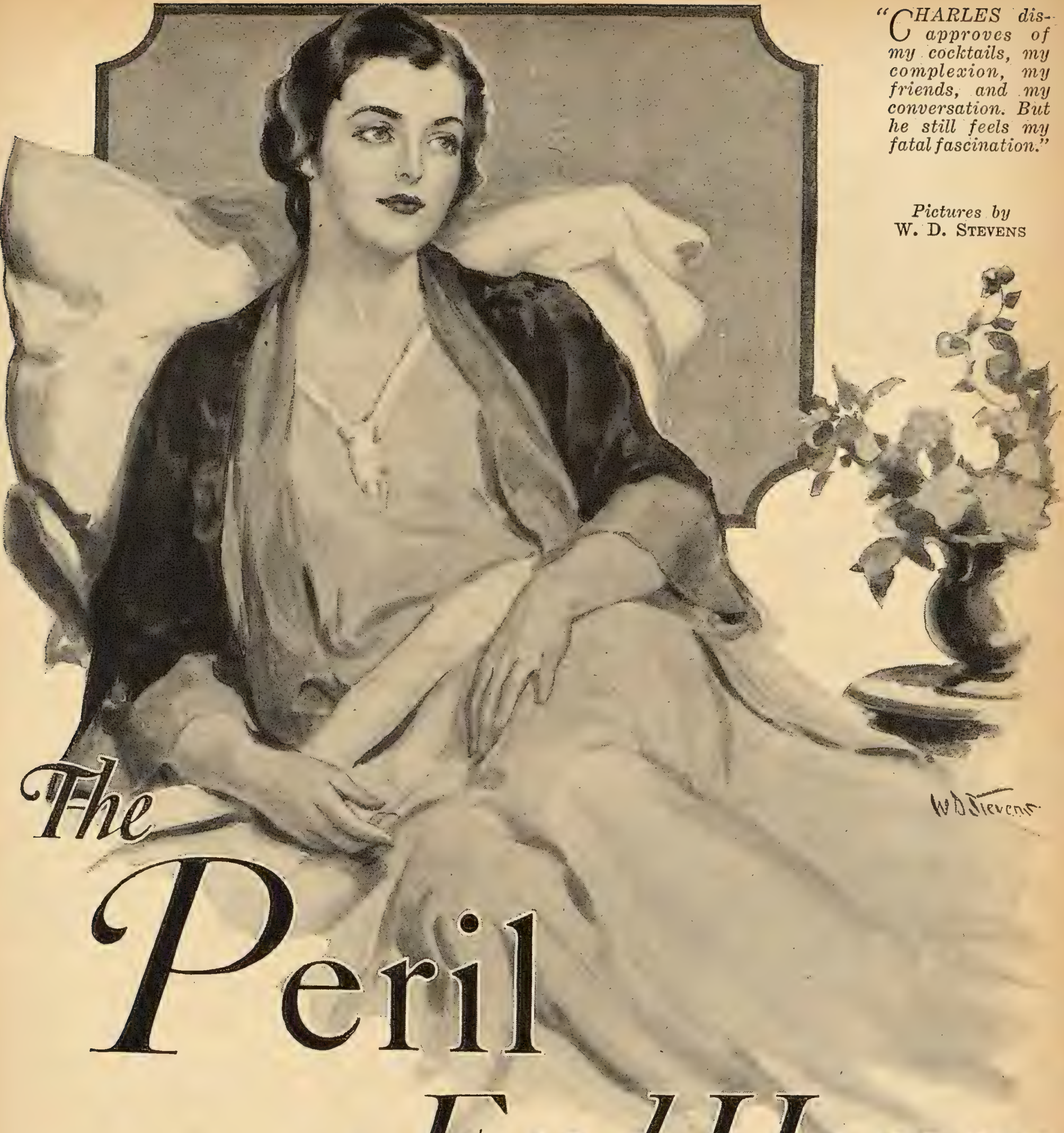
"What's the big idea?" he wanted to know.

"I'm going to give you a shave and a massage," she giggled, smearing cream on his face and slapping the brush around like Tom Sawyer whitewashing a fence.

"Ouch—me eye!" he yelled, making a wry face as he rubbed it. "You poked it in me eye, you old—"

"Quit your hollering," she laughed, "or I'll poke this stuff in your mouth. Then you won't be able to eat any cake and you'll be sorry you yelled at a lady!"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Left Turn)



"CHARLES disapproves of my cocktails, my complexion, my friends, and my conversation. But he still feels my fatal fascination."

Pictures by
W. D. STEVENS

The Peril at End House

A Story of Death That Struck from the Dark

By

Agatha Christie

(Reading time: 27 min.)

THIS is the story of a murder committed at End House, in St. Loo, England, a dwelling occupied by Magdala ("Nick") Buckley. Poirot, a detective, who, with his friend Hastings was visiting at St. Loo, began to fear for Nick's life when he learned that she had survived several strange "accidents."

These "accidents" included the tampering with the brakes of a car which Nick was driving, and the mysterious dislodging of a boulder which crashed down, barely missing the girl. But it was Maggie Buckley, Nick's cousin, who later was shot while wearing Nick's shawl.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

This tragedy occurred after the announcement of the death of Michael Seton, the flyer, to whom, so Nick informed Poirot and Hastings, she was engaged.

Poirot questioned her concerning her relations with her cousin, Charles Vyse.

PART SIX—THE MOTIVE BEHIND THE MURDER

“CHARLES? What put him into your head?” Nick asked Poirot.

“I was just wondering, that was all.”

“Charles means well,” said Nick. “He's a frightful stick, of course. Never moves out of this place. He disapproves of me, I think.”

“Oh, mademoiselle, mademoiselle! And I hear that he has laid all his devotion at your feet!”

“Disapproving of a person doesn't keep you from having a pash for them. Charles thinks my mode of life is reprehensible and he disapproves of my cocktails, my complexion, my friends, and my conversation. But he still feels my fatal fascination. He always hopes to reform me, I think.”

She paused and then said, with a ghost of a twinkle:

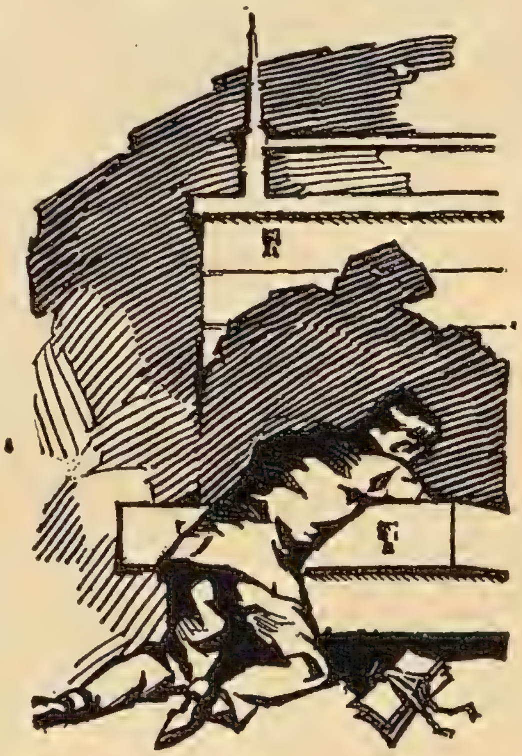
“Who have you been pumping to get the local information?”

“You must not give me away, mademoiselle. I had a little conversation with the Australian lady, Madame Croft.”

“She's rather an old dear when one has time for her. Terribly sentimental. Love and home and children—you know the sort of thing.”

“I am old-fashioned and sentimental myself, mademoiselle.”

“Are you? I should have said that Captain Hastings was the sentimental one of you two.”



I blushed indignantly.

“He is furious,” said Poirot, eying my discomfiture with a good deal of pleasure. “But you are right, mademoiselle. Yes, you are right.”

“Not at all,” I said angrily.

“Hastings has a singularly beautiful nature. It has been the greatest hindrance to me at times.”

“Don't be absurd, Poirot.”

“He is, to begin with, reluctant to see evil anywhere, and when he does see it his righteous indignation is so great that he is incapable of dissembling. Altogether a rare and beautiful nature. No, *mon ami,* I will not permit you to contradict me. It is as I say.”

“You've both been very kind to me,” said Nick gently.

“LA la, mademoiselle, that is nothing. We have much more to do. To begin with, you will remain here. You will obey orders. You will do what I tell you. At this juncture I must not be hampered.”

Nick sighed wearily.

“I'll do anything you like. I don't care what I do.”

“You will see no friends for the present.”

“I don't care. I don't want to see anyone.”

“For you the passive part; for us the active one. Now, mademoiselle, I am going to leave you. I will not intrude longer upon your sorrow.”

He moved toward the door, pausing with his hand on the handle to say over his shoulder:

“By the way, you once mentioned a will you made. Where is it, this will?”

“Oh, it's knocking round somewhere.”

“At End House?”

“Yes.”

“In a safe? Locked up in your desk?”

“Well, I really don't know. It's somewhere about. I'm frightfully untidy, you know. Papers and things like that would be mostly in the writing table in the library. That's where most of the bills are. The will is probably with them. Or it might be in my bedroom.”

“You permit me to make the search, yes?”

“If you want to, yes. Look at anything you like.”

“*Merci, mademoiselle.* I will avail myself of your permission.”

II

POIROT said no word till we had emerged from the nursing home into the outer air. Then he caught me by the arm. “You see, Hastings? You see? Ah! *Sacré tonnerre!* I was right! I was right! Always I knew there was something lacking, some piece of the puzzle that was not there. And without that missing piece the whole thing was meaningless.” His almost despairing triumph was double Dutch to me. I could not see that anything very epoch making had occurred.

“It was there all the time. And I could not see it. But how should I? To know there is *something*—that, yes; but to know what that something is. *Ah, ça c'est bien plus difficile.*”

“Do you mean that this has some direct bearing on the crime?”

“*Ma foi,* do you not see?”

“As a matter of fact, I don't.”

“Is it possible? Why, it gives us what we have been looking for—the motive—the hidden, obscure motive!”

“I may be very dense, but I can't see it. Do you mean jealousy of some kind?”

“Jealousy? No, no, my friend. The usual motive; the inevitable motive. Money, my friend, money!”

I stared. He went on, speaking more calmly:

“Listen, *mon ami.* Just over a week ago Sir Matthew Seton dies. And Sir Matthew Seton was a millionaire—one of the richest men in England.”

“Yes, but—”

“*Attendez.* One step at a time. He has a nephew whom he idolizes and to whom, we may safely assume, he has left his vast fortune.”

“But—”

“*Mais oui*—legacies, yes, an endowment to do with his hobby, yes, but the bulk of the money would go to Michael Seton. Last Tuesday Michael Seton is reported missing, and on Wednesday the attacks on mademoiselle's life begin. Supposing, Hastings, that Michael Seton made a will before he started on this flight, and that in that will he left all he had to his fiancée.”

“That's pure supposition.”

“It is supposition, yes. But it must be so. Because, if it is not so, there is no meaning in anything that has happened. It is no paltry inheritance that is at stake. It is an enormous fortune.”

I was silent for some minutes, turning the matter over in my mind. It seemed to me that Poirot was leaping at conclusions in a most reckless manner, and yet I was secretly convinced that he was right. It was his extraordinary flair for being right that influenced me. Yet it seemed to me that there was a good deal to be proved still.

“But if nobody knew of the engagement,” I argued.

“Pah! Somebody *did* know. For the matter of that, somebody always *does* know. If they do not know, they guess. Madame Rice suspected. Mademoiselle Nick admitted as much. She may have had means of turning those suspicions into certainties.”

“How?”

“Well, for one thing, there must have been letters from Michael Seton to Mademoiselle Nick. They had been engaged some time. And her best friend could not call that young lady anything but careless. She leaves things here and there and everywhere. I doubt if she has ever locked up anything in her life. Oh, yes, there would be means of making sure.”

“And Frederica Rice would know about the will that her friend had made?”

“Doubtless. Oh, yes, it narrows down now. You re-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

Popular faces are *shaved with* BARBASOL

* *"I'm a real fan when it comes time to take off whiskers in the morning. Barbasol does it so easy. So quick. So smooth. And it leaves my face feeling so fine that I find I can shave* twice a day with Barbasol—*and like it."*—BEN LYON

Ben Lyon, that very likable fellow, who stars with Constance Bennett in "Bought" and with Barbara Stanwyck in "Night Nurse," Warner Bros. and Vitaphone pictures.

* *Barbasol testimonials are not paid for*

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It has, in fact, built the largest following a cream has ever known, for the very vital reason it can't hurt your face—no matter how tough your beard. No matter how tender your skin. No matter how often you shave!

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1. Wet your face and leave it wet . . . **2.** Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in—just be sure it's spread on *evenly* between the hairs . . . **3.** Wet a good blade and—SHAVE.

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THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-four

member my list, a list of persons numbered from A to J. It has narrowed down to only two persons. I dismiss the servants. I dismiss the Commander Challenger—even though he did take one hour and a half to reach here from Plymouth, and the distance is only thirty miles. I dismiss the long-nosed Monsieur Lazarus who offered fifty pounds for a picture that was only worth twenty. I dismiss the Australians, so hearty and so pleasant. I keep two people on my list still."

"One is Frederica Rice," I said slowly.

I had a vision of her face, the golden hair, the white fragility of the features.

"YES. She is indicated very clearly. However carelessly worded mademoiselle's will may have been, she would be plainly indicated as residuary legatee. Apart from End House, everything was to go to her. If Mademoiselle Nick instead of Mademoiselle Maggie had been shot last night, Madame Rice would be a rich woman today."

"I can hardly believe it!"

"You mean that you can hardly believe that a beautiful woman can be a murderess? One often has a little difficulty with members of a jury on that account. But you may be right. There is still another suspect."

"Who?"

"Charles Vyse."

"But he only inherits the house."

"Yes, but he may not know that. Did he make mademoiselle's will for her? I think not. If so, it would be in his keeping, not 'knocking around somewhere,' or whatever the phrase was that mademoiselle used. So, you see, Hastings, it is quite probable that he knows nothing about that will. He may believe that she has never made a will, and that, in that case, he will inherit as next of kin."

"You know," I said, "that really seems to me much more probable."

"That is your romantic mind, Hastings. The wicked solicitor! A familiar figure in fiction. If, as well as being a solicitor, he has an impassive face, it makes the matter almost certain. It is true that in some ways he is more in the picture than madame. He would be more likely to know about the pistol and more likely to use one."

"And to send the boulder crashing down."

"Perhaps. Though, as I have told you, much can be done by leverage. And the fact that the boulder was dislodged at the wrong minute, and consequently missed mademoiselle, is more suggestive of feminine agency. The idea of tampering with the interior of a car seems masculine in conception, though many women are as good mechanics as men nowadays. On the other hand, there are one or two gaps in the theory against Monsieur Vyse."

"Such as?"

"He is less likely to have known of the engagement than madame. And there is another point: His action was rather precipitate."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, until last night there was no *certitude* that Seton was dead. To act rashly, without due assurance, seems very uncharacteristic of the legal mind."

"Yes," I said. "A woman would jump to conclusions."

"Exactly. *Ce que femme veut, Dieu veut.* That is the attitude."

"IT'S really amazing the way Nick has escaped. It seems almost incredible."

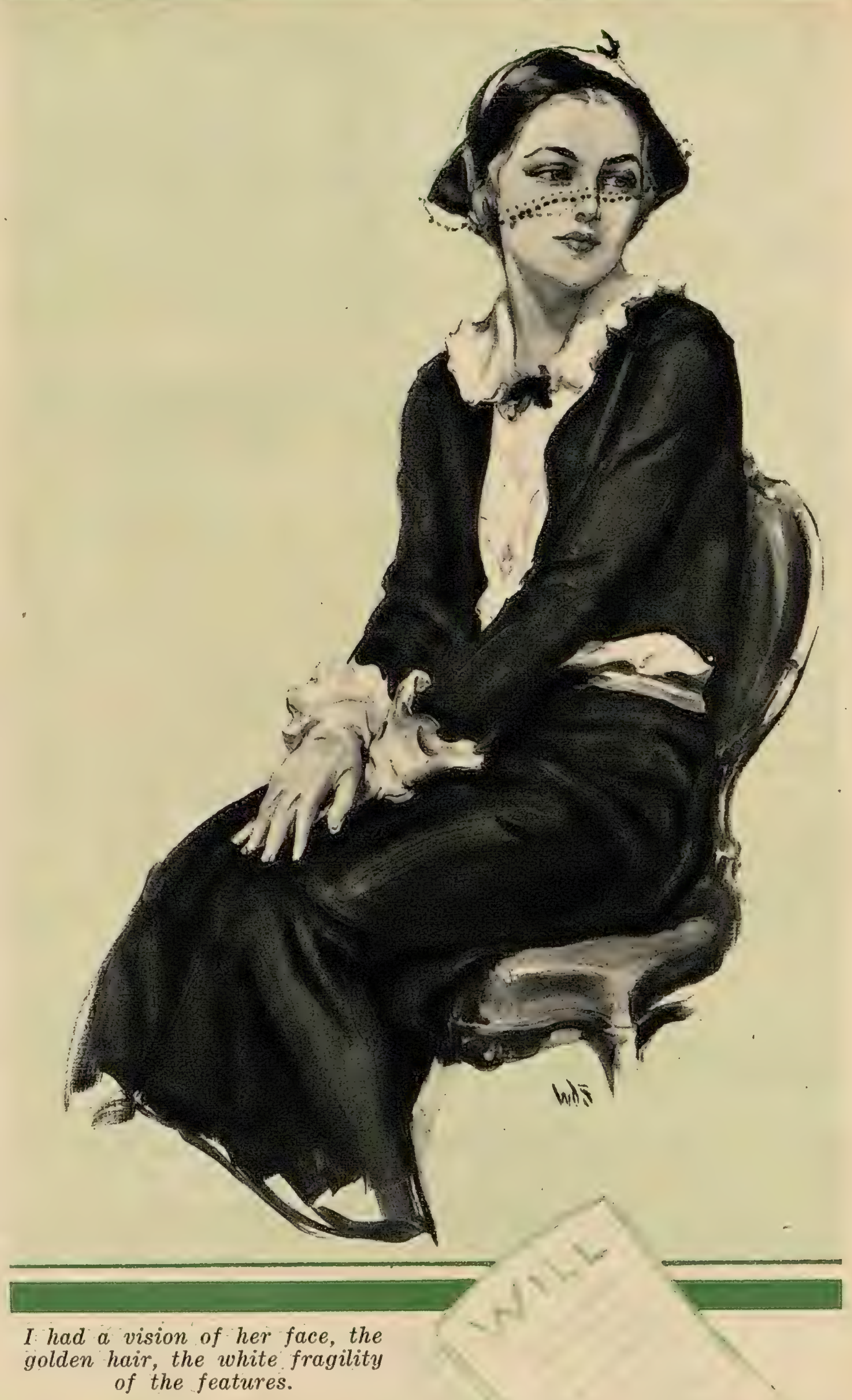
And suddenly I remembered the tone in Frederica's voice as she had said: "Nick bears a charmed life."

I shivered a little.

"Yes," said Poirot thoughtfully. "And I can take no credit to myself. Which is humiliating."

"Providence," I murmured.

"Ah, *mon ami*, I would not put on the shoulders of the



I had a vision of her face, the golden hair, the white fragility of the features.

good God the burden of men's wrongdoing. You say that in your Sunday-morning voice of thankfulness, without reflecting that what you are really saying is that *le bon Dieu* has killed Miss Maggie Buckley."

"Really, Poirot!"

"Really, my friend. But I will not sit back and say, '*le bon Dieu* has arranged everything; I will not interfere.' Because I am convinced that *le bon Dieu* created Hercule Poirot for the express purpose of interfering. It is my *métier*."

We had been slowly ascending the zigzag path up the cliff. It was at this juncture that we passed through the little gate into the grounds of End House.

"Pouf!" said Poirot. "That ascent is a steep one. I am hot. My mustaches are limp. Yes, as I was saying just now, I am on the side of the innocent. I am on the side of Mademoiselle Nick because she was attacked. I am on the side of Mademoiselle Maggie because she has been killed."

"And you are against Frederica Rice and Charles Vyse."

"No, no, Hastings. I keep an open mind. I say only that at the moment one of those two is indicated. Chut!"

WE had come out on the strip of lawn by the house and a man was driving a mowing machine. He had a long stupid face and lackluster eyes. Beside him was a small boy of about ten, ugly but intelligent looking.

It crossed my mind that we had not heard the mowing machine in action, but I presumed that the gardener was not overworking himself. He had probably been resting from his labors, and had sprung into action on hearing our voices approaching.

"Good morning," said Poirot.

"Good morning, sir."

"You are the gardener, I suppose. The husband of madame who works in the house."

"He's my dad," said the small boy.

"That's right, sir," said the man. "You'll be the foreign gentleman, I take it, that's really a detective. Is there any news of the young mistress, sir?"

"I come from seeing her at the immediate moment. She has passed a satisfactory night."

"We've had policemen here," said the small boy. "That's where the lady was killed. Here, by the steps. I seen a pig killed once, haven't I, dad?"

"Ah!" said his father unemotionally.

"Dad used to kill pigs when he worked on a farm. Didn't you, dad? I seen a pig killed. I liked it."

"Young uns like to see pigs killed," said the man, as though stating one of the unalterable facts of nature.

"Shot with a pistol, the lady was," continued the boy. "She didn't have her throat cut. No."

We passed on to the house, and I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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NEW Gillette BLADE PATENTED
NEW Gillette BLADE
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PRICE $1.00

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-seven

felt thankful to get away from the ghoulish child. Poirot entered the drawing-room, the windows of which were open, and rang the bell. Ellen, neatly attired in black, came in answer to the bell. She showed no surprise at seeing us.

Poirot explained that we were here by permission of Miss Buckley to make a search of the house.

" Very good, sir."

" The police have finished? "

" They said they had seen everything they wanted, sir. They've been about the garden since very early in the morning. I don't know whether they've found anything." She was about to leave the room when Poirot stopped her with a question:

" Were you very surprised last night when you heard Miss Buckley had been shot? "

" Yes, sir, very surprised. Miss Maggie was a nice young lady, sir. I can't imagine anyone being so wicked to harm her."

" If it had been anyone else, you would not have been so surprised, eh? "

" I don't know what you mean, sir? "

" When I came into the hall last night," I said, " you asked at once whether anyone had been hurt. Were you expecting anything of the kind? "

She was silent. Her fingers plaited a corner of her apron. She shook her head and murmured:

" You gentlemen wouldn't understand."

" Yes, yes," said Poirot. " I would understand. However fantastic what you may say, I would understand."

She looked at him doubtfully, then seemed to make up her mind to trust him.

" You see, sir," she said, " this isn't a good house."

I was surprised and a little contemptuous. Poirot, however, seemed to find the remark not in the least unusual.

" You mean it is an old house."

" Yes, sir, not a good house."

" You have been here long? "

" Six years, sir. But I was here as a girl—in the kitchen as kitchenmaid. That was in the time of old Sir Nicholas. It was the same then."

Poirot looked at her attentively. " In an old house," he said, " there is sometimes an atmosphere of evil."

" That's it, sir," said Ellen eagerly. " Evil. Bad thoughts and bad deeds, too. It's like dry rot in a house, sir—you can't get it out. It's a sort of feeling in the air. I always knew something bad would happen in this house some day."

" Well, you have been proved right."

" Yes, sir."

There was a very slight underlying satisfaction in her tone, the satisfaction of one whose gloomy prognostications have been shown to be correct.

" But you didn't think it would be Miss Maggie."

" No, indeed, I didn't, sir. Nobody hated *her*. I'm sure of it."

It seemed to me that in those words was a clue. I expected Poirot to follow it up, but to my surprise he shifted to quite a different subject.

" You didn't hear the shots fired? "

" I couldn't have told with the fireworks going on. Very noisy they were."

" You weren't out watching them? "

" No; I hadn't finished clearing up dinner."

" Was the waiter helping you? "

" No, sir; he'd gone out into the garden to have a look at the fireworks."

" BUT you didn't go."

" No, sir."

" Why was that? "

" I wanted to get finished."

" You don't care for fireworks? "

" Oh, yes, sir. It wasn't that. But, you see, there's two nights of them, and William and I get the evening off tomorrow and go down into the town and see them from there."

" I comprehend. And you heard Mademoiselle Maggie asking for her coat and unable to find it? "

" I heard Miss Nick run upstairs, sir, and Miss Buckley call up from the front hall saying she couldn't find something, and I heard her say, all right, she'd take the shawl—"

" Pardon," Poirot interrupted. " You did not endeavor to search for the coat for her, or get it from the car where it had been left? "

" I had my work to do, sir."

" Quite so, and doubtless neither of the two young ladies asked you because they thought you were out looking at the fireworks? "

" Yes, sir."

" So that, other years, you *have* been out looking at the fireworks? "

A sudden flush came into her pale cheeks.

" I don't know what you mean, sir. We're always allowed to go out into the garden. If I didn't feel like it this year, and would rather get on with my work and go to bed, well, that's my business, I imagine."

" *Mais oui. Mais oui.* I did not intend to offend you.

Why should you not do as you prefer? To make a change, it is pleasant."

He paused and then added: "Now another little matter in which I wonder whether you can help me. This is an old house. Are there, do you know, any secret chambers in it?"

"Well, there's a kind of sliding panel in this very room. I remember being shown it as a girl. Only I can't remember just now where it is. Or was it in the library? I can't say, I'm sure."

"Big enough for a person to hide in?"

"Oh, no, indeed, sir! A little cupboard place—a kind of niche. About a foot square, sir, not more than that."

"Oh, that is not what I meant at all."

The blush rose to her face again.

"If you think I was hiding anywhere, I wasn't! I heard Miss Nick run down the stairs and out and I heard her cry out, and I came into the hall to see if—if anything was the matter. And that's the gospel truth, sir. That's the gospel truth."

III

HAVING successfully got rid of Ellen, Poirot turned a somewhat thoughtful face toward me.

"I wonder now—did she hear those shots? I think she did. She heard them; she opened the kitchen door. She heard Nick rush down the stairs and out and she herself came into the hall to find out what had happened. That is natural enough. But why did she not go out and watch the fireworks that evening? That is what I should like to know, Hastings."

"What was your idea in asking about a secret hiding place?"

"A mere fanciful idea that, after all, we might not have disposed of J."

"J?"

"Yes. The last person on my list. The problematical outsider. Supposing, for some reason connected with Ellen, that J had come to the house last night. He (I assume a he) conceals himself in a secret chamber in this room. A girl passes through whom he takes to be Nick. He follows her out and shoots her. *Non! C'est idiot!* And, anyway, we know that there is no hiding place. Ellen's decision to remain in the kitchen last night was a pure hazard. Come, let us search for the will of Mademoiselle Nick."

There were no papers in the drawing-room. We adjourned to the library, a rather dark room looking out on the drive. Here there was a large old-fashioned walnut bureau writing table. It took us some time to go through it. Everything was in confusion. Bills and receipts were mixed up together. Letters of invitation, letters pressing for payment of accounts, letters from friends.

"We will arrange these papers," said Poirot sternly, "with order and method."

He was as good as his word. Half an hour later he sat back with a pleased expression on his face. Everything was neatly sorted, docketed, and filed.

"*C'est bien, ça.* One thing is at least to the good: We have had to go through everything so thoroughly that there is no possibility of our having missed anything."

"No, indeed. Not that there's been much to find."

"Except possibly this."

He tossed across a letter. It was written in large sprawling handwriting, almost indecipherable.

DARLING: Party was too, too marvelous. Feel rather a worm today. You were wise not to touch that stuff. Don't ever start, darling. It's too damned hard to give up. I'm writing the boy friend to hurry up the supply. What hell life is. Yours, FREDDIE.

"Dated last February," said Poirot thoughtfully. "She takes drugs, of course. I knew that as soon as I looked at her."

"Really? I never suspected such a thing."

"It is fairly obvious. You have only to look at her eyes. And then there are her extraordinary variations of mood. Sometimes she is all on edge, strung up; sometimes she is lifeless, inert."

"Drug-taking affects the moral sense, does it not?"

"Inevitably. But I do not think Madame Rice is a real addict. She is at the beginning, not the end."

"And Nick?"

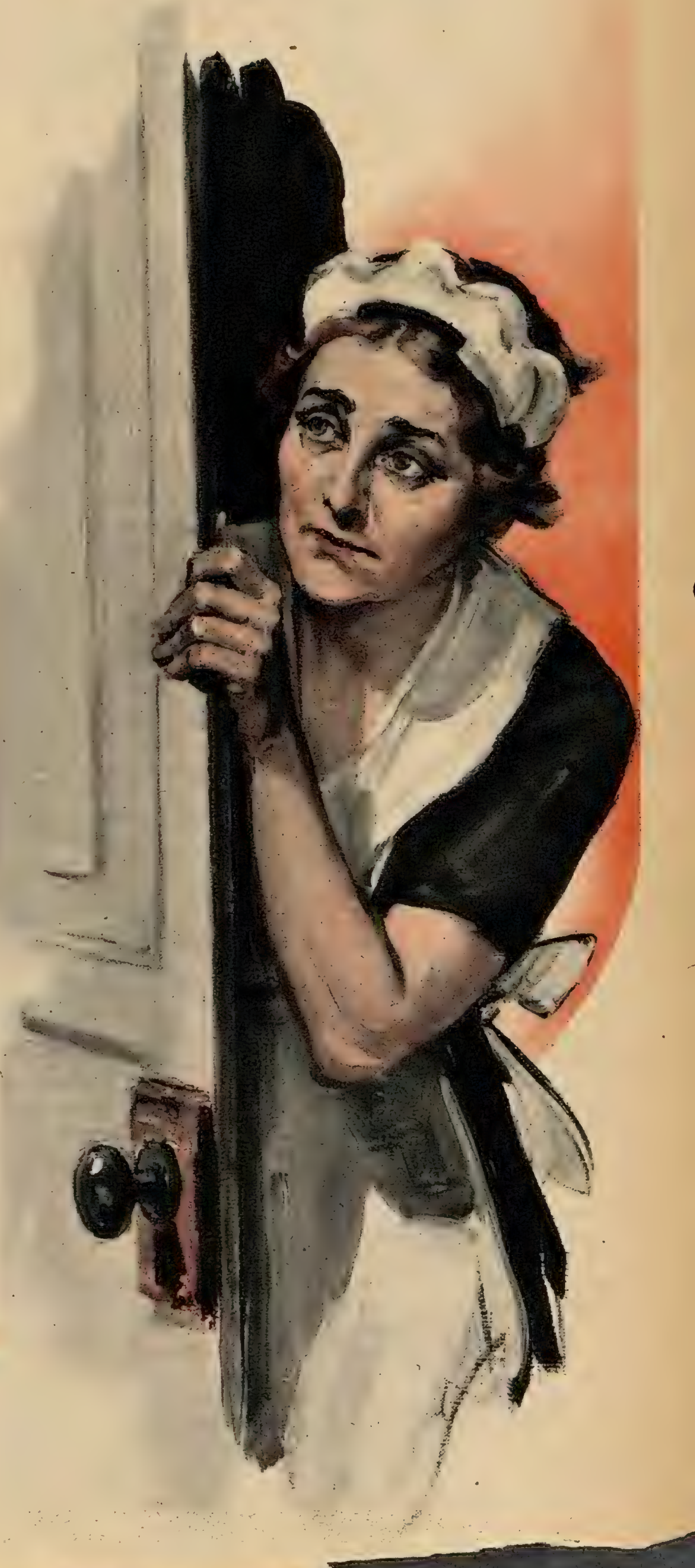
"There are no signs of it. She may have attended a dope party now and then for fun, but she is no taker of drugs."

"I'm glad of that."

I remembered suddenly what Nick had said about

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"SHE opened the kitchen door. She heard Nick rush down the stairs."



THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-nine

Frederica: That she was not always herself. Poirot nodded and tapped the letter he held. "This is what she was referring to, undoubtedly. Well, we have drawn the blank, as you say, here. Let us go up to mademoiselle's room."

There was a desk in Nick's room also, but comparatively little was kept in it. Here again there was no sign of a will. We found the registration book of her car and a perfectly good dividend warrant of a month back. Otherwise there was nothing of importance.

Poirot sighed in an exasperated fashion.

"The young girls, they are not properly trained nowadays. The order, the method, it is left out of their bringing up. She is charming, Mademoiselle Nick, but she is a featherhead. Decidedly she is a featherhead."

He was now going through the contents of a chest of drawers.

"Surely, Poirot," I said with some embarrassment, "those are underclothes."

He paused in surprise.

"And why not, my friend?"

"Don't you think—I mean—we can hardly—"

HE broke into a roar of laughter.

"Decidedly, my poor Hastings, you belong to the Victorian era. Mademoiselle Nick would tell you so if she were here. In all probability she would say that you had the mind like the sink! Young ladies are not ashamed of their underclothes nowadays. The camisole, the camiknicker, it is no longer a shameful secret. Every day, on the beach, all these garments will be discarded within a few feet of you. And why not?"

"I don't see any need for what you are doing."

"*Ecoutez,* my friend. Clearly, she does not lock up her treasures, Mademoiselle Nick. If she wished to hide anything from sight, where would she hide it? Underneath the stockings and the petticoats. Ah, what have we here?" He held up a packet of letters tied with a faded pink ribbon.

"The love letters of Monsieur Michael Seton, if I mistake not."

Quite calmly he untied the ribbon and began to open out the letters.

"Poirot," I cried, scandalized, "you really can't do that! It isn't playing the game."

"I am not playing a game, *mon ami.*" His voice rang out suddenly harsh and stern. "I am hunting down a murderer."

"Yes, but private letters—"

"—may have nothing to tell me. On the other hand, they may. I must take every chance, my friend. Come, you might as well read them with me. Two pairs of eyes are no worse than one pair. Console yourself with the thought that the stanch Ellen probably knows them by heart."

I did not like it. Still, I realized that in Poirot's position he could not afford to be squeamish, and I consoled myself by the quibble that Nick's last words had been, "Look at anything you like."

The letters spread over several dates, beginning last winter.

New Year's Day.

Darling,

The New Year is in and I'm making good resolutions. It seems too wonderful to be true—that you should actually love me. You've made all the difference to my life. I believe we both knew from the very first moment we met. Happy New Year, my lovely girl. Yours forever, Michael.

Feb. 8th.

Dearest Love,

How I wish I could see you more often. This is pretty rotten, isn't it? I hate all this beastly concealment, but I explained to you how things are. I know how much you hate lies and concealment. I do too. But, honestly, it might upset the whole apple cart. Uncle Matthew has got an absolute [illegible] about early marriages and the way they wreck a man's career. As though you could wreck mine, you dear angel.

Cheer up, darling. Everything will come right.

Yours, Michael.

March 2d.

I oughtn't to write to you two days running, I know. But I must. When I was up yesterday I thought of you. I flew over Scarborough. Blessed, blessed, blessed Scarborough—the most wonderful place in the world.

Darling, you don't know how I love you.

Yours, Michael.

April 18th.

Dearest,

The whole thing is fixed up. Definitely. If I pull this off (and I shall pull it off) I shall be able to take a firm line with Uncle Matthew, and if he doesn't like it—well, what do I care? It's adorable of you to be so interested in my long technical descriptions of the Albatross. How I long to take you up in her. Some day! Don't worry about me. The thing isn't half so risky as it sounds. I simply couldn't get killed now that I know you care for me. Everything will be all right, sweetheart. Trust your Michael.

April 20th.

You angel! Every word you say is true and I shall treasure that letter always. I'm not half good enough for you. You are so different from everybody else. I adore you.

Your Michael.

The last was undated.

Dearest,

Well, I'm off tomorrow. Feeling tremendously keen and excited and absolutely certain of success. The old Albatross is all tuned up. She won't let me down.

Cheer up, sweetheart, and don't worry. There's a risk, of course, but all life's risk really. By the way, somebody said I ought to make a will (tactful fellow, but he meant well), so I have—on a half sheet of note paper—and sent it to old Whitfield. I'd no time to go round there. Somebody once told me that a man made a will of three words, "All to mother," and it was legal all right. My will was rather like that. I remembered your name was really Magdala, which was clever of me! A couple of the fellows witnessed it. Don't take all this solemn talk about wills to heart, will you? (I didn't mean that pun. An accident.) I shall be as right as rain. I'll send you telegrams from India and Australia and so on. And keep up heart. *It's going to be all right.* See?

Good night and God bless you, Michael.

POIROT folded the letters together again.

"You see? I had to read them, to make sure. It is as I told you."

"Surely you could have found out some other way?"

"No, it had to be this way. We have now some valuable evidence."

"In what way?"

"We now know that the fact of Michael's having made a will in favor of Mademoiselle Nick is actually recorded in writing. Anyone who had read those letters would know the fact. And with letters carelessly hidden like that, anyone could read them."

"Ellen?"

"Ellen, almost certainly, I should say. We will try a little experiment on her before passing out."

"There is no sign of the will."

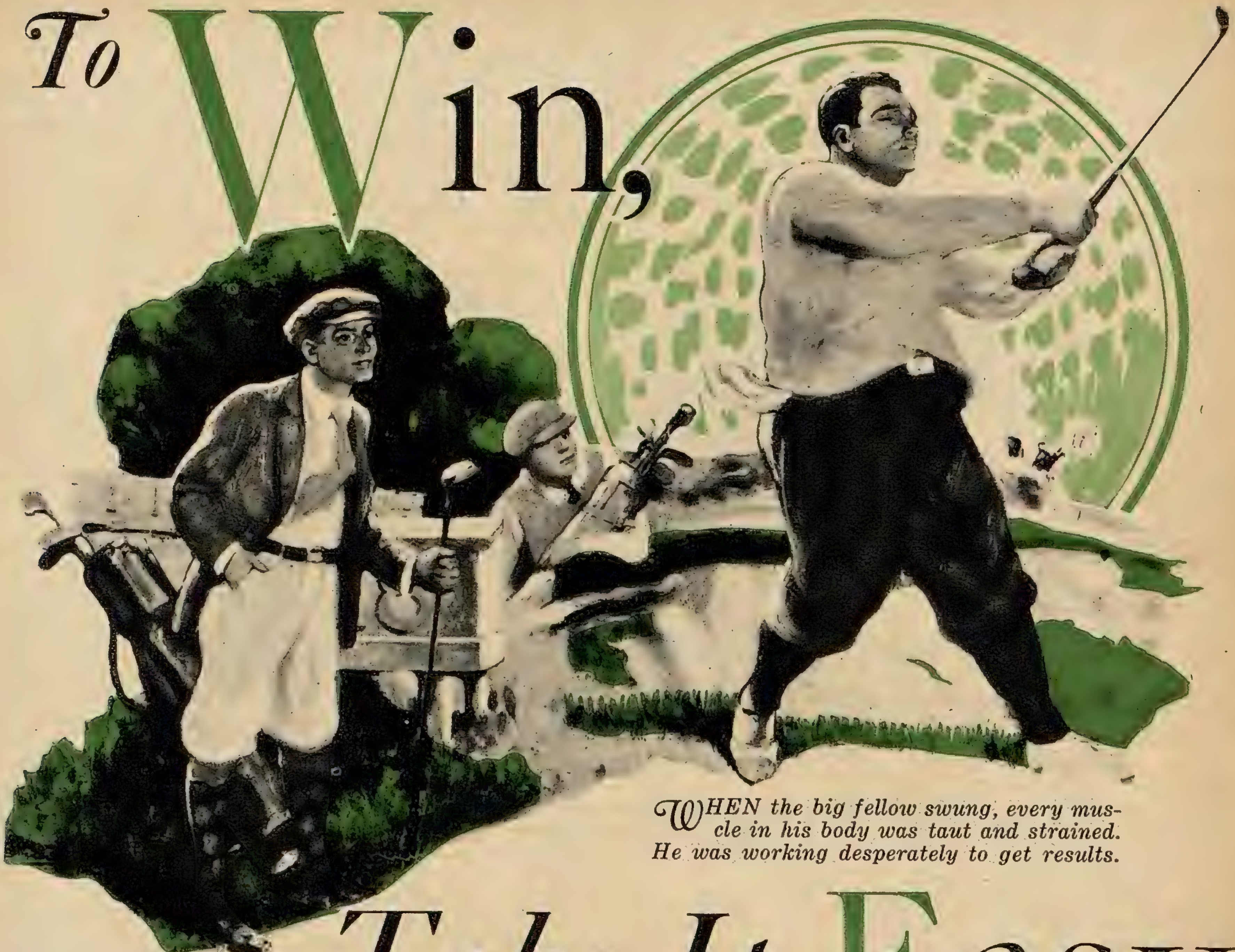
"No, that is curious. But in all probability it is thrown on top of a bookcase or inside a china jar. We must try to awaken mademoiselle's memory on that point."

Ellen was dusting the hall as we descended.

Poirot wished her good morning very pleasantly as we passed. He turned back from the front door and put a question to her: "You know, I suppose, that Miss Buckley was engaged to the airman, Michael Seton?"

Next week you'll see the hunt for the murderer grow tenser and more exciting.

To Win,



WHEN the big fellow swung, every muscle in his body was taut and strained. He was working desperately to get results.

Picture by Frank Spradling

Take It Easy

A Great Golfer Reveals the Secret of Her Success on the Links

(Reading time: 7 min. 3 sec.)

By Glenna Collett

THE other day an abbreviated Scotsman, weighing about one hundred and ten pounds, came cheerfully humping along Number Seventeen fairway of a club where I play. He was carrying his own heavy golf bag, yet he looked perfectly rested. His clothes were unrumpled, and it was plain to be seen he had had a fine time.

Beside him limped a big burly fellow, twice his size, and younger by at least ten years, but fatigued to the point of collapse. After this man trudged his disgruntled caddie.

For three hours or more these two divergent beings had been doing exactly the same thing—chasing a white pill over the same length yardage and attempting to conquer it by dropping it at last into a small elusive hole. One of them had had a stimulating, invigorating time. The other was completely worn out.

As they stepped to Number Eighteen tee, I thought I would attempt to discover the cause of their respective conditions. So I stood behind a tree where I could observe them without their seeing me. The little Scotsman had the hor [illegible] he drove first. His whole attitude was ne of ease [illegible] relaxation [illegible] ttled int [illegible] tance the fairway and landed about 250 yards away, in excellent position for the next shot.

The big fellow then took his stance. At once I could see he had no composure. He shifted around uneasily, and when he swung, it was evident he was resisting with all the strength in him. There was no ease nor grace in the whole procedure. Every muscle in his body was taut and strained. He was working desperately to get satisfactory results. Instead, what he got was a pulled shot that landed in the rough, in a bad lie.

I had seen all I needed to see. The answer to the question was quite obvious. One man had the power to relax, with the result that although he weighed perhaps sixty pounds less than his opponent, he had beaten him by at least ten strokes during the three-hour round, and beaten him without effort. The other man was woefully outclassed and dead to the world.

In any other sport between these men, I imagine the big fellow could at least have held his own. But, strange to say, in this game of golf, brute force, splendid physique, great weight, count for nothing. The thing that counts is the power to relax. Then, after that, the involved technique of the game may enter in. [illegible]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

Now, any game that has as its foundation such a healthful attribute as relaxation ought to prove a real joy to the people who master it. For it means that a person can be out in the open air for three or four hours with his friends, excelling at some one thing, yet finding himself no more exhausted at the end of the time than he was at the start, provided, of course, he has mastered that foundation—relaxation.

For this reason, golf is a game for all.

Babe Ruth, in his magnificent baseball prime, makes a success of golf, not because he can slug a baseball a mile, but because he has the ability to relax.

John D. Rockefeller at ninety-two can do his nine holes because he has mastered that same fundamental principle.

Golf is almost the only game in which you can both have your cake and eat it. By that I mean, if you are playing the game correctly, you can enjoy the fun of keen competition, with good companions, yet still have your strength at the end of the contest.

You cannot do that with tennis, certainly. After a few fast sets, there is no doubt but what you must take some time out to recuperate. Personally, I have felt ready for bed after an hour on the courts, but rarely, unless I am tired beforehand, does any golf match fatigue me.

P. & A. photo Wide World photo

Babe Ruth made a success of golf. John D. Rockefeller (right) continued to enjoy it after reaching 92. Both were able to relax.

Last year, after thirty-six holes in the finals of the National Women's Golf Tournament at Los Angeles, I immediately drove with friends ninety miles to Santa Barbara.

Of the calming influence that golf can have on a person's existence, I can speak for myself. As a child, I was restless and nervous, always climbing to tops of clothes poles or moving stealthily about on dizzy garage-top heights. I am sure it would not have surprised my family if they had found me walking telephone wires or balancing on ends of sharp church steeples.

So when first I started golf, in my teens, I came a cropper at once. I hammered away jerkily and jumpily at the balls as if I were shingling a roof. I was totally impatient and hurried. I had no smoothness nor regularity in my entire make-up.

GLENNA COLLETT

has been women's national champion for the past three years, and also in two previous years, 1922 and 1925. Recently her engagement to Edwin H. Vare, Jr., of Philadelphia was announced, and June 24 was set as the date for their wedding.

BUT, for some reason, the professional at the Providence club to which my father belonged felt that he could make a golfer of me. So he set to work taming my irregularities. From the start, all the quieting, steadying forces known to man were brought to bear upon me. My body was to feel like the stuffed scarecrow's in The Wizard of Oz—wabbly, without a nerve in it. Only my feet might feel firm. I was to shake down my legs and arms until every muscle and nerve, bone and sinew, should seem to have disappeared. All over, I was to be loose and free. I must swing with freedom, but with rhythmic freedom. My teacher even hummed a tune and had me keeping time to it. As I approached the ball, if I appeared to tighten my swing, he would make me start again, usually removing the ball until I could go through gracefully and unhampered, with no sign of tenseness. Gradually I was so accustomed to that easy, rhythmic swing that it became second nature to me.

of taming the grasshopper is one I could

metamorphosis came over me. Instead of going on scaling dangerous heights and scaring my family to death, I was soon content with taking my exercise easily.

As I advanced in my golf playing, as I commenced winning tournaments, of course much else came into the game besides relaxation; but because that was the primary factor, it took a tremendous amount of practice or a terrifically difficult match to exhaust me.

In this connection, my mother tells a story about me. At the first national tournament in which I had reached the finals, she herself was extremely excited. During the morning round she had telegraphed my father concerning my progress, and she felt she could scarcely contain herself during the hour's wait at noon. As my opponent and I came in from our morning round and disappeared into the locker room, my mother ordered my lunch, then waited for me to appear.

TIME passed, but I failed to arrive. She became greatly agitated, fearing I might have collapsed and was unable to come into lunch. She dashed out and went upstairs to our room. There, expecting to find—well, I don't know what, she saw, instead, my inert body curled up on the bed, fast asleep. She could hardly believe her eyes, but after satisfying herself that I was simply napping, she tiptoed out and went downstairs to eat. If I could sleep, she felt she could eat, at least.

Walter Hagen, the noted American golf professional, epitomizes this thing called relaxation. His manager says that nothing on earth can rush him before a big match. It almost takes derricks to get him up in the morning, and no threats of being debarred from play because of lateness faze him. He takes his time shaving and dressing leisurely, only to appear before the waiting crowd in impeccable clothes, ready for play. At the noon hour of a big match he will play cards or take a nap. Life, according to him, is not meant for hurry or worry. Life is meant to coast along, doing things and doing them well, but with ease and without strain. Needless to say, more often than not they are done brilliantly and thrillingly by him. *Relaxed assurance seldom fails.*

Outside of golf, I feel that this same relaxation follows the good players. A kind of habitual freedom from "nerves" seems predominant with them. Perhaps it is the acquired ease from rhythmic swinging that produces this effect; perhaps it is the large doses of fresh air. But, most of all, I believe it is that tremendous amount of cultivated nervelessness that shows both on and off the fairways. Whatever it is, it is well worth the time consumed for the final results.

When I hear that more than three million people are playing golf in the United States alone, and spending each year over a billion and a half dollars on the playing, I am not impressed.

My only surprise is that more people and more money are not involved. For there are no barriers to golf playing. Father and son, mother and daughter, the semi-invalid and the healthy, can all take it up and become good at it. One quality and one alone is necessary—the power to relax; given that, the resu will be entirely sati

Need Some Spare Cash?

HERE'S $500 *FOR . . .*

LIMERICKS

Each Week Liberty Pays Big Cash Prizes for Last Lines
You Can Write One—Do It Now!

THESE PEOPLE WIN JUNE 13 LIMERICK PRIZES

Pennsylvania scores again. Three out of five in the money! Not a very wide distribution—but whose fault is that? The judges make their awards on last lines—not for addresses. They can not, and do not, consider the geographical location of the contestants. Best lines win, regardless. Get busy. Don't let one state carry off all the prizes. Let's hear from the rest of the Union. The June 13 Limerick read as follows:

Fred Golfer at last reached the green
At the cost of twelve strokes and much spleen.
Then three putts went awry
Which, dear friends, may be why

. . . .

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

$250 FIRST PRIZE

He now edits a golf magazine.
F. W. George Midland, Pa.

$100 SECOND PRIZE

His clubs got the breaks, what I mean.
Herbert E. Lawrence Norwich, Conn.

$75 THIRD PRIZE

He was "putt" in the bug-house, I ween.
Mrs. Raymond Blair Newberry, S. C.

$50 FOURTH PRIZE

At "tee" time he's never more seen.
J. A. Steelman Philadelphia, Pa.

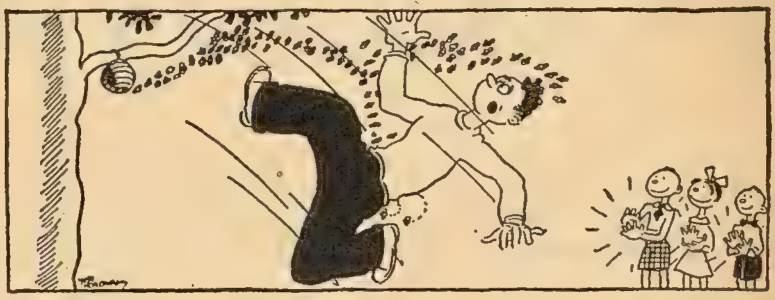
$25 FIFTH PRIZE

His remarks, like his strokes, were not clean.
Clark B. Shepherd Philadelphia, Pa.

HONORABLE MENTION

Morris Meisel, Atlanta, Ga.; C. L. Charter, San Pedro, Calif.; John J. Milnes, Newport News, Va.; Christine Whitney, Narberth, Pa.; Mary J. Harrar, New York City.

HERE'S THE LIMERICK. HOW DOES IT END?



A tree-sitter, Ignatz O'Shay,
Considered his racket O. K.
Till his foot came to rest
On a large hornets' nest—

. . . .
(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight July 18. This gives everyone ample time to enter. Results will be published in Liberty dated August 22.

The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet. Send in as many last lines as you wish for this Limerick. However, no contestant can win more than one of the prizes in any one week.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. Awards will be made on the basis of action, cleverness, and originality. All entrants agree to accept the judges' decisions as final. Because of the mass of clerical work involved no entries will be returned.

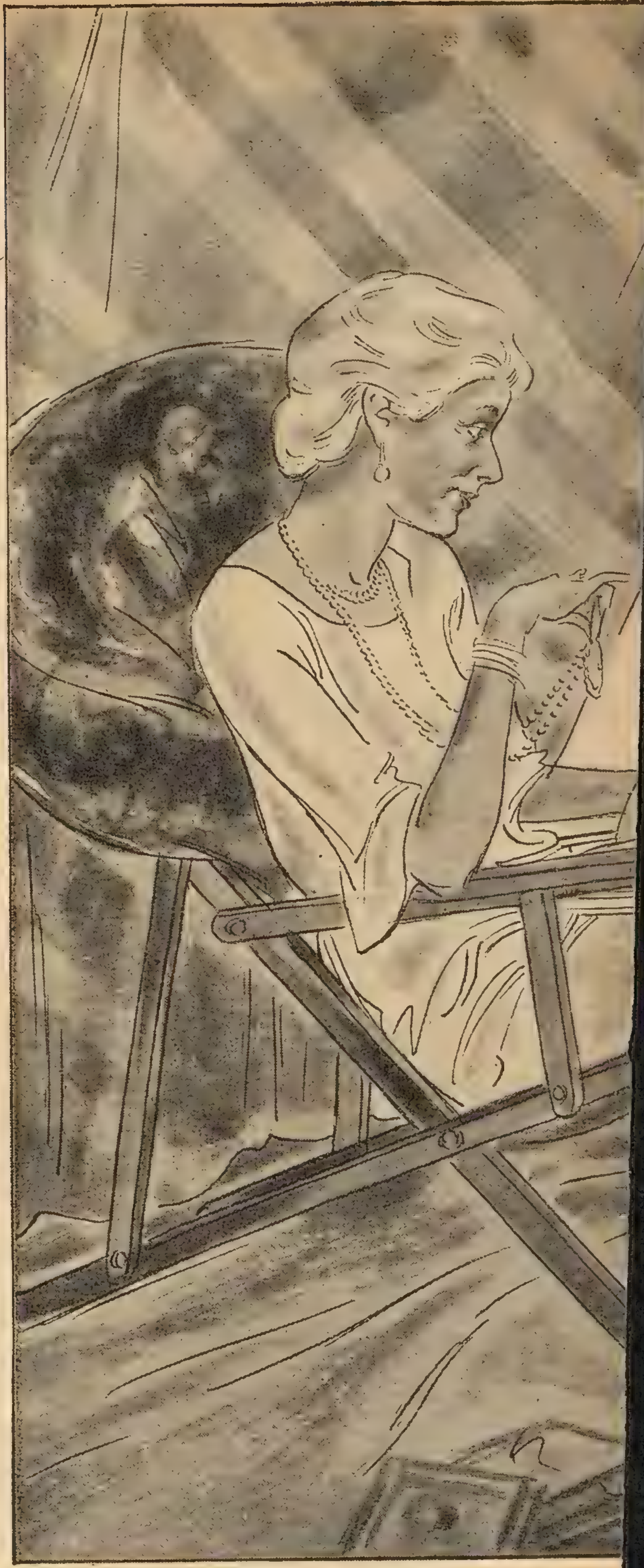
ORE PRIZE WINNERS AND ANOTHER $500 LIMERICK CHANCE NEXT WEEK

Show *GIRL* in SOCIETY

A New DIXIE DUGAN *Adventure*

By

J. P. McEvoy



(Reading time: 24 minutes 15 seconds.)

WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT: *Rich Teddy Page, international playboy, marries Dixie Dugan, film star, and they sail for Europe. Marriage does nothing to suppress Teddy. On the steamer he falls for le Mégot, the dancer. And when, on the Riviera, he runs into Joan Pratt, a former sweetheart, his attitude toward Dixie fills Joan with hope. Jimmy Doyle, writer and producer, goes to the Riviera. Jimmy had worked with Dixie, had been in love with her, and still is. They meet, but part with heavy hearts.*

PART EIGHT—THAT STRANGE THING, SOCIETY

Introducing Mrs. Teddy (Dixie Dugan) Page

Princess Jane di San Faustino
Excelsior Palace Hotel
The Lido Venice

La Villa Trianon, Boulevard St. Antoine,
Versailles, Seine-et-Oise.

DEAR JANE:

This will introduce to you the delightful Dixie Dugan, of whom I have written you. I am sure the acquaintance will be mutually agreeable.

Affectionately, ELSIE MENDL.

(From the Daily Mail—Continental Edition)

REVUE FOR SUN CURE HOME IS GREAT SUCCESS AT LIDO

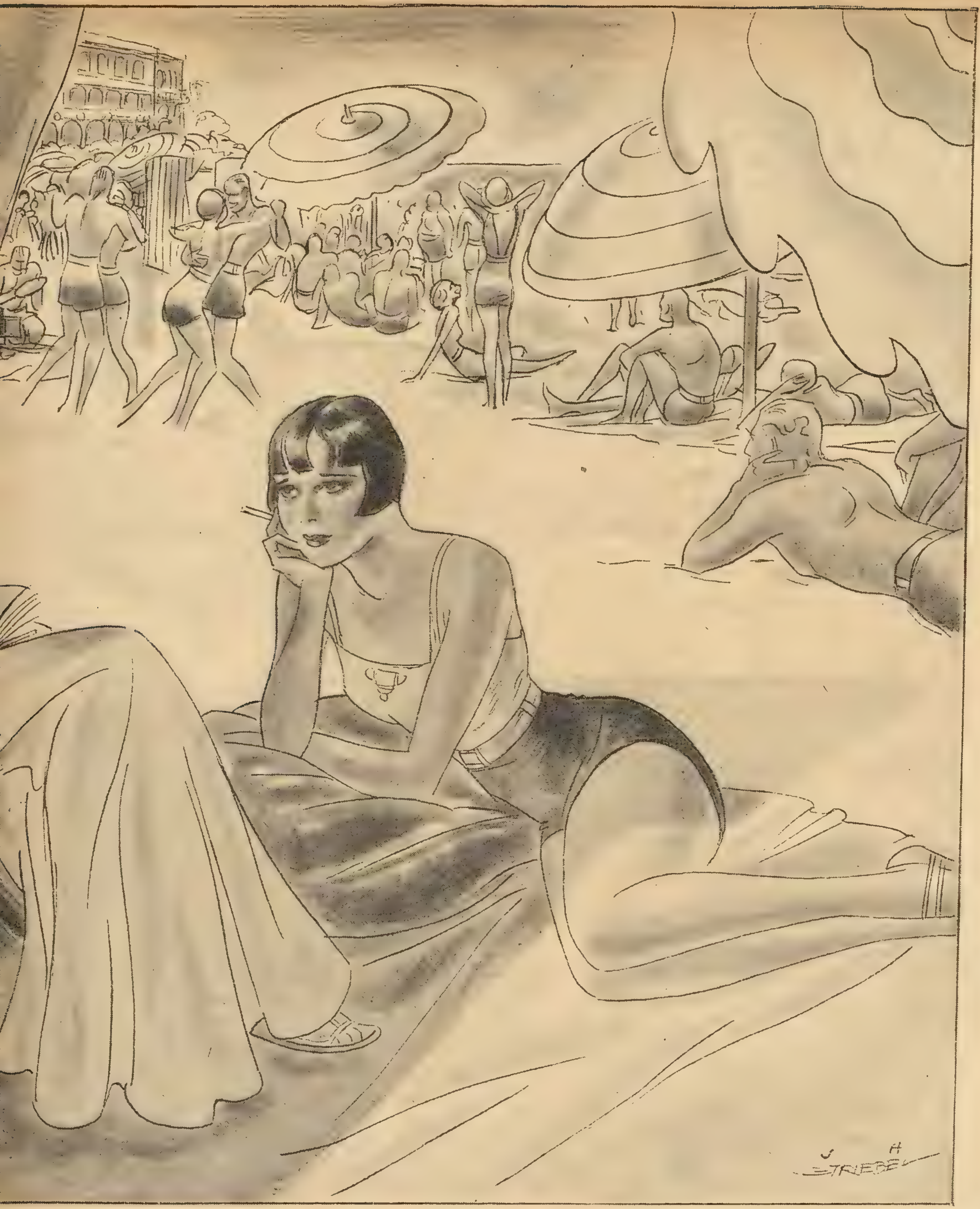
PRINCESS JANE DI SAN FAUSTINO'S ENTERTAINMENT DRAWS HIGH SOCIETY.

(Special Correspondence)

VENICE—The spectacular revue which Princess Jane di San Faustino gives each year at the Lido for the benefit of the Sun Cure Home for Children in Rome was, this season, called A Great Day and, as usual, proved a great success.

Professional and amateur talent are so cleverly combined in these entertainments that a crowd is always assured and 500 was the estimated number enjoying the fantastic, beautiful, and amusing fantasy of an opium smoker's dream.

The Great Day began with the entrance of Count Pollastrella as a handsome slave, leading the Marchioness Sommi Picenardi di Calvatone to a divan, where she reclined on a leopard skin as he presented her with the



Princess: *Maybe you are not in love with your husband. So much the worse for him. But you are in love with someone.*

Pictures by J. H. Striebel

wonder-working drug. The marchioness, with her ivory skin and black-circled eyes, in a gorgeous Oriental costume of silver, was very picturesque.

Then followed the Duke of Verdura and Miss Dixie Dugan, the American cinematique star, in an amusing burlesque of a Greek dance, and the Marquess di Calvatone, Princess Pignatelli, and Countess Zogheb, in a colorful trio, The Flame and the Butterflies.

FOLLOWED an amusing performance by a troupe of acrobats, featuring the Princesse Faucigny-Lucinge, Mme. Ralli, the Countess di Buccino, the Duke of Verdura, Count Rocca, Count Balbi Valier, and Carlos Beistegui, all in green satin tights, and the men with decorative mustaches of startling ups and downs.

Among distinguished Americans present were Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Warren and Miss Bonnie Brae, who came with a party from the Grand.

Also present were: Countess Morosini, Baroness d'Erlanger, M. and Mme. Lucien Lelong, the French artist Sem, several officers from the American cruiser Northampton and from the Italian fleet in St. Mark's basin, Alice Nikitina of the Russian Ballet, Baron and Baroness Empain of Brussels, Don Guido and Donna Irene Brance of Rome (formerly Irene Flannery of New York), Prince and Princess Cito Filomarino di Bitetto . . .

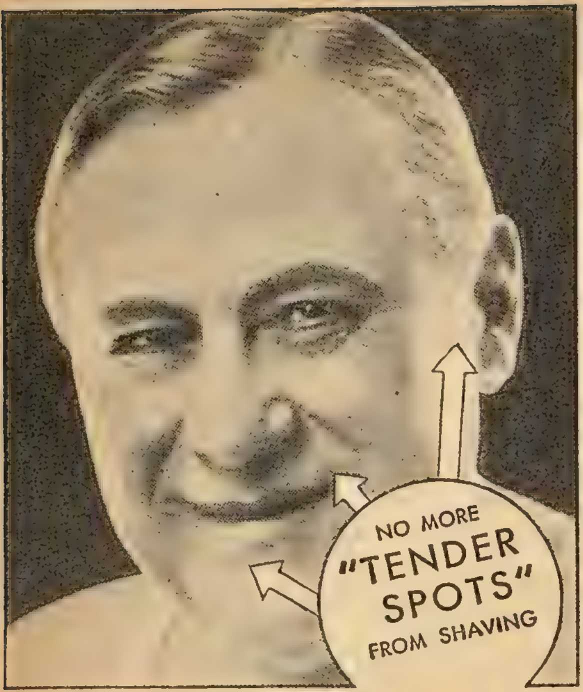
The Lido. The sea flat and warm and shallow, the beach long and wide, fringed with gayly painted cabins, and, looming in the background, a huge hotel with iron grilled balconies, inquisitive windows, and a constant murmur of music, fountains, and international gossip.

The Princess Jane di San Faustino—snow-white hair, snow-white dress, snow-white sandals—sits in the shade of a painted sail and holds court through the heat of the day.

Princess: You were sweet, my child. Didn't you think the party was nice? Principessa parties are proverbially dull, you know.

Dixie: It was lovely.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page sixty-five]

Princess: It was all right. I didn't make the lire I hoped for. Do you see any rich Americans on the beach who could help me with my children? I don't see as well as I used to. What I haven't seen on this beach—every summer for twenty-five years I've been sitting right here on this beach in front of my *cabane*, and what I have not seen! And behind the *cabanes*, too!

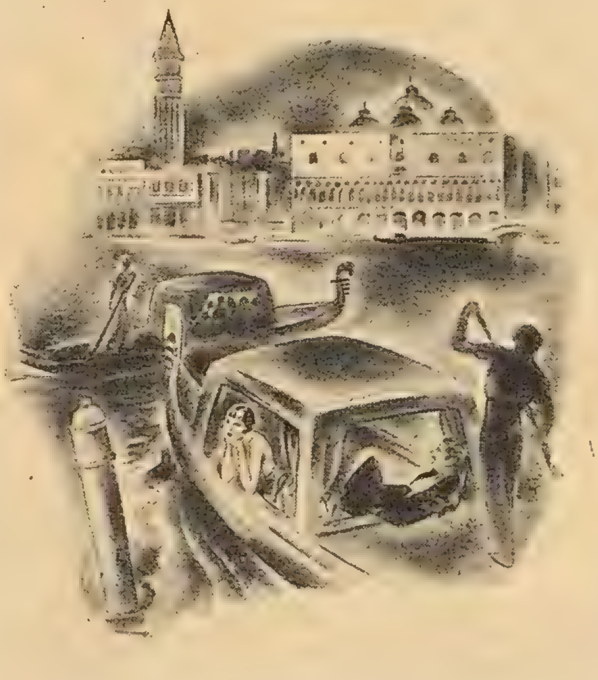
When I fell down and broke my hip I used to sit up there near that window, and what I didn't see going on! The world's a funny place, my child. Don't you think so?

Dixie: Sure.

Princess: You don't know anything about it. You are too young. How old do you think I am? Do not tell me. But I am older than that. And I am tired. Parties tire me now. I suppose I am tired of parties. More than fifty years of parties. And such parties. Well, I have done everything. If I died tomorrow I would not feel I have been cheated. Do you know what I was doing when I called you over to talk to me? I was sitting here planning a beautiful death. Like to die nicely. What would you suggest?

Dixie: You don't want to die now, do you?

Princess: I think so. If I don't, I will have to have some more parties. I thought Chez Vous with the costumes and fountains and that big artificial moon hanging over the cypresses was rather lovely last night, didn't you? But I was very angry at Pio. You must go to bed, he said. You're staying up too late, he said. You'll be dead tomorrow, go to bed now. The nerve of him, sending me off to bed. Go to bed, mind you. To be sent to bed, that was the blow. Not taken, not followed, but—sent. Such a thing could not happen to you, my child.



Dixie: *We rode all around Venice. My, it was beautiful!*

SO I think I will plan a beautiful death. Something not too noisy or too tiring. Did you have a good time? And you must thank your nice husband for me for his generous contribution. He is very nice. You should be very happy, I suppose—but you are not.

Dixie: What makes you think so?

Princess: Children show their feelings. It is so easy to know when they are happy. And when they are not, their faces crinkle all up like little monkeys. Maybe you are not in love with your husband. That has happened. I have heard of it. So much the worse for him. But you are in love with someone. I can see that too. You would not have been so unhappy last night when everyone else was gay. I can remember all the times I was in love, but I don't. There is no pleasure in memories. Only repetitions. Just now I am too tired to do anything except plan a beautiful death.

HERE comes that portrait painter who has been working on me. I promised to let him paint me if it does him any good. But he is making me too beautiful. Thinks he is flattering me by not painting the wrinkles. And that is what gives my face character. All these little wrinkles around the eyes—this big deep one around the mouth—what would I do without it? I have earned them, too. Entertaining people, trying to make them happy, for over fifty years. Why, it is a wonder there is anything left of me.

Dixie: Fifty years!

Princess: Oh, more. I forget how much more. And don't let anyone tell you that fifty years of society does not wear you down. You will see.

Dixie: I don't expect to be in it fifty years.

Princess: I hope not, for your sake. It is quite stupid. If it was not for my Sun Cure Home for Children, I would feel I was wasting my life. I wasted years of it. Do you know what changed me? One remark. Did you ever hear of Dr. Munthe?

Dixie: Didn't he write that book, The Story of San Michele?

Princess: The same. Axel Munthe. Do you know what he said to me one day—years and years ago? Look here, Jane, are you going to spend all your life looking for a fourth for bridge? Well, it stunned me. It was so true. I hadn't realized that was what I was doing. But I was having such a good time.

You do, you know, when you are entertaining and being entertained. You have a lot of fun. You give a lot of pleasure. But that isn't happiness.

I suppose I have had more pleasure and less happiness than anyone else in the world.

Dixie: I don't know much abou society. I don't know anything abou it. You see, I just married Teddy few months ago, and that was my firs glimpse of it. Before that, all I kne about it was what I read in the societ columns.

PRINCESS: Well, that would not tell you much.

DIXIE: Every Sunday morning I used to sit around the house in Brooklyn and read all about the parties in Newport and Southampton and Palm Beach, and look at the pictures of society brides and débutantes and counts and countesses and dukes and what not. But I never thought I'd actually be sitting on the Lido some day and talking to a real live princess. You know, I thought they all wore crowns.

PRINCESS: I don't wear mine any more than I can help.

DIXIE: I used to think a lot of things about society that I won't think any more. I used to think the real society people were the ones who were very haughty and hard to approach and looked down their noses at you. But that isn't true.

PRINCESS: No; those are the ones who feel they must pretend to be more important than they know they really are. By pretending not to care what you think of them, they show they really do or they would not think of pretending. I am not sure that I have said that just right, but you know what I mean.

DIXIE: I know. Even just a few weeks over here I've met lots of them. And I've met some of the real ones too. And they've always been the nicest.

PRINCESS: My child, I suppose there is more nonsense talked and written about society than anything else in the world. That is because so few people know anything about it. Even those who are right in the middle of it all the time. All they know usually is just what their little set is doing, and that is composed for the most part of a few bright souls and a lot of bores. Each set thinks its set is the best. But none of them are really much use in the world, except that they buy nice things and wear nice clothes and give nice parties and help to circulate a lot of money.

They don't even set the styles, much less create them. They make things fashionable, but by that time something better has already been thought of, so they are always a few jumps behind the creators, and a few jumps ahead of the mob. It is not enough to be somebody—you must do something. Almost anything, so long as it is not just looking for a fourth for bridge. . . .

Le Provençal,
Juan-les-Pins.

DEAR DIXIE:

You left Juan-les-Pins so suddenly I had no chance to tell you what I really wanted to say.

One night you were here—the next morning gone. Why? Was that fair? Anyway, here's what is on my mind—among other things. You know I'm over here in Europe gathering material for Colossal Films for a movie about high society, and I cabled Nebbick about an idea which I had and hich he thought was good, to wit, t if you could be persuaded to do picture, Colossal would take most of it over here on this side, star you, and shoot the scenes with you in real localities, such as Deauville, Biarritz, etc. Would you be interested in making this picture?

I know the money wouldn't be any inducement, but maybe you are tired of just playing and this would be a chance to play and work at the same time. You can reach me here for the next few days. After that you'd better write me care of the Chase Bank, Paris, because I don't know what my route will be.

Did you ever think I could write such a businesslike letter? Nor I.

Why did you run away like that?

JIMMY.

Excelsior Palace Hotel,
Lido, Venice.

DEAR JIMMY:

Now how can you be so dumb as to ask me why I ran away after what happened that night on the balcony?

And how could you possibly think that Teddy or his family will let me work in the movies as long as I'm married to him?

And why don't you let me alone when you know I'm trying as hard as I can to forget all about you?

Be reasonable. DIXIE.

PRINCESS: I hear you are going away, my dear.

DIXIE: Why, how did you know?

PRINCESS: I hear everything, my dear. I sit right in this chair and it all comes to me. For twenty-five summers I have been sitting right here on the Lido, and what I have not seen I have heard, and what I have not heard I can imagine. Did I tell you what I heard in the next *cabane* yesterday? A man's voice saying, How beautiful you are, my darling. How I should like to see you with your clothes on. And the lady's reply was even better. How dare you, she cried, I shall tell my husband.

Ah, what this bewitching Lido does to people, otherwise sane and settled—especially the fog-cursed English. They go quite mad down here in the sun. Did you have a nice time at Bonnie's party last night?

DIXIE: Oh, such fun!

PRINCESS: Bonnie gives good parties. Where she gets the money is a mystery. That is her business, and it is quite a business, I assure you. She reminds me of—I forget his name—who, they used to say, had no enemies but his friends did not like him.

Did she ever tell you about the treasure-hunt party she gave here one season? They all met on a dance boat on the Grand Canal—a couple of hundred of them; and the first clue was in the pocket of a man wearing glasses and drinking coffee on the Piazza San Marco. Oh, that was all right, except that it was Band Night and everybody in Venice was there, all sitting around or walking around, listening to the band and having a nice quiet time, when all of a sudden two hundred crazy people dashed in and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THOUSANDS of women both here and abroad now know the joy of an alluringly smooth and beautiful skin, forever free from the regrowth of ugly unfeminine hair. The Koremlu Cream Method—based on the discovery of a noted French scientist—definitely removes superfluous hair.

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GLOVER'S IMPERIAL DOG MEDICINES

SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page sixty-seven

ran all around the tables, diving into people's pockets and yelling and whooping like Indians. My dear, it almost started a war. The Venetians rose as one man and yelled Throw those crazy Americans into the canal!

Police came from everywhere and soldiers, and Bonnie's guests barely escaped with their lives. They never did get the first clue, because the man with the glasses got so frightened when the riot started that he disappeared and hasn't been heard of since.

What was the party like last night?

DIXIE: Well, each guest was supposed to come made up to represent his or her favorite dream or nightmare. Teddy's is walking into a crowded parlor in his underwear, so that's how he came. It seems he wasn't the only one.

PRINCESS: What did you go as?

DIXIE: I made up as nearly as possible like somebody I know, because he's my favorite dream.

PRINCESS: Is he the one who makes you look sad?

DIXIE: Perhaps. Wouldn't that be telling? Anyway, I had lots of fun last night, and after the party was over Bonnie let Teddy and I have her gondola and arranged for another gondola with singers in it to go ahead of us, and we rode all around Venice through the Grand Canal and all the little canals. My, it was beautiful! Except for one thing.

PRINCESS: You were with your husband?

DIXIE: Oh, no, that wasn't it. But I was all set to hear some beautiful Italian songs. And what do you suppose they serenaded us with all through Venice? I'm Crying for the Carolines! Fancy!

PRINCESS: You hear nothing but American jazz in Europe nowadays. I can't say I don't like it, because I do. Sometimes I wish I had a jazz band of my own, and a club like the Chez Vous with a nice team of dancers to dance for me when I feel depressed. It was almost like that last summer. There was a wonderful team here and they danced for me whenever I asked them. You must have heard of them. They are famous all over Europe. Le Mégot and Marcel?

DIXIE: Do you know them? They were on the boat coming over with us.

PRINCESS: Of course I know them. Marcel used to sit by the hour—right there where you are—and tell me his troubles. And he had plenty of them too, poor boy.

DIXIE: I can imagine.

PRINCESS: He used to think I could do something about it. Wanted me to talk to her and get her to stop running around with other men. I used to tell him he ought not pay any attention to her. Let her run around all she wanted to and run around himself. But he used to cry and say he could not.

He was so crazy about her and it killed him to see her with anyone else and she used to flaunt every new admirer in front of him and laugh at him when he said anything. Hard as nails, but—isn't she wonderful? Why, the men followed her up and down this beach in droves and you could hear them pant clear over to Venice.

DIXIE: It was like that on the boat, too.

PRINCESS: It has been like that everywhere, and it has been hell for poor little Marcel. Some day he will do something about it—you will see. When those quiet little fellows do explode somebody always gets hurt.

DIXIE *(fervently)*: I hope she'll be the one. . . .

TELEGRAMME

LE MEGOT LIDO VENEZIA
KIT KAT CLUB
LONDON

JUST READ IN DAILY MAIL YOU ARE DANCING AT AMBASSADEURS DEAUVILLE GRAND PRIX WEEK STOP CANT GET AWAY FROM THIS AWFUL PLACE SOON ENOUGH TO SEE YOU STOP MISS YOU TERRIBLY STOP LEAVING HERE TODAY FOR PARIS TEDDY

Hotel Chatham,
Rue Daunau, Paris.

DARLING NITA:

Back in Paris. Already the Lido is like a dream and the Riviera a beautiful story half remembered. I wrote to you about meeting Jimmy in Juan-les-Pins—meeting him on the balcony of his room alongside of mine. It was very sweet and dizzy and sad seeing him again, but I couldn't stand the thought of running into him any more, so I made Teddy take me right off to Venice.

We had had enough dinner parties in pyjamas and cocktail dances at Maxim's and tanned men bathers without tops, and, as Teddy said, if we never see another back or leg we'll be way ahead of our quota.

We didn't stay in Venice long. It's a drowsy, dreamy place where you lunch on aquatic bicycles and sleep on couches in front of your bathing cabins or on inflated mattresses floating on the sea. The bathing isn't so hot, if you ask me. The sea is so shallow you walk halfway across the Adriatic before it's deep enough to swim and the water is like very blue milk.

So the life guards lie around in their boats fully dressed and roast coffee on the prows while they sleep peacefully and dream.

I met shoals of Italian nobility and American visiting society, and learned among other things that the way to insure privacy on a European train is to put up a sign saying "Reserved for Mr. Cook."

Also whenever you hear Americans giving Mr. Smith hell for this that or the other, you can be sure they are talking about Mussolini, because it seems every other Italian is a soldier and the other one is a spy and all you have to do to go to jail is to criticize the Duce.

So he's Mr. Smith one week a Mr. Jones the next, and so on. with that simple little process can say anything you want—and don't you though!

Well, anyway, here I am back in Paris and thrilled to pieces because all the new collections are opening up and Teddy wants me to get my winter clothes for New York now. I wish you were here to help me. Wouldn't we have fun! But I suppose I'll get along, what with the Page name and Teddy's money and my entrée through Nowitsky and Lady Mendl. One week of running around looking at collections, ordering, getting measured, and then Teddy and I rush to Deauville, take in Grand Prix week, come back for my fittings, and then off to Biarritz. Does that sound thrilling?

Well, the clothes part of it is, but the rest I can assure you is a damn bore. I know perfectly well that whoever I meet in Deauville, I'll meet later on in Biarritz and won't like them any better. How blasé the gal's getting! No, just beginning to be fed up with this senseless chasing from one beach to another, one Casino to another, one night club to another, trying to keep track of Teddy, pretending to his friends that it doesn't matter, sometimes pretending to myself that it does, tired of Americans trying to speak French and Frenchmen trying to speak American, and all of 'em trying to sing Body and Soul and Crying for the Carolines. Oh, so damn tired!

Maybe there *is* something wrong with me. I don't seem to have the bounce I used to have. Feel heavy and sleepy and don't-carish. It isn't old age and it can't be love—so maybe it's a baby. Wouldn't that be the pay-off! DIXIE.

MADELEINE VIONNET

50 Avenue Montaigne

WINTER COLLECTION

Mme. Vionnet will show her new Collection as follows:

To Buyers: Today, at 2:30 P. M. and afterwards every morning at 10:30 A. M. and every afternoon at 2:30 P. M.

AMERICAN LADIES will be received on and from today.

THE NEW YORK HERALD, PARIS

Monday, August 16

NOTES FROM RESORTS IN FRANCE

GAY WEEK-END AT DEAUVILLE FOR PRINCES AND MILLIONAIRES

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Deauville.

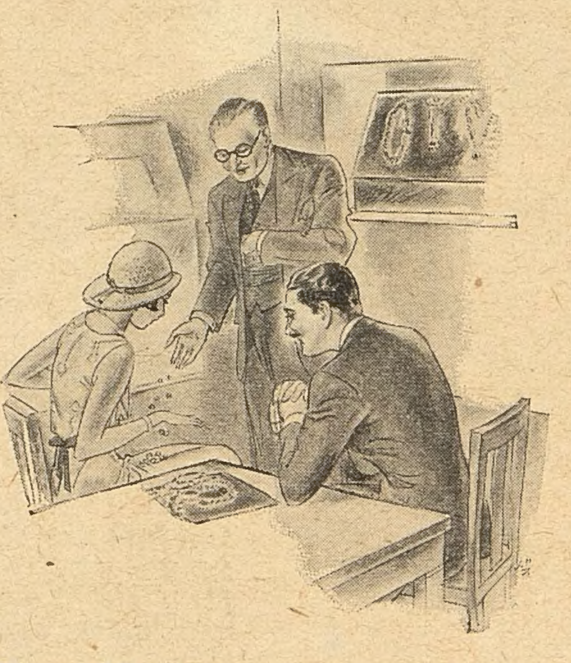
The famous Place Fleurie was never more animated than during last week-end.

The Route de Quarante Sous, from Paris, was crowded with motor cars bringing their contingent of visitors, while extra trains were depositing many others at frequent intervals.

Tout Paris was well represented, while the host of foreign personalities was unusual even for Deauville.

There were two sultans, princes, American millionaires, noted international bankers, and society leaders, not to mention the crowds of other smart people who add to the animation of the resort.

The festivities opened with the gala dinner at the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs, Billy Arnold's orchestra being supplemented by the Orquesta Tipico Inglés with the singers Sanchez, Ferraro, and Aquitira, and the sensational le Mégot with her partner Marcel, fresh from their London triumphs.



If you like to see some pearls Papa Mauboussin will pull out a handful and drop them in your lap.

TELEGRAMME

PARIS

LE MEGOT
LESAMBASSADEURS
DEAUVILLE

CANT WAIT DRIVING FROM PARIS ARRIVING TONIGHT TEDDY

Hotel Chatham,
Rue Daunau,
Paris.

DEAR NITA:

Whoops, what a day!

This morning Reboux, early this afternoon Vionnet, later Mauboussin—or you might say hats, gowns, and jewels, in the order named.

You should see Mlle. Lucienne, who designs all the Reboux models, make a hat on your head while you wait. Takes a big piece of felt that looks like a large stovepipe without the brim, a scissors, a handful of pins, and she's off.

I sat in front of a triple mirror ankle deep in scraps of felt, snips of ribbon, and pieces of feathers all over the floor, and the first thing she did was to feel my head all over for bumps, and then brush my bangs back, and pull this piece of felt down over my ears. Then she started to slash and pin and take it off and jerk at it and stretch it and jam it back on my head again and slash and pin some more, and all the time a running conversation with her helper who stood by and handed her pins.

Well, it was magic. Almost as quickly as it takes me to tell it to you she had the hat all cut, designed, and pinned on me as close as my scalp, and a much better fit. Then she

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

For Bad Complexion

Never again need you be ashamed of your complexion—the admiration lavished upon the vivacious, beautiful woman can be yours to enjoy—if you remove the causes of poor complexion. The cause of your trouble is probably constipation. It ravages the system, destroys beauty. Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets,—a substitute for calomel,—is a vegetable compound known by its olive color. Used for 20 years to help relieve constipation, cleanse the system, and bring the health that makes beauty. A harmless corrective. Non-habit-forming. No bad after-effects. Take nightly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

TOOTHACHE!

Stop the pain with Dent's Toothache Gum. Not a chewing gum. Applied gently in cavity of aching tooth it—

(1) Stops toothache instantly,
(2) Cleanses and protects cavity,
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(4) Destroys offensive odor.

Does not spill or dry up like liquids. All druggists or by mail, 25¢. Made for 40 years by C. S. Dent & Co., Detroit.

DENT'S
TOOTHACHE GUM

An urban nation
demands
an urban magazin

NATIONAL advertisers have always known that the cities are most resultful in producing sales. 1930 census figures now sharpen th sales focus upon the cities—for the first time in history there are more American families living in urban than in rural districts.

WHEN planning sales ca paigns, remember—in cities of over 25,000 population there are more readers of Liberty than of any other magazine!

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I end bunions forever with my new P dyne solvent. Stops torturing pain al instantly. Reduces the disfiguring gro so fast you will soon wear smaller, trimm shoes with ease and comfort. It's amazi **MAKE THIS TEST**—Just write and "I want to try PEDODYNE" and prov quick, sure, amazing results. No oblig

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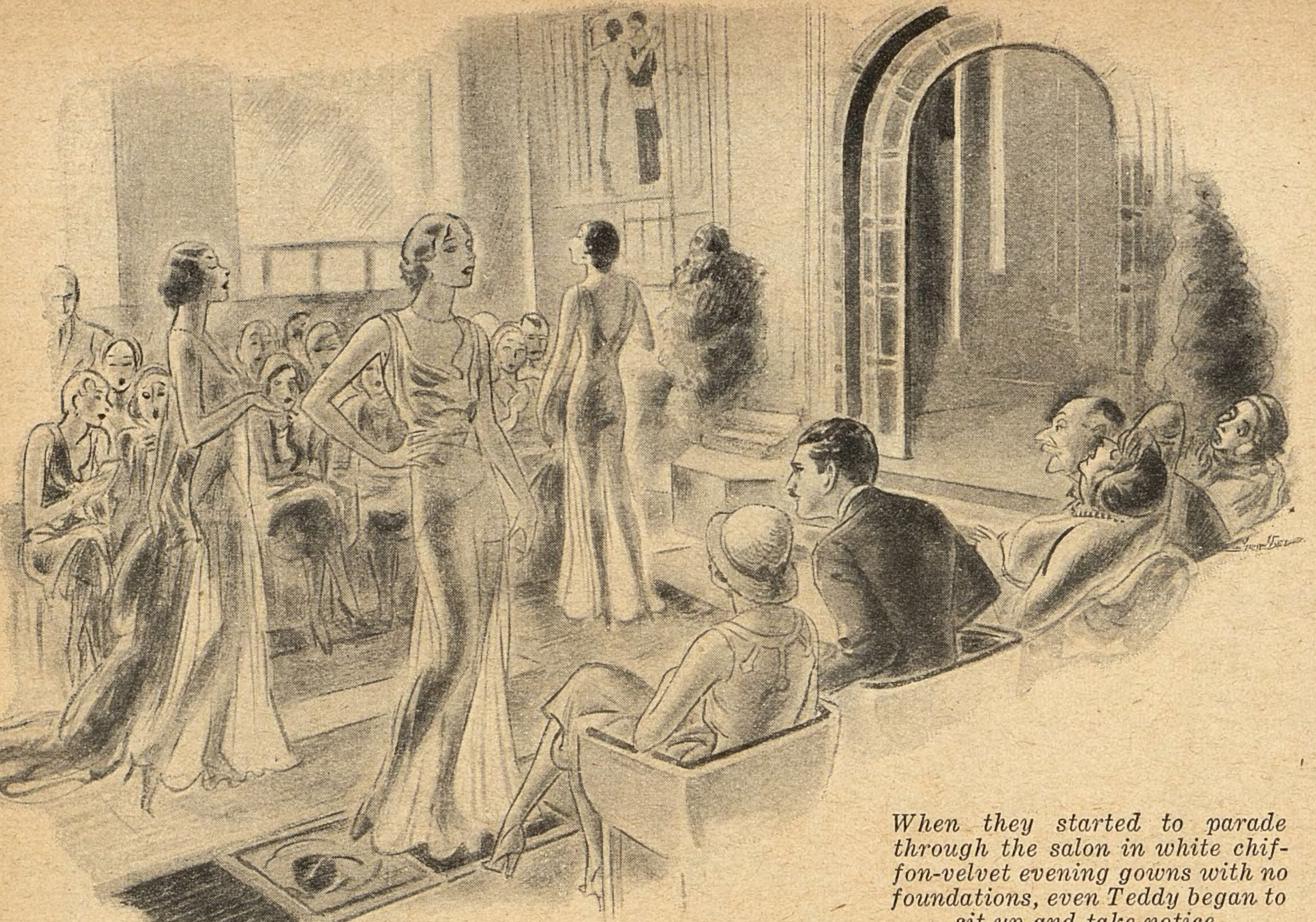


When they started to parade through the salon in white chiffon-velvet evening gowns with no foundations, even Teddy began to sit up and take notice.

SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page sixty-nine

shook me out of it, handed it to her helper to be sewed, smiled, said *au revoir*, it is ready tomorrow, and went out of the room like a rocket. Immediately the place all quieted down even though it was full of people, and it seemed empty like a stage when Al Jolson has just finished singing and walked off. Personality! Pep! You don't wonder any more that every year she tells the women of the world whether they're going to wear their ats down over their eyes or on the backs of their heads and makes them like it.

MME. VIONNET is just the opposite—calm, poised, silvery white, but just as sure, in a different way. Makes all her designs—about eight hundred a year—first on little dolls about thirty inches high and then rapes the mannequins and cuts the material on them. She showed me just how she does it and I was taken all through the establishment, including backstage among the mannequins. Each mannequin has her own collection, ranging from four to as high as twenty "pieces," as the gowns and cloaks are called, which she "passes," as they call parading them, twice a day, once in the morning and once in the afternoon. You never saw such tall, thin babies in your life. If they ate a grape it would show, Nita, and when they started to parade through the salon in white chiffon-velvet evening gowns with no foundations, several nice old gray-haired ladies who were sitting facing the windows practically fainted. But not so the nice old gentlemen with them. Even Teddy egan to sit up and take notice.

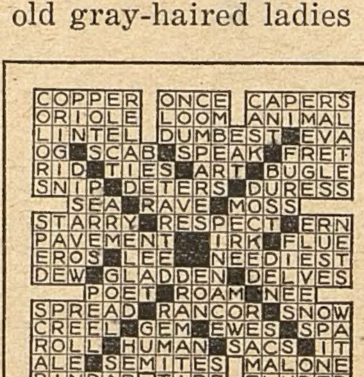
The mannequins don't seem mind anybody. They stare f over your head into the disnce, announce the numbers in bored far-away voice, and exit ughtily.

Your *vendeuse*, or saleslady, beside you, translates the and helps you get your selection. You start off by checking everything and then you realize that if you took all you wanted you'd have eight suits and a dozen evening gowns. I'm going back tomorrow to make my final selections, and I'll tell you all about them later.

AFTER we left Vionnet's Teddy says, I'm going to take you to a place where they throw half-a-million-dollar ruby necklaces around on kitchen tables, and let you play catch with diamonds as big as walnuts. Where is that, I says. Not very far, he says. We go up a little side street, climb three flights of rickety stairs because the elevator is temporarily out of order—and has been since the Revolution—and when we get up there it will be a little room with wooden tables and show cases around the wall, and if you like to see some pearls Papa Mauboussin will fish into his pocket and pull out a handful of matched ones as big as bird eggs and drop them in your lap.

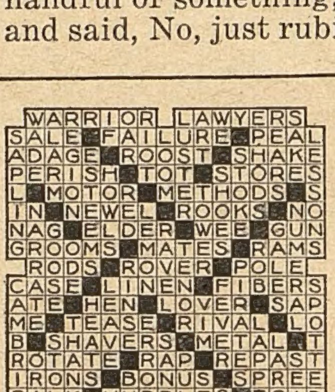
Well, Nita, it was just like that—only more so. Just for fun I said, I don't suppose you have a blue diamond, have you? And Papa Mauboussin, the proprietor, said, oh yes, a few, and put down a handful of emeralds on the window sill and opened a little desk drawer and pulled out a diamond—eleven carats and blue as a sapphire. There's a couple more somewhere here, he says, feeling around among the old papers, and he came up with a handful of something, took one look, shook his head sadly and said, No, just rubies. When I came to, I was halfway back to the hotel. Where was that place, Teddy, I says. I'm going back there sometime. The name is Mauboussin, says Teddy, but I'll never tell you where it is, and you're going back there over my dead body. And I will, too. DIXIE.

Startling things happen in next week's installment. Stay with the story and see destiny play tricks on Dixie, Teddy, le Mégot, a



COPPER ONCE CAPERS
ORIOLE LOOM ANIMAL
LINTEL DUMBEST■EVA
OG■SCAB■SPEAK■FRET
RID■TIES■ART■BUGLE
SNIP■DETERS■DURESS
SEA■RAVE■MOSS
STARRY■RESPECT■ERN
PAVEMENT■■IRK■FLUE
EROS■LEE■■NEEDIEST
DEW■GLADDEN■DELVES
POET■ROAM■NEE
SPREAD■RANCOR■SNOW
CREEL■GEM■EWES■SPA
ROLL■HUMAN■SACS■IT
ALE■SEMITES MALONE
PINDAR TIRE ELUDER
EXTOLS SCOW REMEDY

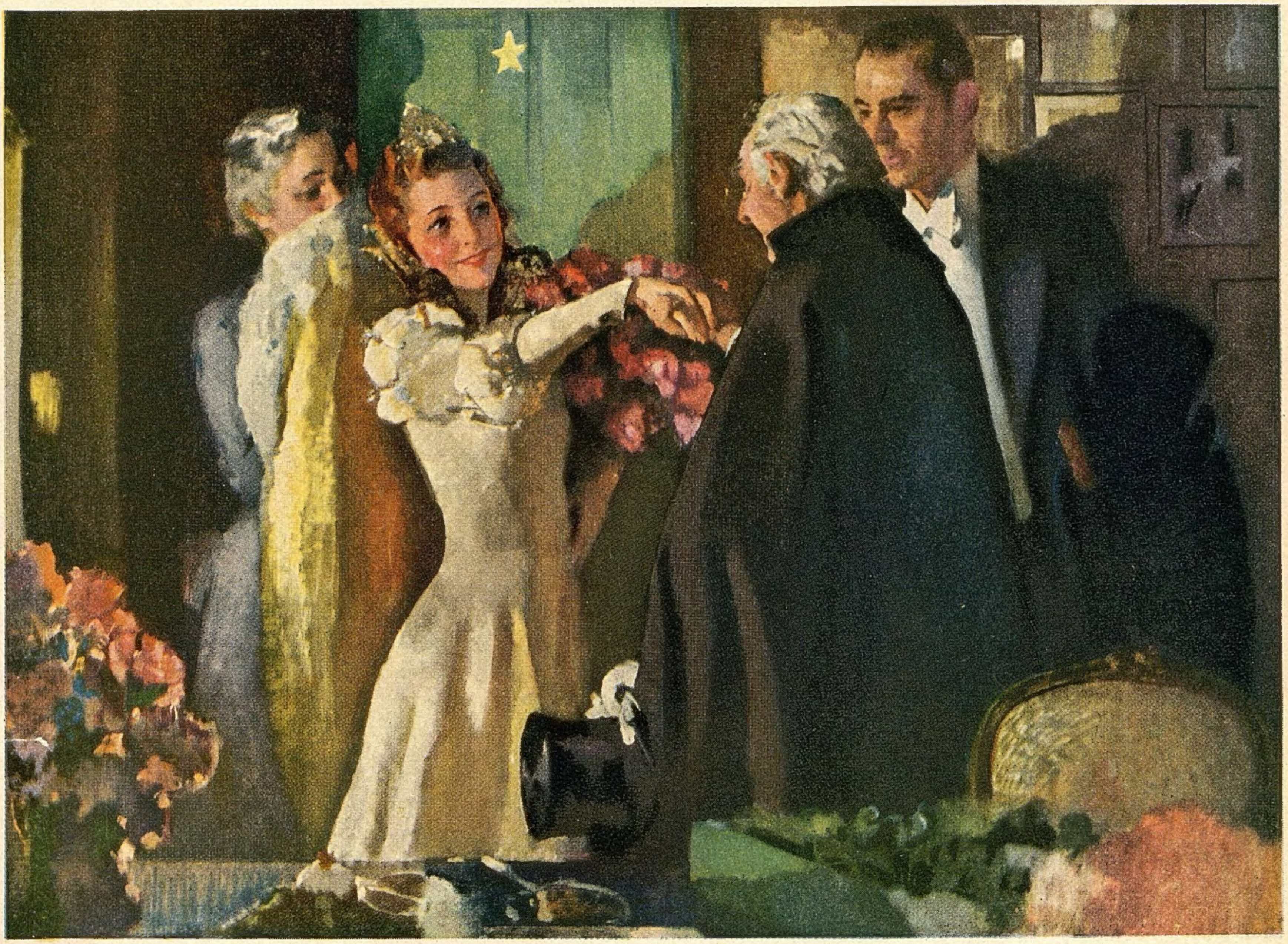
Answer to the puzzle on page 50



WARRIOR LAWYERS
SALE■FAILURE■PEAL
ADAGE■ROOST■SHAKE
PERISH■TOT■STORES
L■MOTOR■METHODS■S
IN■NEWEL■ROOKS■NO
NAG■ELDER■WEE■GUN
GROOMS■MATES■RAMS
RODS■ROVER■POLE
CASE■LINEN■FIBERS
ATE■HEN■LOVER■SAP
ME■TEASE■RIVAL■LO
B■SHAVERS■METAL■T
ROTATE■RAP■REPAST
IRONS■BONUS■SPREE
CALK■HURDLES■EGAD
LESSENS PAINTER

Answer to the puzzle on page 51

"I wait for the star in her dressing room"



Welcome everywhere—

Curtain calls and compliments are part of the day's work for Chesterfield, too. For here's a cigarette that is really outstanding. Try Chesterfield — and find out for yourself how different they are. Milder — no two ways about that. And with a better taste that "gets across" every time.

Chesterfield

Chesterfield
Cigarettes
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Chesterfield

"MILDER—haven't I always said so!"

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Massage Ipana

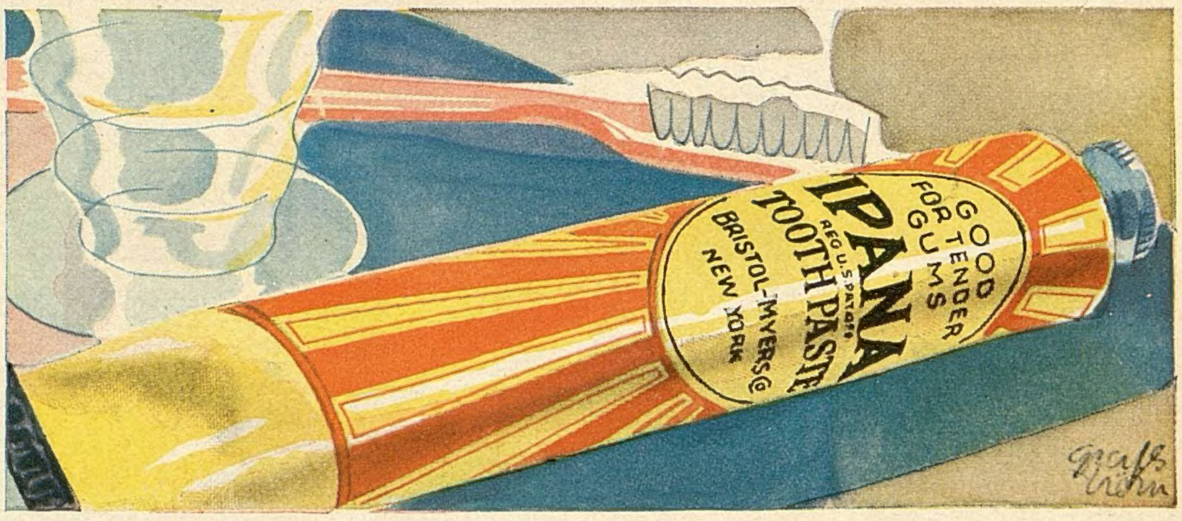
ON THOSE LAZY, TENDER GUMS !

NO MORE

pink

TOOTH BRUSH

The soft foods we eat rob our gums of the exercise needed for healthy hardness



SOME bright morning you'll awake to find that "pink tooth brush" has come to your house. And you'll have to decide whether you'll just drift along and bear it or whether you'll take some direct measures to put your gums in a hard and healthy condition.

• • •

Talk to your dentist first of all. Probably he'll answer you just like this, for this is the summary of the best dental opinion.

"Weak gums are the result of hasty eating and soft foods. Like all modern people of 1931 you have little choice in the matter of diet. You eat—and have eaten for years—easy-going foods that rob your gums of the exercise they need for healthy hardness. Sooner or later you'll probably discover 'pink tooth brush'! Don't get panicky about it but don't neglect that little touch of 'pink' on your tooth brush!

"True, you can probably clear it up with massage and a good agent like Ipana. But if you ignore it many serious troubles—such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and the happily much rarer pyorrhea—can follow in its train.

"And 'pink tooth brush'—neglected too long—can lead to a loss of lustre of the teeth, and an infection at their roots. And *that*, of course, threatens teeth which today are sound and white."

• • •

Get Ipana, clean your teeth with it in the regular way. Then, after you've done that put a little bit of fresh Ipana on your brush and massage those lazy, inactive gums of yours. Wake them up! Give them the exercise and stimulation that modern food fails to provide. Firm their walls, increase their resistance.

Keep on, for 30 days, using Ipana and massage . . . Your teeth will be brilliantly white, your gums firm and healthy. And you'll see mighty little of "pink tooth brush" in the future.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. **AB-71**
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name...
Street...
City....................................... *State*..........